

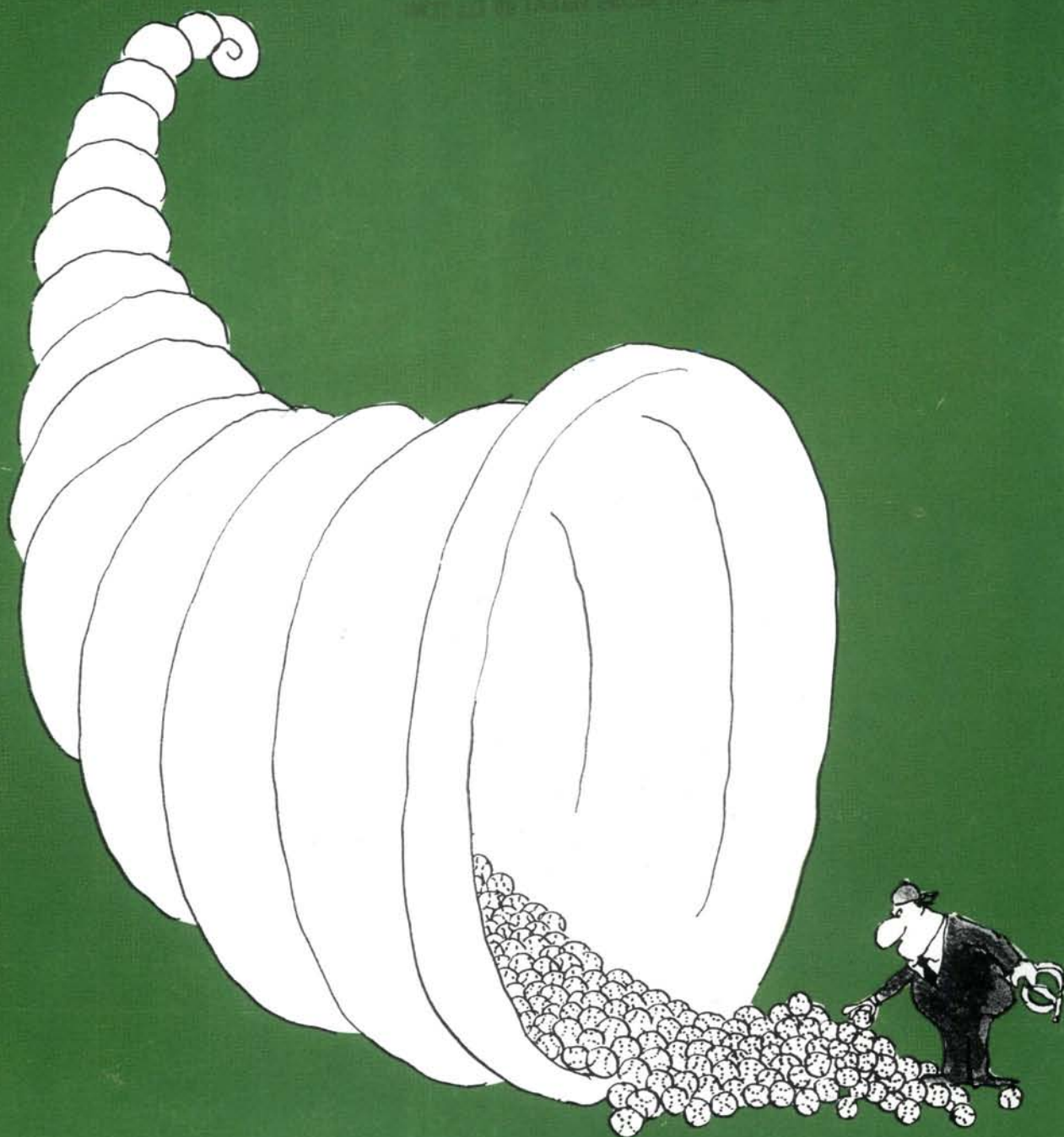
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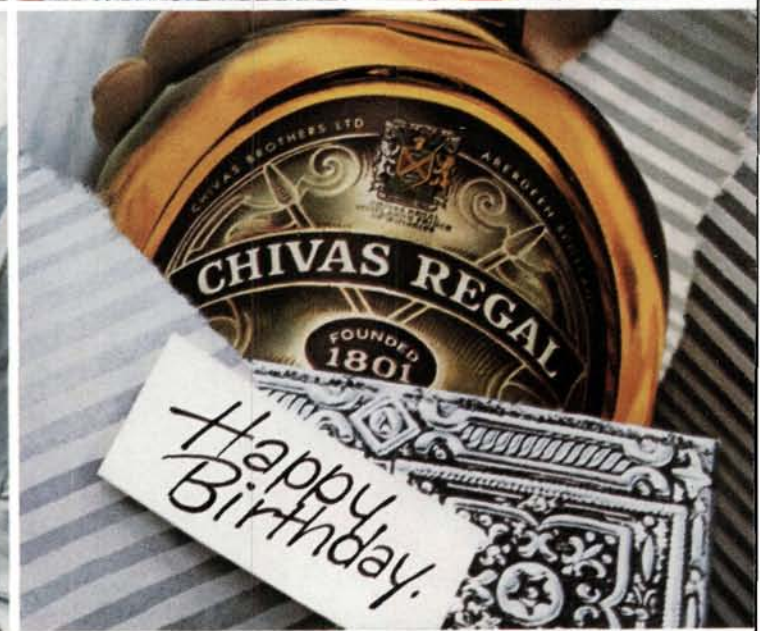
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(In the absence of our usual newspapers, you can get ticket and other last-minute information by calling 869-3010.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 11, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Monday, Oct. 9, at 2:30.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD—Sherlock Holmes again, in a melodrama that pretends to be by A. Conan Doyle and is really by Paul Giovanni. Paxton Whitehead makes a superb Sherlock, and the scenery by John Wulp is sensationally clever. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DA—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCIN'—Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEATHTRAP—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, Victor Garber, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical **OKLAHOMA!** is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 8. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EUBIE!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-five the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FAMILY BUSINESS—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St.,

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near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER—Henry Fonda and Jane Alexander in a limited engagement of a play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Directed by Edwin Sherin. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tues-

days through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL—Gogol's well-nigh perfect comedy (Nabokov called it the best Russian play ever written) has been given a handsome production. Acted with great zest under the direction of Liviu Ciulei. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles, and by a number of other good actors in supporting ones. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 15.)

ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 308-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revival of Harold Rome's

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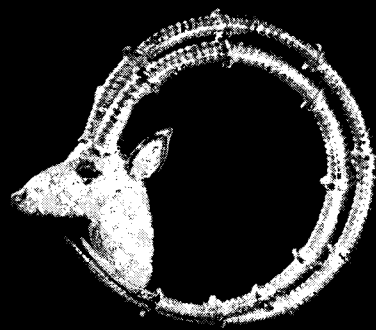
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

P. S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

RIDICULOUS THEATRICAL COMPANY—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **CORN:** Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8. **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8. **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

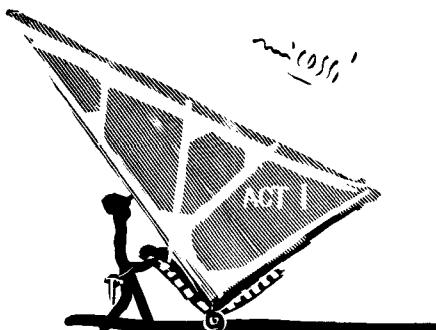
RUNAWAYS—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SECRETS—A play by Drew Denbaum, based on two short stories by Brendan Gill. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 228-0900. Wednesdays through Sundays, except Oct. 8, at 8. Closes Sunday, Oct. 15.)

TRIBUTE—Jack Lemmon is superb in this rueful comedy (by Bernard Slade) about a dying man who seeks belatedly to achieve a successful relationship with his son. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **CHAPTER TWO:** A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 2 and 8; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; Sundays at 3; Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 9-10, at 8; and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 8.)

... A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **... DRACULA:** Raúl Juliá (who has just replaced Frank Langella) and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **... THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,664 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) **... GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. With Dick Boccelli as the father, and Barbara Coggin and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Monday, Oct. 9, at 3.) **... THE GIN GAME:** Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall in a comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **... GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **... I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded



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little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, by Tom and Dick Smothers, among others. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) **... THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-seven years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **... THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 5.) **... MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) **... OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) **... THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.) **... VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8304. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) **... THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

DANCE

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Oct. 4: "Rune," "Inlets," and "Travelogue." Thursday evening, Oct. 5: "Fractions," "Tango" (premiere), "Sound-

dance," and "Squaregame." Friday evening, Oct. 6: "Fractions," "Sounddance," and "Travelogue." Saturday matinee, Oct. 7: "Rune," "Tango," "Signals," and "Changing Steps et cetera." Saturday evening, Oct. 7: "RainForest," "Exchange," and "Changing Steps et cetera." Sunday matinee, Oct. 8: "Fractions," "Tango," "Inlets," and "Travelogue." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

BALASARASWATI—Indian dancer, with her company of dancers and musicians. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

BUGAKU—A program of dance and music of the Imperial Court of Japan performed by the Osaka Gakyo-kai Troupe. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

DANCE UMBRELLA—Opening performances of a four-week season by eight contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, Nov. 12. The **FRED BENJAMIN DANCE COMPANY** will perform Friday and Saturday, Oct. 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 15, at 2 and 8. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191.)

DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS—In a program of adaptations of traditional African dances. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Your simple, basic, unpretentious ma-and-pa jazz loft. Pa happens to be **RASHIED ALI**, the drummer John Coltrane worked with the last couple of years of his life, and Ali is currently leading his own quintet; through Saturday, Oct. 7. Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 10-14, alto saxophonist **CHARLES TYLER**, another out-there player, will be on hand with his quartet. Pianist **JAKI BYARD** is now leading a big band here on Mondays. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—The Yale Whiffenpoofs are singing here through Saturday, Oct. 7; on Tuesday, Oct. 10, Maggie Sobol, a singer and comedienne, will come in. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Passersby can look past the neon sign that hangs in the picture window of this restaurant and see the musicians at work, and the smart passersby will go in. Right now—Wednesdays through Saturdays—**ROLAND HANNA**, a wonderful powerhouse pianist, is holding forth. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Except for a few artfully got-up punk-rock groupies (royal-blue-dyed hair, torn T-shirts, and Buddy Holly horn-rimmed glasses are all acceptable trappings), the patrons here resemble the clean-cut Pepsi generation that makes up the studio audiences on "Saturday Night Live." Artsy-rocksy singer and pianist Peter Gabriel is here on Wednesday, Oct. 4; on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, conga wiz **RAY BARRETTO** will head a sextet; Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 9-11, have been reserved for rock singer Tim Curry; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 13-14, keyboardist Les McCann will perform disco-peace-funk-love-soul music opposite electric-tenor player Eddie Harris. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Closed Sunday, Oct. 8. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A lot of people like to hang out here checking everyone at the bar in the overhead mirrors or listening in on the literary gossip. A lot of people also think of Bradley's as

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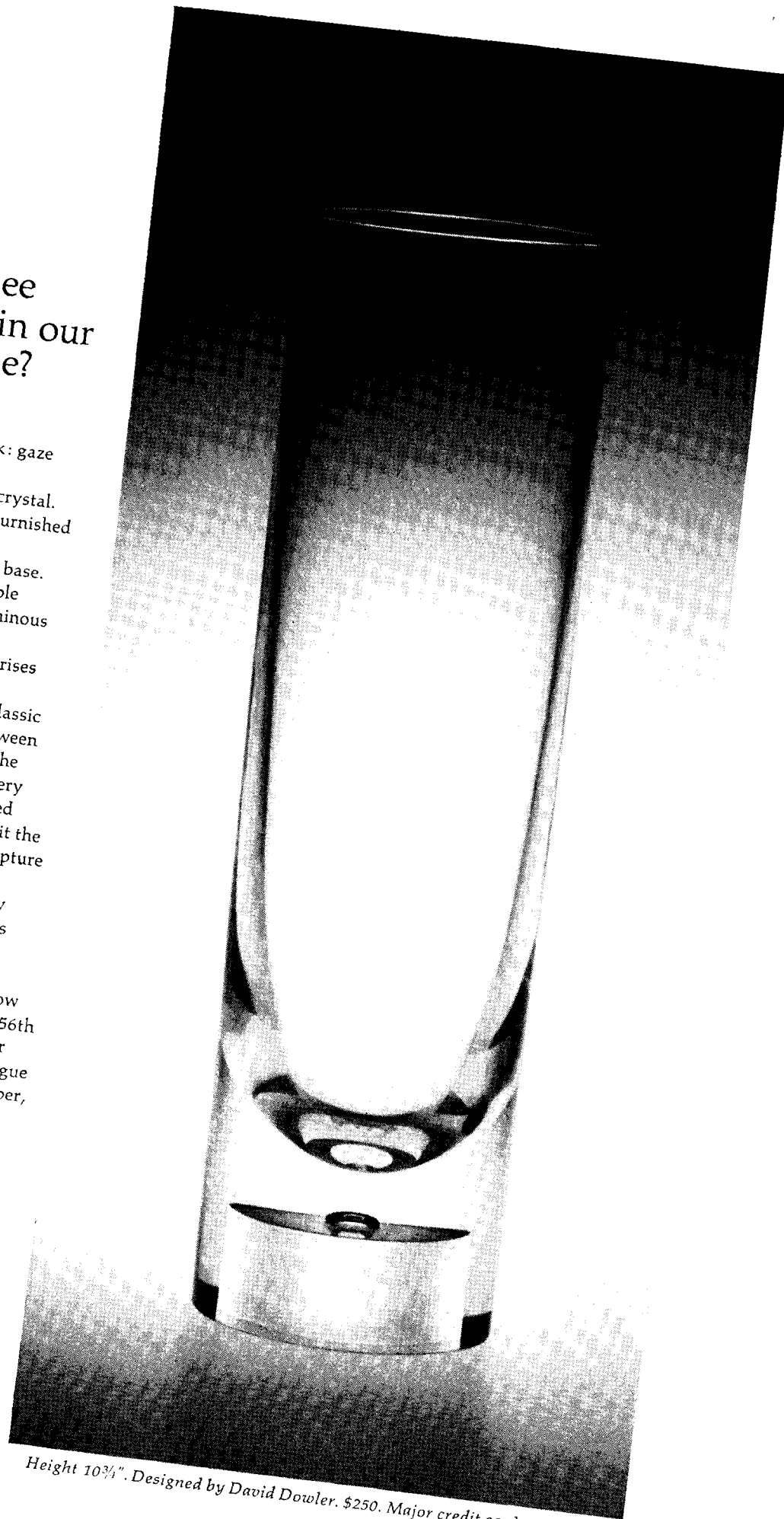
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano heaven. Solo pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** is in charge through Saturday, Oct. 7. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If one cannot fly to Rio, this is the next best thing. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfá, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. In short, a lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, music from Carnival. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, heads up a dance trio from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, who pushes a broom for the "I Love a Clean New York" ad campaign, pushes the piano keys and sings in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** does some strong piano work Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This street is still not ready for the Easter parade, but CBGB's, as it is affectionately called by punk-rock admirers, and a few other restaurants and punk-rock outposts have given new life to the area at night. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether charming entertainer. She's present—with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis—singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. Miss Hunter will be absent through Saturday, Oct. 7, and her replacement will be another blues expert, **BIG MAMA THORNTON**, and her A-1 accompanist, pianist **SAMMY PRICE**. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**DICK SUDHALTER**, a biographer, a critic, a DJ, and a fine traditional cornettist, works with pianist **MICHAEL RENZI** and drummer **DON REID** through Friday, Oct. 6. On Monday, Oct. 9, clarinetist Clarence Hutchenrider will bring in a trio. Music from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. Dining.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. He performs Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Sunday, Oct. 8, from eight-thirty, pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth hearing, will lead a quartet. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, guitarist **JOE PUMA**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sun-

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days from ten to three; O'Brien and Sherman show up early—at seven—on Sundays. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.**, guitarist **AL GAFA**, and bassist **MORRIS EDWARDS**; and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a trio. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** have brought their relaxed, trusting partnership to these quarters. They play just about everything—jazz, classical, and rock. Bertoncini's classical forays stand out, because they are moving and look effortless; Moore's solos and backup work remain as astounding as ever. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinetist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist and composer **BILLY TAYLOR** is ensconced in this bar and restaurant, which, if it weren't for the cutesy Azuma posters of old New York on the walls, would look like an old-fashioned dining room in an old-fashioned hotel. Taylor and a bassist labor Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—To paraphrase Ernest Tubb, the Texas troubadour, "There's a little bit of everything in Texas," and a little bit of Texas in New York. The entertainment usually consists of progressive country bands. (Progressive country bands tend to be bands that write their own material and get high.) The schedule includes singer and guitarist Townes Van Zandt, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 4-5; Kinky Friedman, on Sunday, Oct. 8; the Flying Burrito Brothers, on Monday, Oct. 9; and **NRBQ**, on Thursday, Oct. 12. Weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

LES MAREYEURS, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE**, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and his own capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. Bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** helps out, too. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to one.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Earl Coleman, who has his baritone roots in

the Eckstine tradition, works with a backing crew led by pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. **DAVE MATTHEWS**, a pianist and arranger, smiles a lot while he leads his twelve-piece organization. They'll be here Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 5-7. Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. The **WOODSTOCK MOUNTAIN REVIEW**, a group of singers and pickers from the Catskills—**HAPPY** and **ARTIE TRAUM**, **JOHN HERALD**, and others—perform through Saturday, Oct. 7. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet have the run of this Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The entertainment may not be consistently first rate anymore, and some of the "refurbishing"—especially the button-tufted royal-blue plastic walls in the foyer—not as tasteful and cozy as in the past, but the club is still one of the very few cabarets where the show can be seen from the bar area for the price of a ginger ale. Singer Gloria Loring is in evidence through Sunday, Oct. 8. Shows begin usually at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A comfortable new upstairs jazz room—one can hear the music in the ground-floor bar, too. So far, the management has lured in fine players. **CHICO HAMILTON**, a wily, melodious drummer and a smooth, witty showman, leads his quintet, which plays rhythm-and-blues at its subtlest, through Sunday, Oct. 8. On Wednesday, Oct. 11, trumpeter and co-proprietor **RANDY BRECKER** will come in with a quintet. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**DAVID AMRAM**, a multinational multi-instrumentalist—he plays French horn, piano, guitar, and wooden flutes, and his music comes from his travels through Latin America, the Middle East, the conservatory, and the street—leads a quartet through Saturday, Oct. 7. On Tuesday, Oct. 10, pianist Anthony Davis will arrive with his quintet. Sundays and Mondays belong to pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**SONNY FORTUNE**, the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who makes his listeners thankful for the era of long, extended solos, leads his quintet here until Sunday, Oct. 8; on Tuesday, Oct. 10, pianist **RANDY WESTON**, whose playing has been influenced by the music of Ellington, Monk, and North Africa, will descend the dark stairs with a trio. Mondays are **SAM JONES-TOM HARRELL** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Sadik Hakim has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for stu-



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Introducing Technics biggest achievement in headphones: Waveform fidelity.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dents and aging swing musicians who can still swing. Stride pianist **BROOKS KERR**—he's only in his twenties but he can swing in spite of his age—is here with drummer **SONNY GREER** on Wednesday, Oct. 4, and by himself on Monday, Oct. 9; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 5-7, tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will be on the bandstand; on Sunday, Oct. 8, **SAMMY PRICE**, a fine boogie-woogie pianist, will celebrate his seventieth birthday with some musical colleagues; and on Tuesday, Oct. 10, trumpeter Franc Williams will come in with his quartet. Music from nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SALUTE TO GREAT AMERICAN SONGWRITERS—A series of free concerts. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 4-5, at 6: Bob Carroll, with Joe Puma on piano, performing the songs of Johnny Mercer. . . . Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 9-11, at 6: Warren Lyons and the Joy of Singing Workshop performing the songs of Frank Loesser. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St.)

DIANA ROSS—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 5-6, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 7, at 7:30 and 11; and Sunday through Wednesday, Oct. 8-11, at 8.

CLEO LAINE WITH THE JOHN DANKWORTH QUARTET—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8.

U.K.—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ARCHIE SHEPP and JAKI BYARD—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, at 9:30 and midnight.

DAVE MASON—Palladium, Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8 and 11:30.

EARL KLUGH, THE BRECKER BROTHERS BAND, and THE STEVE KHAN-MIKE MAINIERI BAND—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8.

JETHRO TULL and URIAH HEEP—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, Oct. 8, and Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8, and Monday, Oct. 9, at 5.

BY IRA . . . BY GEORGE—A benefit concert of songs and music by the Gershwins, celebrating the eightieth anniversary of the birth of George. Among the participants will be Lauren Bacall, Eubie Blake, Cab Calloway, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Barbara Cook, Anita Ellis, Joel Grey, Kitty Carlisle Hart, Lorin Hollander, Phyllis Newman, Ginger Rogers, Bobby Short, and Sylvia Syms. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

HARRY CHAPIN—With the American Symphony Orchestra. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

FREDDIE HUBBARD and SERGIO MENDES and HIS BRASIL '88—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8.

MARK MURPHY—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8.

DEWEY REDMAN and DON PULLEN—Public Theatre. Friday, Oct. 13, at 9:30 and midnight.

BARRY HARRIS—With Slide Hampton, Tommy Turrentine, Harold Vick, and Lonnie Hillyer. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 7 and 9:45. For information about tickets, call 397-6881.)

JEAN-LUC PONTY and the MARK ALMOND BAND—Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8.

FRANK SINATRA—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 14-15, and Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 17-19, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21, at 7:30 and 11; and Sunday, Oct. 22, at 8.

CHIEFTAINS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8.

HAMLET BLUIETT and DON PULLEN—Public Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 9:30 and midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Large paintings in sizzling colors by this uninhibited draftsman, some of

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whose charcoal drawings are also on exhibition. Through Oct. 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

PAUL BRACH—Western landscapes, each with a string of wild horses racing along in the distance. Through Oct. 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—Forty sculptures from the seventies. Through Nov. 2. (Knödler, 19 E. 70th St.)

OTTO DIX (1891-1969)—Drawings and watercolors, chiefly from the twenties, by an artist much concerned with the horrors of war. Through Dec. 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Drawings from the last three decades by an artist whose career has taken many stylistic (abstract, figurative, minimal) turns. Through Nov. 4. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

GASTON LACHAISE (1882-1935) and **ELIE NADELMAN** (1882-1946)—Drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

LOUIS LE BROQUY—Forty-five rudimentary portraits in a series called "Studies Toward an Image of James Joyce." The artist, an Irishman, works in charcoal, oil on canvas, and watercolor to present Joyce in various moods. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GARI MELCHERS (1860-1932)—Traditionalist oils of another generation (portraits full of character, sunlit interiors, New York Harbor) in a show that is also brightened by a number of small, seemingly offhand watercolors. Through Oct. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PHILIP MULLEN—What appear to be rectangles of a multicolored heavy-ribbed fabric are really the result of successive silk screenings laid out in a grid pattern on canvas. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HENRY RANSOM—Still-lives in a series called "Sheetscapes" because the subjects—bowls, cups, pieces of fruit, rocks, and assorted bric-a-brac—are shown against rumpled bed linen. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St.)

ATTILIO SALEMMI (1911-55)—Abstract oils and watercolors. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951)—Genre prints of the lower East Side, the Bowery, Washington Square. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ANTON VAN DALEN—Oil paintings. Through Nov.

4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ALBERT YORK—Small-scale landscapes, still-lives, and figures. Through Oct. 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

MEXICAN COSTUMES—A loan show of fifty-five costumes, including some whose designs and weaving techniques predate the Spanish Conquest. Through Oct. 22. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ACA, in a new location at 21 E. 67th St.: A benefit loan show of late-nineteenth and early-twentieth-century paintings, including seldom seen but excellent examples of the work of such artists as Glackens, Henri, Hassam, Cassatt, and Hopper, not to mention European stars like Picasso, Matisse, and Braque. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Europeans who worked in this century and the last, including Chagall, Monet, Bonnard, Miró. Through Oct. 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Works by precursors and practitioners of German Expressionism, including Paula Modersohn-Becker, Max Pechstein, and Wassily Kandinsky. Through Nov. 30. . . . **GOETHE HOUSE**, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by sixteen German Expressionists, including Beckmann, Kirchner, and Nolde. Through Oct. 21. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **GUREWITSCH**, 55 E. 74th St.: Three artists—William Scharf has twelve abstract paintings on paper, Stella Waitzkin constructs books from glass and resin substances, and Francine Halvorsen has large graphite-and-ink drawings. Through Oct. 28. (Opens at 1.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Bissier, Hartung, Reinhold, and others associated with this gallery. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: One of Rouault's beefy judges and a splendid small gouache of a woman's head by Picasso are among the items of special interest in this group show of Modern Masters. Through Nov. 4.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JUDITH BERNSTEIN—Wall-size and smaller charcoal drawings. Through Oct. 28. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

LOUISE BOURGEOIS—A two-gallery exhibit of recent works by a leading sculptor. At the Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St., a huge piece, entitled "Confrontation," consisting of fifty-one wooden triangular shapes assembled (like chairs) around what might be taken for a banquet table laden with loaves and bowls. At the Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St., the triangles, much smaller, are painted red and blue and assembled into dream castles rising from a forlorn dwelling with a single bare room. Both shows run through Oct. 21.

BEVERLY BUCHANAN / MARC BOONE—Heavy, rough-sided cast-stone blocks, made of Georgia clay and cement. / An attempt in black-and-white drawings, sometimes touched up with color, to catch the look of various sounds. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

SHLOMO CASSOS / PAUL LINFANTE—Collages involving wire mesh, fabrics, and paper steeped in low-keyed watercolors. / Portraits of apples—Romes, McIntoshes, Deliciouses—singly and in groups, some of them much larger than life. Through Thursday, Oct. 12. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

FEDERICO CASTELLON (1914-71)—Drawings. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . **Graphics**. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.) Both shows through Oct. 21.

WILLIAM CLUTZ—Semi-abstract paintings (oils on paper and on canvas) and pastels by an artist with a fondness for New York scenes. Through Nov. 1. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

MARTHA DIAMOND—Oil-on-aluminum paintings by an abstract artist. Through Oct. 28. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

JEAN DUFY (1888-1964)—Circus scenes, musicians, race horses, and riverboats, all painted in the tradition established by the artist's older brother Raoul. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN EDLICH—Large abstract collages made up of simple forms arranged with absolute



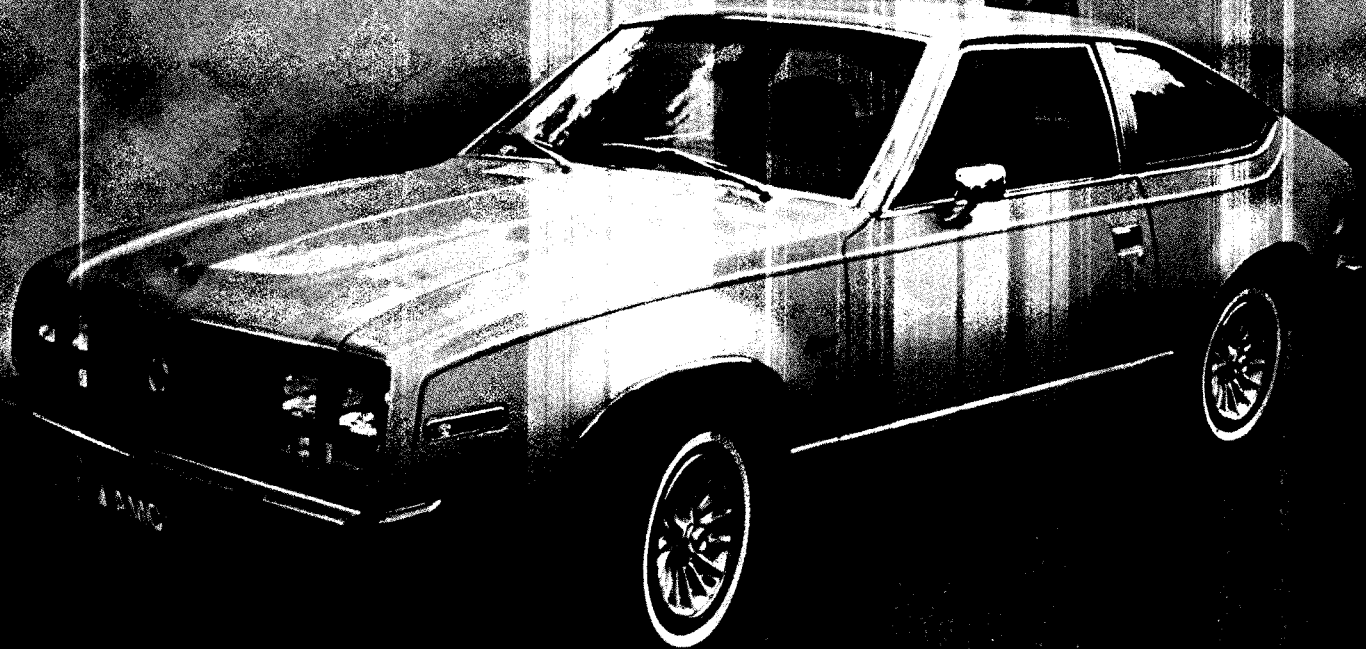
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

authority. In some of the works, a strip of printed music adds a grace note. Through Oct. 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES FAHLEN—In addition to his customary large wall constructions of wood, felt, and resin, the artist is showing smaller, freestanding works made from toy animals. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LAWRENCE FANE—Abstract metal sculptures. Through Oct. 28. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

JAN GROTH/SIBYL WEIL—Drawings that consist of a single line scrawled across a dazzling white sheet of paper with an oily black crayon. In this show, entitled "Migrations and Entrenched Meanders," ordinary straight pins are stuck into the wall in antlike processions that crawl from floor to ceiling and sometimes out on the ceiling. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

ANNE HEALY/MARTHA RYTHUR—Bronze screening is the material for a new sculpture. Also, models and photographs of other works. Through Oct. 28. Paintings on glass by an eighty-year-old Rockland County artist. Starts Thursday, Oct. 5. (Zabriskie, 29 West 57th St. Open Mondays.)

PHILIPPE HOSIASSEN (1898-1978)—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT HUDSON—Primary colors applied to primed canvas, and works on paper. Through Nov. 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

DAVID LIGARE—A series of paintings and drawings, some of them the size of a wall, in which a piece of white drapery is being wafted along over a deep-blue sea; the draftsmanship is exceptionally good. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

BRICE MARDEN—Large canvases divided up into large vertical panels of color. Through Oct. 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

PHYLLIS MARK—Kinetic sculptures. Some of the pieces are revolving abstract shapes with Dacron sails that catch the wind, and some of them are similar forms powered by hidden motors. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

DOROTHY MCGAHEE—Oil paintings of figures in groups, and collages. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOAN MIRÓ AND HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954)—Colorful aquatints by the former, and lithograph drawings of nudes by the latter. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

DENNIS OPPENHEIM—Scale models for some of this artist's antic projects (among them a quicksand pit, a quicksilver bin encased in a tower, a trench full of acid with a rope ladder strung over it), plus photographs of contemplated works, including three huge narrow incisions, each two thousand feet long, cut into El Mirage Dry Lake, in California, and colored with a cobalt-blue pigment. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Multiples-Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOSEPH SOLMAN—Subway riders are the subjects of a series of gouaches painted on sheets of the *Morning Telegraph* (the train was headed for the race track). Through Oct. 21. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

ELIZABETH VOELKER—Collages involving paper and fabric and antique printed matter, plus paintings of broad, colorful stripes done in oil on paper. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **PAM ADLER**, 50 W. 57th St.: An inaugural exhibit that includes a couple of wall boxes with enigmatic tableaux inside by Brenda Goodman, and several paintings that seem to be floor plans for landscapes by David Sharpe. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by a number of Europeans, among them Giacometti, Picasso, and Dubuffet. Through Oct. 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **PROTETCH**, at a new address at 37 W. 57th St.: Jackie Ferrara, Joel Fisher, Will Insley, and others. Through Wednesday, Oct. 11. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, a new gallery at 20 W. 57th St.: A show

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entitled "Woman: from Nostalgia to Now" offers works by Lindner, Rivers, Segal, Balthus, Pascin, Avery, and other big names. Through Nov. 4. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs (by Peggy Bacon, Charles Demuth, Paul Strand, and others) that were exhibited in Alfred Stieglitz's Intimate Gallery between 1926 and 1929. Through Oct. 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

JEFFREY BROSK/PHOEBE HELMAN—A full-scale wooden model of a projected steel-and-concrete piece, twelve feet high and sixty-six feet long, entitled "Ebbets Field." Through Nov. 4. Large wooden sculptures with a Gothic quality. Through Oct. 21. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

DANIEL BUREN—An installation by a French artist who made a similar work in 1973. Black-and-white bands of linen fill the gallery space and continue out the windows across West Broadway. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT COTTINGHAM/ALAN HERMAN—Photo-Realist paintings, one of them centered on the word "Rat" in a huge, bunting-draped sign for Rattner's Bakery. Life-size environments—Tom Wong's Chinese laundry, for instance, complete with neatly stacked bundles. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

ARTURO RIVERA DELGADO—Paintings of female nudes, some of them on the erotic side, by a Mexican-born artist whose finished works have a kind of gritty varnish overlay. Through Oct. 15. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

CONSTANCE DODGE—Three-dimensional assemblages that incorporate family photographs and found objects. Through Oct. 19. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

CLAIRE FALKENSTEIN—Large kitelike constructions made of bamboo, copper rods, and linen, all skillfully trussed up together. Some hang on the wall, some are suspended from the ceiling, and some are freestanding. (Neill, 136 Greene St.) . . . **Graphics**. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Both shows through Oct. 19.

DONALD JUDD—Seventeen plywood wall boxes. Through Oct. 28. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

RICHARD LONG—Circles composed of driftwood, charred wood, and stone. Through Oct. 21. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

DON NICE—Two realist triptychs, one representing the animals of the peaceable kingdom and the other their wilder fellow-creatures. Through Oct. 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ED PASCHKE—Realist paintings of costumed and masked figures by a Chicago-based artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

JOANNA POUSSETTE-DART—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

ED PULS—Four large paintings, done in an allegorical style and depicting dramatic domes-

tic scenes. Through Friday, Oct. 6. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

GRACE BAKST WAPNER—Wall sculptures combining velvet, satin, and plaster. Through Oct. 21. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

NINE NEW ARTISTS—Works by nine young artists selected from the hundreds of unknowns whose efforts have been screened by this downtown facility. Among the exhibitors are Ann Turnley, who implants cutout designs in the pulp from which she makes paper; Milo Reice, who illustrates classics ("Chaucer's First Date" is the title of one piece); and Paul Caranicas, who makes fine perspective drawings of abandoned Coast Artillery emplacements. Through Nov. 4. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings by Beatrice Riese, Robert Feldgus, and Howard Goldstein, and kinetic sculptures by Dickson Carroll. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (West Broadway, 431 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—Black-and-white drawings and collages—in this case, black-and-white cutouts on brown paper—that bear a distinct family resemblance to the heavy-duty sculpture this artist is known for. Through Oct. 31. (Pretto, 260 West Broadway, just below Canal St. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 5 to 7.)

PHILIP JOHNSON—Preliminary studies, working drawings, and models for two of the architect's designs: his home in New Canaan, and the planned A.T. & T. corporate headquarters on Madison Avenue. Through Oct. 31. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; opens Saturdays at noon.)

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI (1720-78)—Etchings. Through Oct. 21. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

RAQUEL RABINOVICH—A large sculpture of smoke-gray tempered glass. Through Oct. 17. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

DECORATIVE DESIGNS OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT—Furniture, wallpaper, dinnerware, stained glass, architectural ornaments and drawings, book and graphic designs covering a seventy-year period by the prodigious architect. Also, thirty-five objects designed by his peers. Through Nov. 4. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOW—Artists from out of town, among them Tom Hatch, of San Francisco, who plays carefully calculated tricks with mirrors and toy furniture; Janis Provisor, also of San Francisco, who paints enigmatic symbols in thick paint against a contrasting background; and Dan Rizzie, of Dallas, who uses simple cutout forms, acrylics, and graphite in his collages. Through Nov. 11. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

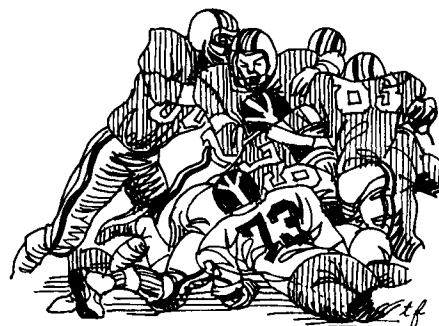
RICHARD AVEDON—The Metropolitan Museum is showing his high-fashion photographs from the last three decades. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

JOHN BALDESSARI—Each photograph by this Conceptualist is a frame from a film as seen on a television set. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Sonabend, 420 West Broadway.)

MARIE COSINDAS/RAY METZKER—Still-lives and portraits by a photographer (one-time painter) whose manipulations of Polaroid-film emulsions achieve the soft look of oils. Black-and-white abstractions. Through Nov. 5. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

JAN DIBBETS AND DOUGLAS HUEBLER—Black-and-white prints. Through Oct. 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

GIANFRANCO GORGONI—A hundred (X-rated) color photographs. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway.



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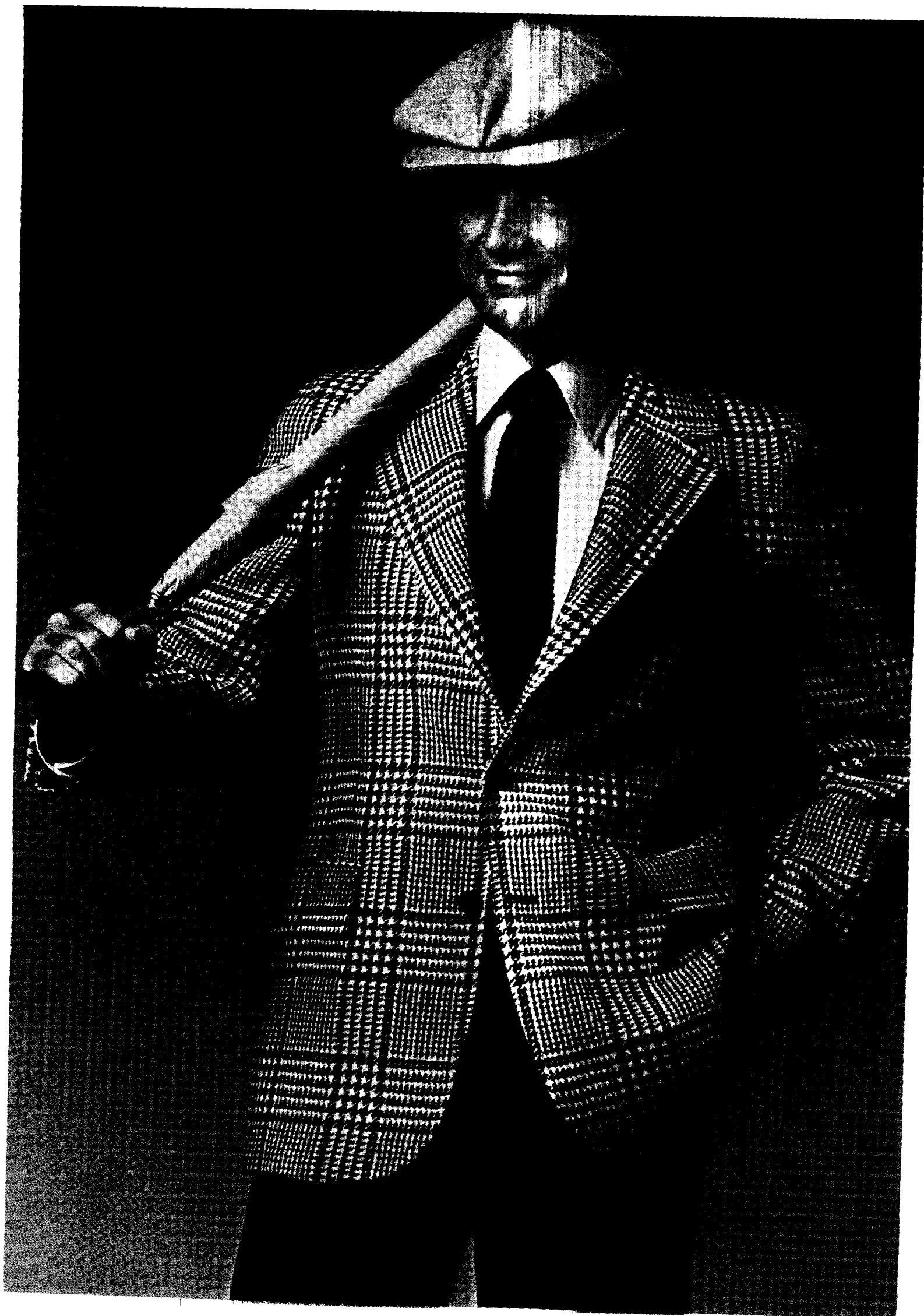
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

FLORENCE HENRI—Prints from the twenties and thirties by a photographer who was at one time associated with the Bauhaus. Through Nov. 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

CHRISTOPHER JAMES—Photographic prints that have been hand-dyed and coated with soft-colored enamels. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

JANINE KELMAN—Avant-garde portraiture; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

RUSSELL LEE—More than a hundred and fifty prints by a photographer best known for his works done for the Farm Security Administration. Through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

WRIGHT MORRIS—Midwestern scenes of the thirties, forties, and fifties. Through Nov. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

ART SINSABAUGH—Forty sharp-focus landscapes (they were made with an outsize view camera) of the Midwest and the East are on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

C. E. WATKINS (1829-1916)—Twenty-five large plate photographs of the Yosemite Valley and Oregon. Through Oct. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

TODD WATTS—Allegorical photographs, most of them diptychs or triptychs, which show sombre figures in interiors. Through Oct. 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ALBERT KAHN COLLECTION—Photographs of Tonkin in the years 1915-16, made by a French officer for a financier named Albert Kahn, whose numerous projects in the early part of this century included establishment of "a sort of photographic inventory of the surface of the globe." Through Oct. 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOW—Contemporary still-lives. The participants include Gowin, Krims, Groover. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The reconstructed Temple of Dendur, in a setting recalling its original home on the Nile, is receiving its devotees in the Sackler Wing, at the north end of the museum. For the moment, extra exhibition hours—Thursday evenings, from 5 to 8:45—have been tacked onto the museum's regular schedule. . . . ¶ A show of engravings by Abraham Bosse which record the social customs of seventeenth-century Paris. Through Oct. 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Richard Avedon's fashion prints. Through Nov. 5. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A small show of paintings and sculptures recently acquired by the museum. Through Nov. 26. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Art Sinsabaugh's landscapes and cityscapes. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of the French artist and writer Henri Michaux. Through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions on view include fourteen works by Julius Bissier, and three works by Agnes Martin. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 9, from 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Claes Oldenburg has built two large structures, named the Mouse Museum and Ray Gun Wing, whose interior and exterior shapes are suggested by their titles. Visitors walk inside the darkened structures to view lighted cases filled with the artist's drawings and objects. Through Nov. 26. . . .

¶ An exhibit of early Abstract Expressionist paintings (covering the years 1935 to 1949), by Baziotes, de Kooning, Krasner, Stamos, and others. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ A small dis-

play of additions to the museum's collections includes a ceramic sculpture by Robert Arneson and a drawing by Dorothea Rockburne. Through Nov. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of sculptures from the last ten years which reflect a link with architecture. Some of the sculptors are Alice Aycock, Rafael Ferrer, Michael Hurson, and George Grant. Through Oct. 25. (Open Mondays, except Oct. 9, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-four Haitian artists (most of them self-taught) are represented in an exhibition of paintings and sculptures whose themes are taken from indigenous culture and history. Through Nov. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of anthropological artifacts from Papua New Guinea features a hut with a conical thatched roof and a double-hulled canoe with a banana-leaf sail. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 9, from 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of classical Indian sculptures from the Gupta period, fourth to seventh centuries A.D., contains sandstone images of Buddha (Gupta-period sculptors established Buddha's "human" appearance), and Hindu temple sculptures. Starts Thursday, Oct. 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The cynosure of a display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" is the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles. Not to be overlooked, however, is the welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by Lalanne. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ French and Italian neoclassical drawings and prints, selected for their depictions of interior decoration and architecture. In addition, related objects and textiles from the period. Through Nov. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Sunday, Oct. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—More than ninety drawings (in pen, chalk, pencil, and wash) by Giovanni Battista Piranesi. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Jimmy Ernst, Ainslie Burke, and Helen Hoie are among the twenty-two painters in the annual Henry Ward Ranger exhibition. Through Sunday, Oct. 8. (Open daily, 11 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Paintings and drawings by Zero Mostel, together with memorabilia from the late actor's career. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays, except Oct. 9, and

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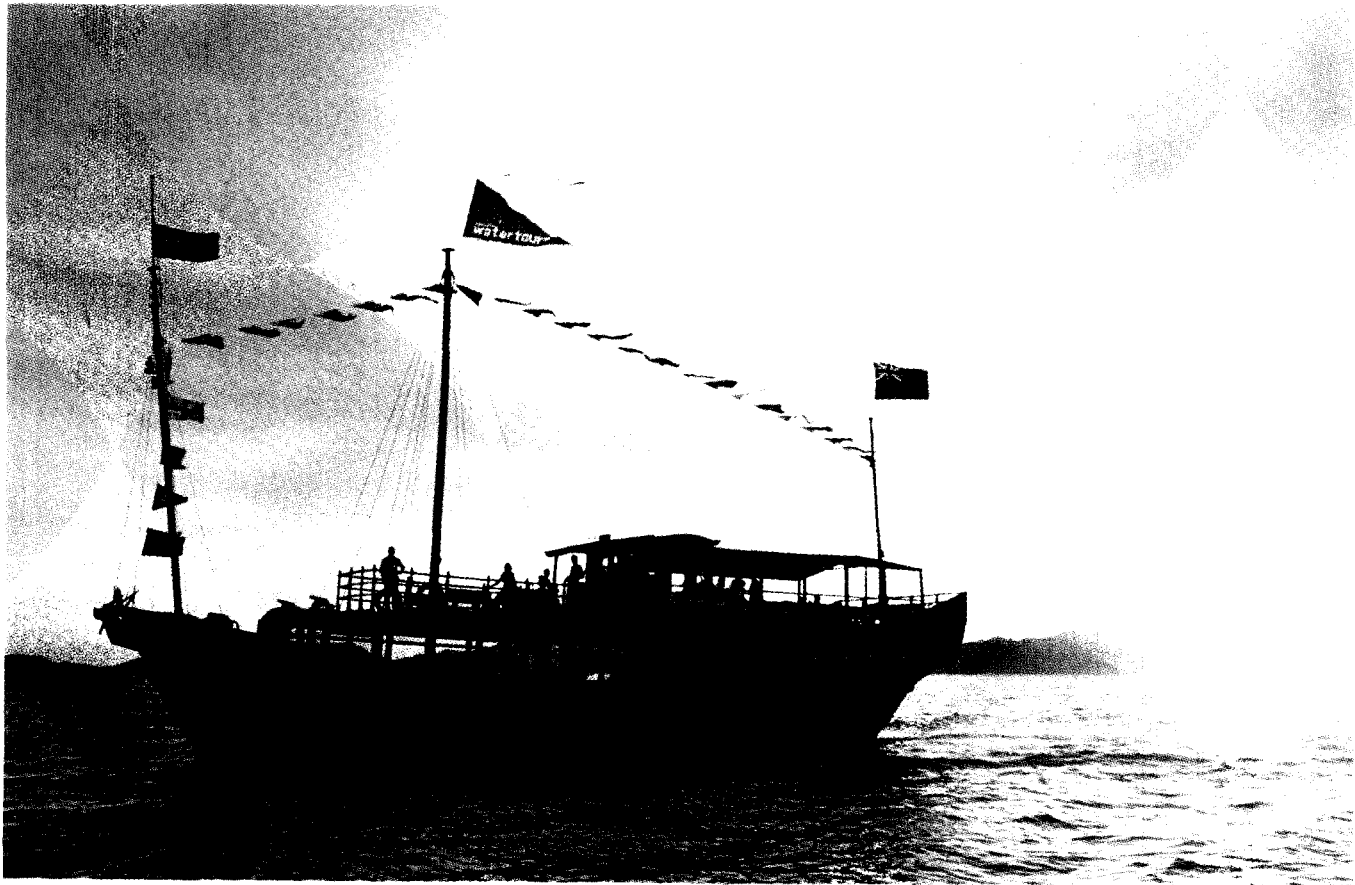
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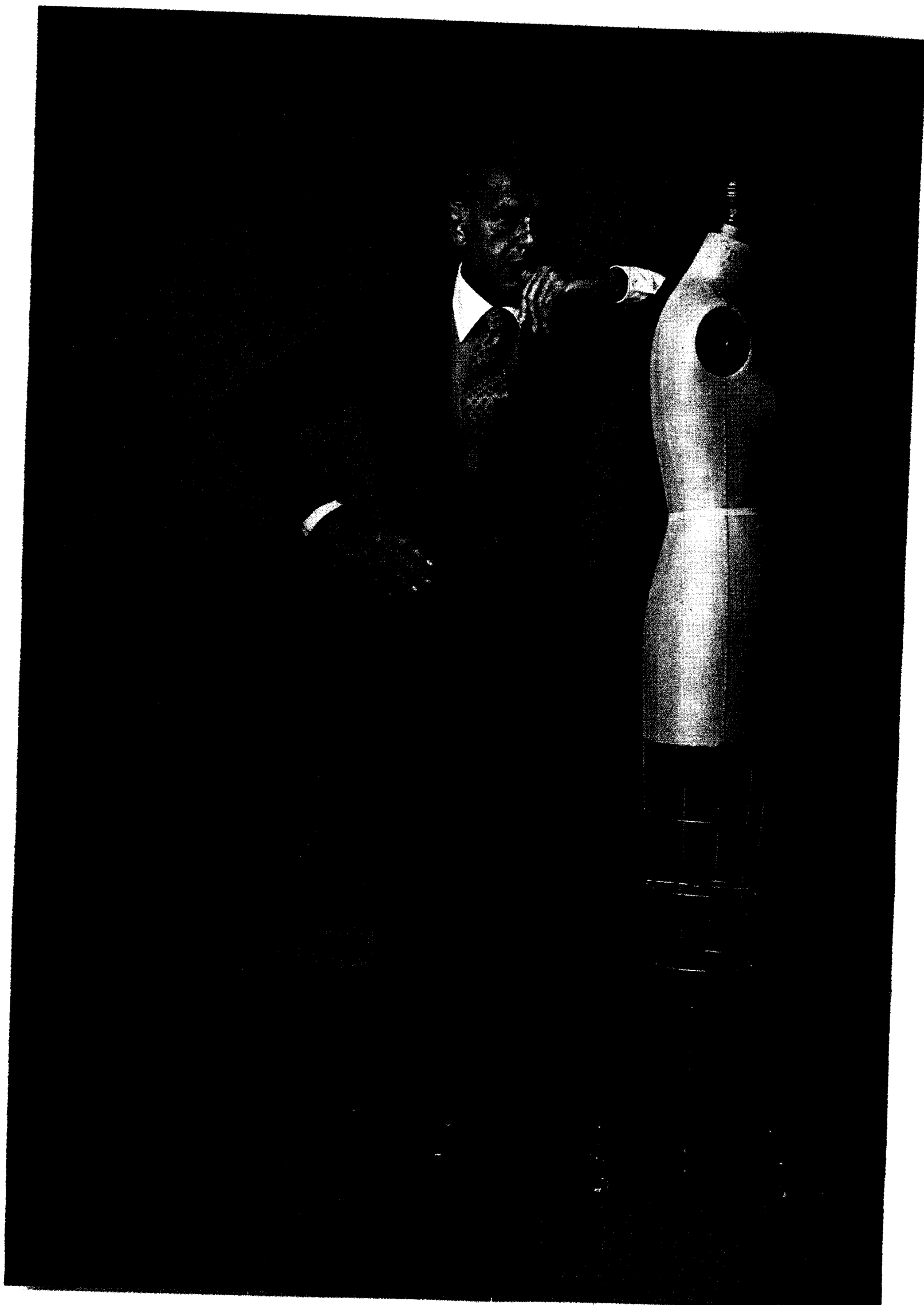
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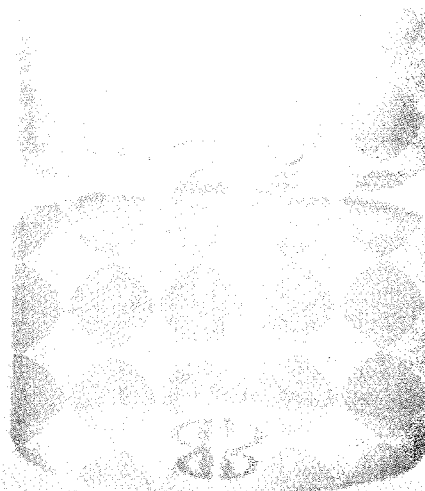
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibit of Richard Mayhew's semi-abstract landscape paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Oct. 4: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, James Morris, David Ward, and Peter Glossop; conducted by Raymond Leppard. . . . Thursday evening, Oct. 5: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Jess Thomas, Bernd Weikl, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. . . . Friday evening, Oct. 6: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Arleen Auger, James King, Kurt Moll, Siegmund Nimsger, and Bernd Weikl; Karl Böhm. . . . Saturday matinée, Oct. 7: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, Andrea Velis, and William Wildermann; James Levine. . . . Saturday evening, Oct. 7: "Werther," with Elena Obraztsova, Plácido Domingo, Betsy Norden, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel. . . . Monday evening, Oct. 9: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Dunja Vejzovic, Jess Thomas, Bernd Weikl, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. . . . Tuesday evening, Oct. 10: "Werther," with Elena Obraztsova, Plácido Domingo, Betsy Norden, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel. . . . Wednesday evening, Oct. 11: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ingvar Wixell; James Conlon. . . . Thursday evening, Oct. 12: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Kurt Moll; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Friday evening, Oct. 13: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Arleen Auger, James King, Kurt Moll, Siegmund Nimsger, and Bernd Weikl; Karl Böhm. . . . Saturday matinée, Oct. 14: "Werther," with Elena Obraztsova, Plácido Domingo, Betsy Norden, and Dominic Cossa; Julius Rudel. . . . Saturday evening, Oct. 14: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Dunja Vejzovic, Jess Thomas, Bernd Weikl, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. (Evenings at 8; on Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8:30. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Jacques Trussel, and William Justus; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . Friday, Oct. 6, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Esther Hinds, Catherine Malfitano, Faith Esham, Samuel Ramey, and Vernon Hartman; Julius Rudel. . . . Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacques Trussel, and William Justus; Judith Somogi. . . . Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Die Tote Stadt," with Nancy Shade, Richard Taylor, and Thomas Jamerson; Imre Pallo. . . . Sunday, Oct. 8, at 1: "The Turk in Italy" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Henry Price, Vernon Hartman, Donald Gramm, and James Billings; Julius Rudel. . . . Sunday, Oct. 8, at 7: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, Michael Devlin, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Faye Robinson, Judith Dickison, Gerald Grahame, Thomas Jamerson, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8: "The Turk in Italy" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Henry Price, Alan Titus, Donald Gramm, and James Billings; Julius Rudel. . . . Friday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, Michael Devlin, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2: "The Merry Widow," with Johanna Meier, Diana Soviero, Bruce Reed, and Howard Hensel; Imre Pallo. . . . Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Martha Thippen, Luis Lima, Pablo Elvira, Richard T. Gill, and Vernon Hartman; John

Mauceri. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Oct. 5, and Saturday, Oct. 7, as well as a non-subscription benefit concert on Monday, Oct. 9, at 8:30 (all with Montserrat Caballé, soprano); Friday, Oct. 6, at 2 (no soloists); and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 13, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 7:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin).

MOSCOW CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Igor Bezrodni conducting and acting as violin soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall, Sunday, Oct. 8, at 3.)

RECITALS

REBECCA PENNEYS—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

NEW MUSIC FOR YOUNG ENSEMBLES—Eleanor Steber, soprano; Samuel Baron, and Karl Kraber, flute; Alvin Brehm, bass; and the Audubon Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

CONCERT-PARTY—The first in a series of seven concerts, this one a program of Renaissance and medieval music performed by the Jongleurs. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

COMPOSERS STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MUSIC FOR A WHILE—A program entitled "La Fontaine Amoureuse," a tribute to Guillaume de Machaut, fourteenth-century poet and composer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 8, at 2 and 8.)

JAMES RICHMAN—Harpischord, performing Bach's Goldberg Variations. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Monday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

MARIA LUISA FAINI—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall, Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

CHELSEA TRIO—Chamber music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Oct. 10, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

SYLVIA ROSENBERG—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—The first in a series of concerts presenting the Haydn cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

GREENWOOD CONSORT—A program entitled "When the World Was Flat," music from the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Oct. 13, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano, in a program of Sephardic songs, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

JORGE BOLET—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

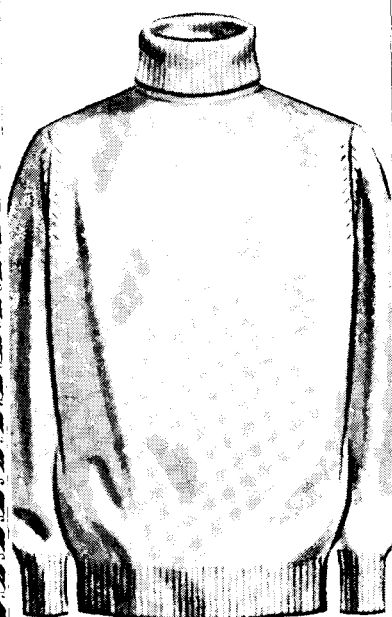
RETROSPECTIVE CONCERT OF THE MUSIC OF ROBERT KURKA—Gerard Schwarz conducting the Orchestra da Camera, with Matthew Raimondi, violin. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 864-6765.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—The World Series starts Tuesday, Oct. 10, in the home park of the National League champion. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores; call 990-1313.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Washington vs. Boston and Knicks vs. Philadelphia (exhibition games), Thursday.

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Oct. 5, at 6.... Washington vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Boston (exhibition games), Saturday, Oct. 7, at 6.... Knicks vs. Houston, Friday, Oct. 13, at 7:30.... **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Cleveland (exhibition game), Friday, Oct. 6, at 8.... Nets vs. Los Angeles, Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

AMATEUR BOXING—The United States National Team vs. the Cuban National Team. (Madison Square Garden, Friday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, OCT. 7:** Boston College vs. Pittsburgh, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.... Harvard vs. Colgate, at Cambridge, at 1:30.... Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 7:30.... Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30.... Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 1:30.... Yale vs. Rutgers, at New Haven, at 1:30.... **SATURDAY, OCT. 14:** Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 1:30.... Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 1:30.... Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... Dartmouth vs. Yale, at Hanover, at 1:30.... Fordham vs. Coast Guard, at Fordham, at 1:30.... Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 1:30.... Manhattan vs. Stony Brook, at Mt. St. Michael Field, at 1.... Navy vs. Duke, at Annapolis, at 2.... Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at New Brunswick, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Oct. 8: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, at 1.... Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Boston Bruins (exhibition game), Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 7:35.... Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Thursday, Oct. 12, at 7:35.... **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 23. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 7; the Champagne, Sunday, Oct. 8; the Beldame, Monday, Oct. 9; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.)... **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30. The Rutgers Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 5, and the Queen Charlotte Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 12.... **BOWIE, Md.:** Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Oct. 20. The Governor's Cup Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 7.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 7.... **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Oct. 9, through Monday, Dec. 11.

YACHTING—The twelfth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to a mark south of the George Washington Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 7 (rain date Sunday, Oct. 8). A spectator boat will embark from the Battery (Gangway 2), at 9:30 (no boat on the rain date); for information about tickets, call 766-9072.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY READINGS—Shirley Kaufman and David Wagoner reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOOTHEY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, at 2: Chinese, European, and American furniture and decorations; the property of Nelson A. Rockefeller.... Thursday and Friday, Oct. 12-13, at 10:15 and 2: Continental and English silver and *objets de vertu*, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 7.... **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 50th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, Oct. 7, at 10:30: English and Continental furniture, objects of art, tapestries, and Eastern rugs; from the estate of Rosina Bateson and from other sources.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 7 elections are Thursday, Oct. 12, and Saturday, Oct. 14, from 1 P.M. to 9 P.M.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 8: "The Harder They Come."
Oct. 9: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 10: "Night Moves."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Girl Friends."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 5: "Jaws 2" and "Obsession."
From Oct. 6: "Revenge of the Pink Panther" and "And Now for Something Completely Different."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Grease."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Up in Smoke."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 5: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
From Oct. 6: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death on the Nile."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Girl Friends."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"A Wedding."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Somebody Killed Her Husband."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"A Slave of Love."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Oct. 7: "Interiors."
From Oct. 8: "Autumn Sonata."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Oct. 5: "Up in Smoke."
From Oct. 6: "Goin' South."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Foul Play."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Days of Heaven."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Bloodbrothers."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 5: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."
From Oct. 6: "Midnight Express."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Oct. 5: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From Oct. 6: "Midnight Express."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Oct. 5: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
From Oct. 6: "The Big Fix."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"No Time for Breakfast."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Death on the Nile."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 5: "Madame Rosa."
From Oct. 6: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Oct. 7: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."
From Oct. 8: "Interiors."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 5: "Seniors."
From Oct. 6: "National Lampoon's Animal House."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 5: "Up in Smoke."
From Oct. 6: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Oct. 5: "Foul Play."
From Oct. 6: "Up in Smoke."

36TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Bloodbrothers."

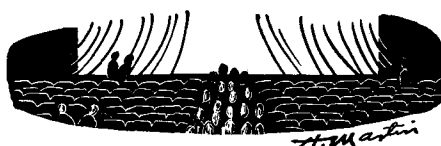
R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 5: "The Black Pearl." From Oct. 6: "The Big Fix."
Theatre 2: "Somebody Killed Her Husband."

WEST SIDE

WAWERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Oct. 5: "Cat and Mouse."
From Oct. 6: "National Lampoon's Animal House."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

Through Oct. 5: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."
From Oct. 6: To be announced.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 7: "Pretty Baby" and "Joseph Andrews." From Oct. 8: "Interiors."

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 7: "Néa." From Oct. 8: "Interiors."

Theatre 3: "Who'll Stop the Rain."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 7: "The Buddy Holly Story." From Oct. 8: "Interiors."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Lin Tse-hsu" ("The Opium War").

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Boys from Brazil."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Oct. 7: "Who'll Stop the Rain."
From Oct. 8: "Interiors."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (586-4448)
Through Oct. 10: "Jaws 2."
From Oct. 11: "Eyes of Laura Mars."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Oct. 8: "Viva Italia!"
From Oct. 9: "Violette."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Wedding."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Girl Friends."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 7: "Women."
From Oct. 8: "Perceval."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Oct. 8: "An Unmarried Woman."
From Oct. 9: "Viva Italia!"

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Grease."
Theatre 2: "Foul Play."
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 5: "Who'll Stop the Rain." From Oct. 6: "Heaven Can Wait."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 5: "The Black Pearl." From Oct. 6: "National Lampoon's Animal House."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through Oct. 7: "Néa."
From Oct. 8: "Interiors."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 5: "Madame Rosa" and "The Front."
From Oct. 6: "Revenge of the Pink Panther" and "Telefon."

TIMES SQUARE

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Up in Smoke." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Oct. 5: "The Black Pearl." (†)
From Oct. 6: "The Big Fix." (†)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Bloodbrothers." (†)

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 5: "Seniors." (†)
From Oct. 6: "National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 5: "Saturday Night Fever." From Oct. 6: "Heaven Can Wait." (†)

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 5: "Young Frankenstein." From Oct. 6: "Saturday Night Fever."

Theatre 4: "Grease." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Foul Play." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Oct. 5: "National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)
From Oct. 6: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?" (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Death on the Nile." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Oct. 5: "Heaven Can Wait." (†)
From Oct. 6: "Midnight Express." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Oct. 5: "Revenge of the Pink Panther." (†)

From Oct. 6: "Death Force," "Spook Who Sat by the Door," and "Forced to Fight."

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Somebody Killed Her Husband." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Who'll Stop the Rain." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 4: "Two-Lane Blacktop" (1971), directed by Monte Hellman, with Warren Oates and James Taylor; and "Anatomy of a Relationship" (1978), in French, directed by Luc Moullet.

Oct. 5: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.

Oct. 6-7: "Saturday Night Fever" (1977), directed by John Badham, with John Travolta and Karen Lynn Gorney; and "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings." (†)

Oct. 8: "Padre Padrone" (1977), in Italian, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; and "The Miracle Worker." (†)

Oct. 9: "Fingers" (†); and "Underworld, U.S.A." (1961), directed by Sam Fuller, with Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn, and Beatrice Kay.

Oct. 10: "Bad Boys" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Susumu Hani; and "The Drunken Angel" (1948), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Oct. 11: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.

Oct. 12: "The Battle of Chile." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 4: "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925), a silent film, directed by Rupert Julian and Edward Sedgwick, with Lon Chaney, Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, and Arthur Edmund Carewe; and "Vampyr" (1932), in German, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz.

Oct. 5: "Face to Face" (1976), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Marnie" (1964), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery, Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern.

Oct. 6: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

Oct. 7: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "The Damned." (†)

Oct. 8: "One Night of Love" (†) and "I Dream Too Much." (†)

Oct. 9: "The Conversation" (†) and "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse." (†)

Oct. 10: "The Silence" (†); and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig.

Oct. 11: "Orpheus" (1949), in French, di-

- rected by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, Marie Déa, François Périer, and Edouard Dermithe; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.
- Oct. 12: "Islands in the Stream" (1977), directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with George C. Scott, Claire Bloom, Julius Harris, and David Hemmings; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
- CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 5: "The Story of O" (1975) and "Emmanuelle" (1974), both films in French, directed by Just Jaeckin (both X-rated).
- Oct. 6-7: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
- Oct. 8-9: "Swept Away" (1975) and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.
- Oct. 10: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.
- Oct. 11-12: "Bang the Drum Slowly" (†) and "This Sporting Life" (†)
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Oct. 4: "Jazz on a Summer's Day" (1960), directed by Bert Stern, a documentary of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival and the America's Cup observation trials; and "Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life" (1960), a documentary, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris.
- Oct. 5-7: "Fox and His Friends" (1978), in German, directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; and "An Actor's Revenge" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa.
- Oct. 8-9: "Edvard Munch." (†)
Oct. 10-11: "Young Törless" (†) and "The Wild Duck" (†)
- From Oct. 12: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Brigitte Mira; and "The Fire Within." (†)
- REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 7: "Marie Antoinette" (1938), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power, Robert Morley, and John Barrymore; and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Alan Hale, and John Miljan.
- Oct. 8-10: "Ben-Hur" (†) and "Rasputin and the Empress." (†)
- From Oct. 11: "Good News" (†); and "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan.
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Oct. 5: "Flying Down to Rio" (1933), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire; and "A Damsel in Distress" (1937), directed by George Stevens, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns Allen.
- Oct. 6-7: "Love and Anarchy" (1973), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini; and "All Screwed Up." (†)
- Oct. 8-9: "My Night at Maud's" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "La Collectionneuse" (1967), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer.
- Oct. 10: "Bigger Than Life" (1956), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Mason, Barbara Rush, Christopher Olsen, and Walter Matthau; and "In a Lonely Place." (†)
- Oct. 11-12: "Tonight for Sure" (1963), directed by Francis Ford Coppola; and "Dementia #13" (1963), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with William Campbell and Luana Anders.
- THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 4: "Strange Cargo" (1940), directed by Frank Borzage, with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Peter Lorre, Paul Lukas, and Ian Hunter; and "Our Blushing Brides" (1930), directed by Harry Beaumont, with Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, Robert Montgomery, Raymond Hackett, and John Miljan.
- Oct. 5: "Bathing Beauty" (1944), directed by George Sidney, with Esther Williams, Red Skelton, Basil Rathbone, and Helen Forrest; and "Best Foot Forward" (1943), directed by Eddie Buzzell, with Lucille Ball, William Gaxton, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, and Nancy Walker.
- Oct. 6: "Kings Row" (†) and "They Drive by Night." (†)
- Oct. 7: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Peggy Ashcroft, John Laurie, and Godfrey Tearle.
- Oct. 8-9: "Idiot's Delight" (1939), directed by Clarence Brown, with Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Burgess Meredith, Edward Arnold, and Charles Coburn; and "Private Lives" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny.
- Oct. 10: "Mad About Music" (1938), directed by Norman Taurog, with Deanna Durbin, Gail Patrick, and Herbert Marshall; and "Can't Help Singing." (†)
- Oct. 11: "Red Dust" (†) and "China Seas." (†)
- Oct. 12: "Cabin in the Cotton" (†) and "Three on a Match." (†)
- FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.**
- ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM**, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—
Oct. 5 at 2:30: "Three NCO's" (1939), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Albert Hahn, Fritz Genschow, Wilhelm H. König, Ruth Hellberg, and Claire Winter; no English subtitles. . . . Oct. 5 at 6: "Tugboat M17" (1933), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Heinrich George and Bertha Drews; no English subtitles. . . . Oct. 5 at 8:30 and Oct. 6 at 2:30: Excerpt from "Sole" (1929), an Italian silent film, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, no English inter-titles; and "Rotaie" (1929), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, no English subtitles. . . . Oct. 6 at 6: "Ballad of a Soldier" (1960), in Russian, directed by Grigori Chukhrai; no English subtitles. . . . Oct. 7 at noon: "The Exile" (1947), directed by Max Ophuls, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Maria Montez. . . . Oct. 7 at 2:30: "Come le Foglie" (1934), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Nino Besozzi and Isa Miranda; no English subtitles. . . . Oct. 7 at 5: "Figaro's Big Day" (1931), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Gianfranco Giachetti and Leda Gloria; English subtitles. . . . Oct. 8 at noon: "The Exile." . . . Oct. 8 at 2:30: "Terra Madre" (1930), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Sandro Salvini and Leda Gloria; no English subtitles. . . . Oct. 8 at 5: American Sound Cartoons from 1928 to 1950. . . . Oct. 9 at noon: "A Day in the Country" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Sylvia Bataille; English subtitles. . . . Oct. 9 at 2:30: "Figaro's Big Day." . . . Oct. 9 at 6: "Terra Madre." . . . Oct. 10 at noon: "A Day in the Country." . . . Oct. 10 at 2:30: "The Baroness and the Butler" (1938), directed by Walter Lang, with William Powell and Annabella. . . . Oct. 10 at 6: "Blacks Britannica" (1978), a documentary, directed by David Koff. . . . Oct. 12 at 2:30: "Come le Foglie." . . . Oct. 12 at 6: "La Tavola dei Poveri" (1932), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Raffaele Viviani; no English subtitles. . . . Oct. 12 at 8:30: "What Rogues Men Are" (1932), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Vittorio De Sica; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
- WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 8: "Four Shadows" (1978), directed by Larry Gottheim. . . . Starting Oct. 10: "The Abandoned Shabono" (1978) and "The Singing Mute" (1978), both films directed by Juan Downey. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.
- FILM FORUM**, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—
Starting Oct. 12: "Controlling Interest: The World of the Multinational Corporation" (1978), produced by California Newsreel; "Bottle Babies" (1975), directed by Peter Krieg; and "CIA Case Officer" (1978), directed by Saul Landau. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.
- NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL**—The final programs in a series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL**, Lincoln Center. Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Sanrizuka: The Skies of May" (Shinsuke Ogawa; Japan, 1977). . . . Oct. 4 at 6:15: "Gates of Heaven" (Errol Morris; United States) and "Manimals" (Robin Lehman; United States). . . . Oct. 4 at 9:30: "Elective Affinities" (Gianni Amico; Italy). . . . Oct. 5 at 2:30: "Preparation for the Festival" (Kazuo Kuroki; Japan, 1975). . . . Oct. 5 at 6:15 and 9:30: "The Shout" (Jerzy Skolimowski; Great Britain). . . . Oct. 6 at 2:30: "The Pornographer" (Shohei Imamura; Japan 1967). . . . Oct. 6 at 6:15: "Perceval" (Eric Rohmer; France). . . . Oct. 6 at 9:30: "American Boy" (Martin Scorsese; United States) and "Movies Are My Life" (Peter Hayden; Great Britain). . . . Oct. 7 at 2: "The Miracle of the Wolves" (Raymond Bernard, France, 1924, French inter-titles). . . . Oct. 7 at 6: "American Boy" and "Movies Are My Life." . . . Oct. 7 at 9: "Perceval." . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL**, Oct. 8 at 8:30 "Violette" (Claude Chabrol; France). (For tickets, call 362-9111.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALL SCREWED UP (1974)—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse, which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh

at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. In Italian. (Thalia; Oct. 6-7.)

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (St. Marks Cinema; starting Oct. 6.)

AUTUMN SONATA—With Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, and Lena Nyman; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Baronet; starting Oct. 8.)

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY (1973)—A fictional story, with very good offhand dialogue by

Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Cinema Village; Oct. 11-12.)

THE BATTLE OF CHILE—A great three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the event leading to the fall of Allende; this cross-section view of a collapsing government is surely unprecedented—we actually see the country cracking open. The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material; the film is structured to demonstrate that workers have to be prepared to use force of arms to



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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defend their legally won gains, and much of what is presented as fact is highly questionable. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23/78.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 12.)

BEN-HUR (1925)—The Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman version; it was a remake even then, but M-G-M put five million dollars into it, and so much Amazing, Gargantuan, Stupendous, and Mighty Biblical Pageantry that vast numbers of viewers were swept off their feet. There's the galley manned by a thousand slaves, the sea battle between Romans and ancient pirates, the Valley of the Lepers, and the chariot race staged in a mammoth stadium, with every L.A. man, woman, and child lying about as a super. Novarro has his adolescent charm and beauty, and Bushman's nose is majestically Roman. With Betty Bronson, May McAvoy, Carmel Myers, and Claire McDowell; directed by Fred Niblo. (Regency; Oct. 8-10.)

THE BIG FIX—With Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Anspach, and Bonnie Bedelia; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Oct. 6.)

THE BINGO LONG TRAVELING ALL-STARS AND MOTOR KINGS (1976)—Rowdy, good-natured comedy melodrama about a barnstorming black baseball team. Set in 1939, in the period just before major-league clubs admitted black players, it shows the players' attitudes toward the cakewalking and clowning expected of them by white crowds. It's like a modern, black variant of the thirties lunatic football comedies, such as "Pigskin Parade." The cast is headed by Richard Pryor, Billy Dee Williams, Stan Shaw, and James Earl Jones, whose great, deep voice functions as a joke all by itself. The script, by Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins, has some sophisticated, double-edged ideas but is short on characterization; it settles for a few too many cheap laughs, such as those involving a fat, boisterous black woman, and too many cartooned black capitalistic club owners as well as sadistic white villains (who, for unexplained reasons, have sinister Scandinavian accents). John Badham directed (it was his first picture, followed by "Saturday Night Fever"). (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 6-7.)

THE BLACK PEARL—With Gilbert Roland and Carl Anderson, directed by Saul Swimmer. (R.K.O. 86th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Oct. 5.)

BLOODBROTHERS—Trying for something crude, powerful, volatile, the director, Robert Mulligan, has made a film that opens like an ABC Movie of the Week. It has Sears, Roebuck imagery—you order it from the catalogue. The story is of a brawling Italian Catholic family living in Co-op City, in the Bronx, and the actors—Richard Gere as the sensitive, imaginative nineteen-year-old, Tony Lo Bianco as his father, and Paul Sorvino as his uncle—pour on the Mediterranean sensuality and act at their highest pitch. The father and uncle, who are electricians on construction jobs, are frustrated, boozing, skirt-chasing, braggart hardhats; the boy is trying to save himself. This is an ethnic variant of all those the-summer-the-adolescent-became-a-man pictures, done in a messagey, exploitation manner, like that of "Looking for Mr. Goodbar." People laugh with hysterical heartiness in this movie, or they've learned their lessons and say things like "Life can hurt. It's made me feel close to all those doin' the hurtin' dance." Gere's performance is all mannerisms, Lo Bianco is reaching so frenziedly for large-scale emotions that he seems three feet off the ground, and Sorvino appears to equate hardhat with wide-eyed simper. The only actor who gets inside his role is Kenneth McMillan in the minor part of Banion, the crippled barkeeper. From Richard Price's novel, adapted by Walter Newman. (10/2/78) (Cinema II, 86th St. East, and Criterion.)

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL—With Gregory Peck, Laurence Olivier, James Mason, and Lili Palmer; directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

BREAD AND CHOCOLATE—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 7.)

CABIN IN THE COTTON (1932)—Bette Davis in her first wickedly sexy role, trying to tempt Richard Barthelmess away from virtue (Dorothy Jordan). The melodrama about the cheating Southern planters is naively socially conscious, but Davis has a lot of flesh impact. Michael Curtiz directed; with Henry B. Walthall, Clarence Muse, and oily, villainous Berton Churchill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 12.)

CAN'T HELP SINGING (1944)—The grown-up Deanna Durbin in a musical Western in which she gets to sing "Californ-i-ay." Unexciting, despite the songs by Jerome Kern and E. Y. Harburg. With Akim Tamiroff, Leonid Kinskey, and some colorless, forgettable leading men; Frank Ryan directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 10.)

CAT AND MOUSE—Lelouch at his most tricky and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michele Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (5/22/78) (Waverly; through Oct. 5.)

CHINA SEAS (1935)—Jean Harlow, as tough, hard-drinking China Doll, and classy-lady Rosalind Russell compete for the affections of ship's officer Clark Gable. Russell can't compete, of course, 'cause that common girl is funny. Sleazy but likable M-G-M shipboard melodrama, based on the formula that had proved a big hit in 1932 in "Red Dust." With Wallace Beery, in his amiable-villain period; Lewis Stone, in his noble-sufferer period; Robert Benchley as a drunk; and Dudley Digges, C. Aubrey Smith, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Meek, and Edward Brophy. Directed by Tay Garnett, from a wisecracking, sexy screenplay by Jules Furthman and James K. McGuinness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 11.)

THE CONVERSATION (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

THE DAMNED (1969)—Luchino Visconti's view of depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. The Nazis are rotten, scheming degenerates, who look like werewolves talking politics while green lights play on their faces. When the young hero's impersonation of Marlene Dietrich is interrupted by the news that "in Berlin, the Reichstag is burning," he goes into a snit. Visconti is grimly serious about all this curling-lip-and-thin-eyebrow decadence. Ingrid Thulin is the fag-hag mother, a Krupp-Borgia baroness. She turns her son (Helmut Berger) into a dope-addicted transvestite molester of little girls who eventually beds down with mother; this is too much even for her and she becomes a zombie. It's really a story about a good boy who loves his wicked mother, and how she emasculates him and makes him decadent—the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. With Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Griem, Charlotte

Rampling, Florinda Bolkan, and Umberto Orsini. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 7.)

DAYS OF HEAVEN—An eloquent and important film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cut-off land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. The film reports, accurately and wonderfully, on a new society trying to cohere yet wishing to dissent. (9/18/78) (Cinema I.)

DEATH ON THE NILE—The Agatha Christie story, with Peter Ustinov, directed by John Guillermin. (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 1.)

EDVARD MUNCH (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 8-9.)

EYES OF LAURA MARS—A thriller about a killer, set in New York, eyeballs being the theme. One gets the point—and guesses the murderer—very early on. Faye Dunaway, who has a genuine sweetness and a genuine acting talent, plays a fashion photographer. But the film, directed by Irvin Kershner, is nothing if not trite. (8/14/78) (Playboy; starting Oct. 11.)

FINGERS—In the first film he has directed, the writer James Toback seems to be playing the literary-adolescent's game of wanting to go crazy so he can watch his own reactions. Because he doesn't censor his masculine racial fantasies, his foolishness and his terrible ideas pour out freely. The protagonist (Harvey Keitel) is an artist with the soul of a violent hood. Toback doesn't just risk self-parody—he falls into it. Yet the film never seems ridiculous, because he's got true moviemaking fever. With Jim Brown, Tisa Farrow, and Michael V. Gazzo. (3/13/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 9.)

THE FIRE WITHIN (1963)—A neglected small masterpiece. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 12.)

FOUL PLAY—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (D. W. Griffith, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum. . .) (Loews Ciné; through Oct. 5.)

THE FRONT (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Olympia; through Oct. 5.)

GIRL FRIENDS—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is interesting, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (8/21/78) (Art, Eastside Cinema, and Paramount.)

GOIN' SOUTH—With Jack Nicholson and Mary Steenburgen, directed by Nicholson. (Coronet; starting Oct. 6.)



GOOD NEWS (1947)—One of the best of the lighthearted rah-rah collegiate musicals. Peter Lawford and June Allyson do the number "The French Lesson," by Comden and Green and Roger Edens, and there's also that memorable novelty "Pass That Peace Pipe," by Ralph Blane and Hugh Martin. The rest of the score, including "The Best Things in Life Are Free," is from the original show by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson. Charles Walters directed, and the cast includes Mel Tormé and Joan McCracken. (Regency; starting Oct. 11.)

GREASE—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Gramercy, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

THE HARDER THEY COME (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Little Theatre; through Oct. 8.)

HEAVEN CAN WAIT—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Loews State 2; through Oct. 5. . . . Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; starting Oct. 6.)

I DREAM TOO MUCH (1935)—Lily Pons and Henry Fonda in a musical, dreaming all too much and delivering not a great deal. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)

IN A LONELY PLACE (1950)—Humphrey Bogart as a Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but basically pointless murder melodrama directed by Nicholas Ray. Steele is suspected by the police of having killed a hat-check girl after inviting her to his quarters to grill her about a book she happens to have read. (He is supposed to adapt this book to the screen, and he wants to save himself the trouble of reading it.) He's in love with Gloria Grahame, whom he almost kills in a fit of jealousy, so she naturally thinks that he did the other girl in. Ray doesn't seem to have a budget or any ideas to work with; he keeps the thing going, but the writing is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes. (Thalia; Oct. 10.)

INTERIORS—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (Baronet; through Oct. 7. . . . Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, Festival, and New Yorker; starting Oct. 8.)

AWES 2—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 5. . . . Playboy; through Oct. 10.)

JOSEPH ANDREWS—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." It is spring in England; this is a very English film—lyric and debonair and cheeky and wild. Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipshod (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor who makes no distinction between the well and the dead in his search for a patient. Michael Hordern, in a wig that makes him look like a King Charles spaniel who has just come out of the wet, plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager, floating along without weight, as in Fielding's novel. (4/24/78) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 7.)

INGS ROW (1942)—The typical nostalgic view of American small-town life turned inside

out; instead of sweetness and health we get fear, sanctimoniousness, sadism, and insanity. Tranquilly accepting the many varieties of psychopathic behavior as the simple facts of life, this film has its own kind of sentimental glow, yet the melodramatic incidents are surprisingly compelling. The time is the beginning of the twentieth century, and the hero (Robert Cummings) is interested in the new ideas of Sigmund Freud. The director, Sam Wood, gets some remarkably well-defined performances: Ann Sheridan is radiant in the role of a girl from the wrong side of the tracks, and Betty Field's frightened, passionate Cassie is a memorable vignette. Charles Coburn and Claude Rains are the town's doctors; Coburn likes to perform amputations without anesthetics (his special victim is Ronald Reagan), and Rains keeps his daughter locked up in his house. The cast also includes Judith Anderson, Maria Ouspenskaya, Nancy Coleman, and Kaaren Verne. Casey Robinson adapted Henry Bellamann's best-seller; James Wong Howe was the cinematographer; and William Cameron Menzies did the designs. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6.)

LIN TSE-HSU ("The Opium War")—An alert and beautiful film from China, about the Opium War of 1839-42 between the British and the Chinese. Pictorially, with its long perspectives down vistas of heads bowing to the Emperor in Peking, it reminds one of the aesthetic innovations of the Italian Renaissance; intellectually, it is of great gaiety, poise, and interest, with piercing attention paid to the old. In Mandarin. (9/11/78) (Guild.)

MADAME ROSA—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Oct. 5.)

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS—With Brad Davis, Jimmy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; directed by Alan Parker. (Gemini 1, Gemini 2, and Loews State 2; starting Oct. 6.)

THE MIRACLE WORKER (1962)—Arthur Penn, who had directed the Broadway version of William Gibson's play about Annie Sullivan and her pupil, Helen Keller, brought his two chief players with him—Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. The play has some weaknesses, and they come through all too glaringly in the performances of Victor Jory and Inga Swenson as Helen's parents, but the dramatic force of the pitched battle between the strong-willed Annie and the equally strong, animal-willed Helen carries everything before it. Truffaut's "The Wild Child" is a more beautifully conceived picture on the same theme, but even with its imperfections and staginess this early Penn film is extraordinary. Anne Bancroft won the Academy Award as best actress, Patty Duke as best supporting actress. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 8.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Loews Astor Plaza; through Oct. 5. . . . U.A. East, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1; starting Oct. 6.)

NÉA—With Samy Frey and Ann Zacharias, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; through Oct. 7.)

NIGHT MOVES (1975)—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (Little Theatre; starting Oct. 10.)

NO TIME FOR BREAKFAST—With Annie Girardot, Jean-Pierre Cassel, François Périer, and Isa-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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- belle Huppert; directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)
- OBSESSION** (1976)—An homage to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 5.)
- ONE NIGHT OF LOVE** (1934)—With Grace Moore, serving grand opera by the teaspoonful with her little finger crooked. She goes to all the great cities of Europe for the sake of music, backdrops, and so on, and eventually lands here at the Metropolitan, where her Italian music teacher bursts into tears in the prompter's box because he loafs her. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 8.)
- PERCEVAL**—Directed by Eric Rohmer. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 8.)
- PRETTY BABY**—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 7.)
- RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS** (1932)—The only film with all three Barrymores—John, Ethel, and Lionel—and they all seem to be at their worst. John had played the mesmerist Sven-gali the year before, so Lionel was decked out in a beard to play Rasputin. The hammiest actor in the family, Lionel, who doddered even in his youth, is so unhypnotic that Ethel, as the Empress, seems less mesmerized than bored stiff. John, as Prince Chegodieff, finally gets to choke his brother, to everyone's immense satisfaction. With Ralph Morgan, as Nicholas, and Diana Wynyard, Richard Boleslavski directed, pompously; the script is attributed to Charles MacArthur. (Regency; Oct. 8-10.)
- RED DUST** (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers cool, ladylike Mary Astor. Harlow is immensely likable, delivering her zingy wisecracks with a wonderful kind of dirty good humor, and Gable is at that early peak in his career when he is so sizzlingly sexual that it seems both funny and natural for the two women to be fighting over him. M-G-M remade the film in 1953 as "Mogambo," with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady, but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. The original was directed by Victor Fleming in a racy, action-packed style, from a script by John Lee Mahin. With Gene Raymond, Tully Marshall, and Donald Crisp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 11.)
- REVENGE OF THE PINK PANTHER**—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*. Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (7/31/78) (Gemini 1, Greenwich, and National; through Oct. 5....
 ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 7....
 ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Oct. 6.)
- SENIORS**—With Jeffrey Byron and Gary Imhoff, directed by Rod Amateau. (U.A. East, and Embassy 1; through Oct. 5.)
- THE SILENCE** (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 10.)
- A SLAVE OF LOVE**—A new Russian classic, made

by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Plaza.)

SOMEBODY KILLED HER HUSBAND—With Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Jeff Bridges, John Wood, and Tanmy Grimes; directed by Lamont Johnson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli.)

TELEFON—With Charles Bronson, Lee Remick, Donald Pleasence, and Tyne Daly; directed by Don Siegel. (Olympia; starting Oct. 6.)

THE TESTAMENT OF DR. MABUSE (1933)—A Fritz Lang thriller, but not to be confused with his brilliant, spidery 1922 "Doktor Mabuse;" this later film, in which the mad Mabuse (Rudolph Klein-Rogge), a criminal mastermind locked in an asylum, hypnotizes the head of the asylum into doing his will, was Lang's first anti-Nazi picture. Banned by Goebbels in March, 1933, the film had a rough history. It opened in the United States in 1943, with a foreword by Lang: "This film was made to denounce the terrorist methods of Hitler. Slogans and doctrines of the Third Reich have been put into the mouths of criminals...." Would that the film were as audacious as that sounds; the visual style, however, seems more remarkable than the content, and some people have suggested that those political intentions may have been augmented by hindsight. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 9.)

THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT (1940)—The director, Raoul Walsh, probably had little to do with the film's schizoid nature. The first half, involving George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, and Alan Hale, is an action-filled, realistic good story about freelance truck drivers who run fruit and vegetables in to the big-city markets. In the second half, Raft, neat, shaved, and respectfully at work in an office, is pursued by Ida Lupino, his employer's wife, but manages to hold out, because he is engaged to Ann Sheridan. Nobody cares anymore whether the oranges and lettuce get to market on time; they're busy watching Lupino go off her scheming nut in a big courtroom scene. This part is standard movie melodrama and not particularly well done. With Roscoe Karnes, George Tobias, Gale Page, and Joyce Compton; from a novel by A. E. Bezzerides. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6.)

THIS SPORTING LIFE (1963)—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a bull-headed professional Rugby player in this savage scramble, directed by Lindsay Anderson. Rachel Roberts plays the woman who cannot love him. (Cinema Village; Oct. 11-12.)

THREE ON A MATCH (1933)—Bette Davis, Joan Blondell, and Ann Dvorak (who goes through some steamy emotions) are the girls who grew up together. At lunch one day, they light three cigarettes on one match, and, according to the superstition (which is said to have been invented and publicized by Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match king), there's bad luck ahead. A modestly entertaining little melodrama from Warners, directed by Mervyn LeRoy. With Warren Williams and Lyle Talbot. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 12.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedon in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Gemini 2; through Oct. 5.)

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of

life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 8.)

UP IN SMOKE—With Tommy Chong and Cheech Marin, directed by Lou Adler. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1....
 ¶ Loews Orpheum, and Coronet; through Oct. 5....
 ¶ Loews Ciné; starting Oct. 6.)

VIOLETTE—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Paris; starting Oct. 9.)

VIVA ITALIA!—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Paris; through Oct. 8....
 ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 9.)

A WEDDING—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. It's as if Altman had set out to prove that those who couldn't see the innovative greatness of his earlier films were right; it seems to have been made by an Altman imitator. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way; at the end the characters seem to have been chopped up by a pixieish, yet rancorous, comedian. (10/2/78) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE?—With George Segal, Jacqueline Bisset, and Robert Morley; directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting Oct. 6.)

WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN—An interesting film by the Czech-born director Karel Reisz, made from an uninteresting piece of pulp called "Dog Soldiers," by Robert Stone. The original book is full of clichés about the social ills that followed Vietnam; the film is thoughtful about the impact of stimulants and soporifics and random noise on a culture. With Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty. (9/4/78) (Quad Cinema, and Victoria....
 ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 5....
 ¶ Festival; through Oct. 7.)

THE WILD DUCK (1977)—The West German director Hans W. Geissendörfer has made a film transcription of Ibsen's play, and it is one of the best Ibsen adaptations ever, with Gina Ekdal (played by Jean Seberg) sewing and trombling herself in a crowded room where yellowy muslin curtains suggest tantalizingly that there must be a sunlit world outside. Her husband, Hjalmar (Peter Kern), is a dullard hypocrite, who boasts of inventing when he has invented nothing. Their child, Hedvig (Anne Bennent), is crippled by the claustrophobia and the unmeant courtesies; her real life, we see, is led in the attic with her wild duck, which is the symbol of her spirit. One looks with grief and pity at the tragedy, at the time shaking with the comedy of it; Ibsen's humor is one of his most often forgotten gifts. In German. (5/9/77) (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 10-11.)

WOMEN—Directed by Márta Mészáros. A Hungarian film about an alliance between two women who are of great glumness. They talk to each other perpetually at an angle of ninety degrees, and the film shares their rather stuffy melancholia, though it wishes to illustrate friendship. In Hungarian. (9/18/78) (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 7.)

YOUNG TÖRLESS (1968)—A first feature film by young German director called Volker Schlöndorff, who has worked with Resnais, Malle, and Melville. The story is from Robert Musil's classic novel about a German military academy before the First World War. The film is better than the book—more lucid and not overbearing in its tacit points about the guilt of the passive. In German. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 10-11.)

In our family business there's three things you don't mind spending your money on. Copper tubing. Fast cars. And a fine pair of warm, dry boots. And that third one is just as important as the first two. When you're crouching down in some gully with your feet in ice-cold ditch water, never moving a muscle for hours, whilst them damn Treasury agents snoop around with their dogs barking and sniffing, well, that's the time you're glad you didn't cut corners on your boots. These boots we bought are fine boots, well made, need no breaking in. But to us, that don't mean so much compared to the way they're waterproof and warm.



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Bill Blass clothing is available at Bonwit Teller, Bullock's, Burdines, Filene's, Lord & Taylor, Macy's, San Francisco; Marshall Field, Neiman-Marcus, Woodward & Lothrop.

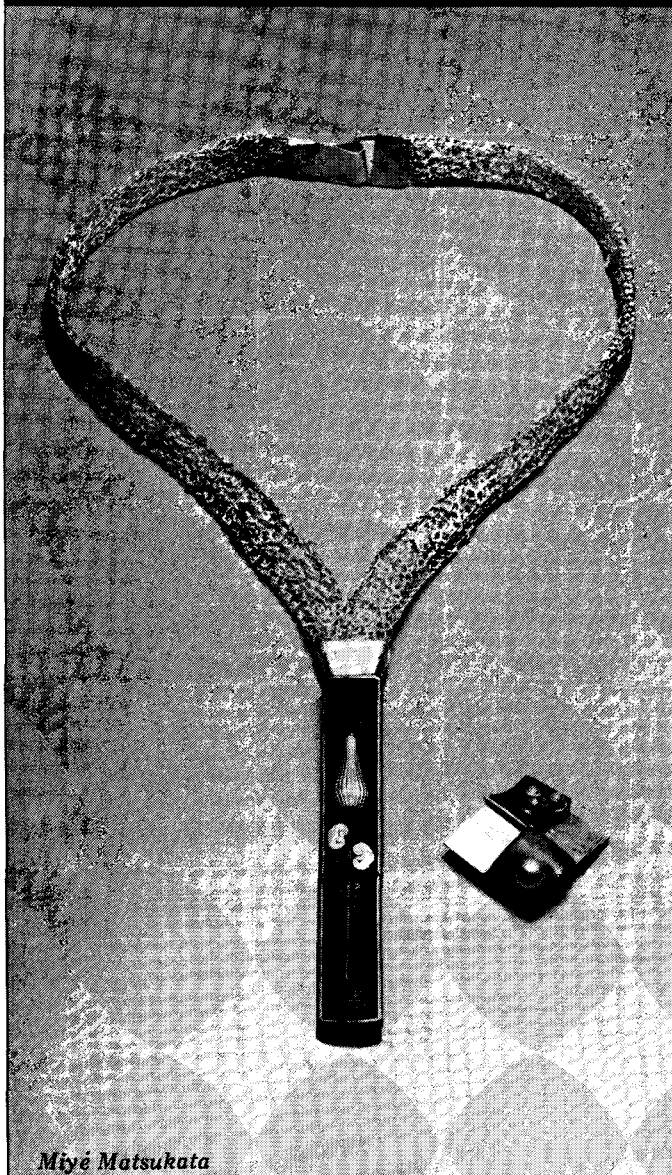


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From the people who invented culture.

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London and Paris



Burberrys are open on East 57th Street. Now we can expect some typically British weather.

A word about British weather (our favourite British Topic). Our rain, though generally mild, is capable of sudden extremes. It can be searingly cold. It can also be oppressively humid.

It is for this reason that Burberrys have made weathercoats that, while resisting the worst excesses of the tempest, are equally at home in the softest summer drizzle, neither impeding the progress nor cramping the style.

Of course, there are occasions in England (it has been known) when the sun emerges. Birds sing, lambs frisk (according to season) and weekenders go for walks.

For them, Burberrys have created clothes that perfectly catch the English ambience. Casual jackets, skirts, suits, trousers — nothing brittle, nothing forced — clothes with the style of the English countryside itself.

But what, you may ask, has all this to do with New York?

Rain, of course, has been noted here. It has also been observed that people take weekends. And, while the tempo of the city is distinctly un-

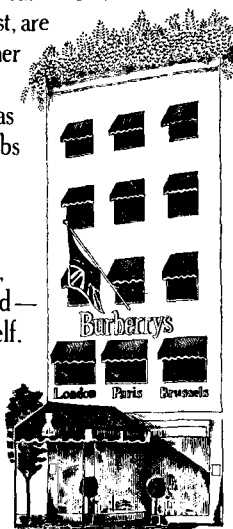
British, the built-in ease that comes with everything Burberrys can be as soothing to the jangled New Yorker as Sunday in the Cotswolds.

This is something you seem to like. Which is why, for many years, the Burberry has been obtainable in distinguished emporia around town. But now, such has been the demand, that we have thrown open a whole store devoted almost exclusively to Burberry clothing (interspersed with one or two other British stalwarts).

Do wander over. The people are polite. The clothes absolutely splendid. The atmosphere — well, rather British.

And if it happens to be raining when you come out, we wouldn't be in the least surprised.

9 East 57th Street.
**The home from home of
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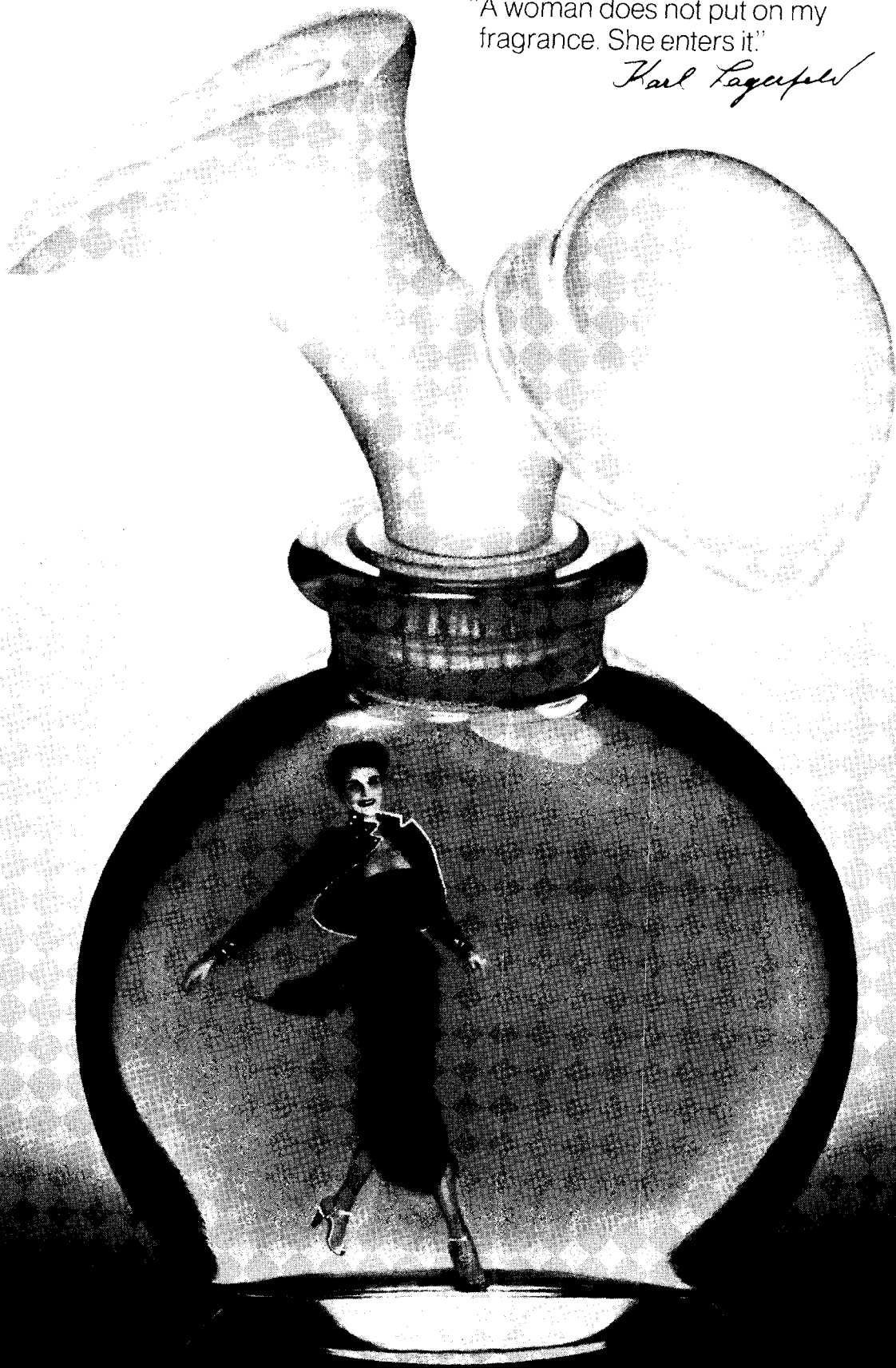


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enter Chloé

"A woman does not put on my
fragrance. She enters it."

Karl Lagerfeld



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THE FURS OF NEIMAN-MARCUS

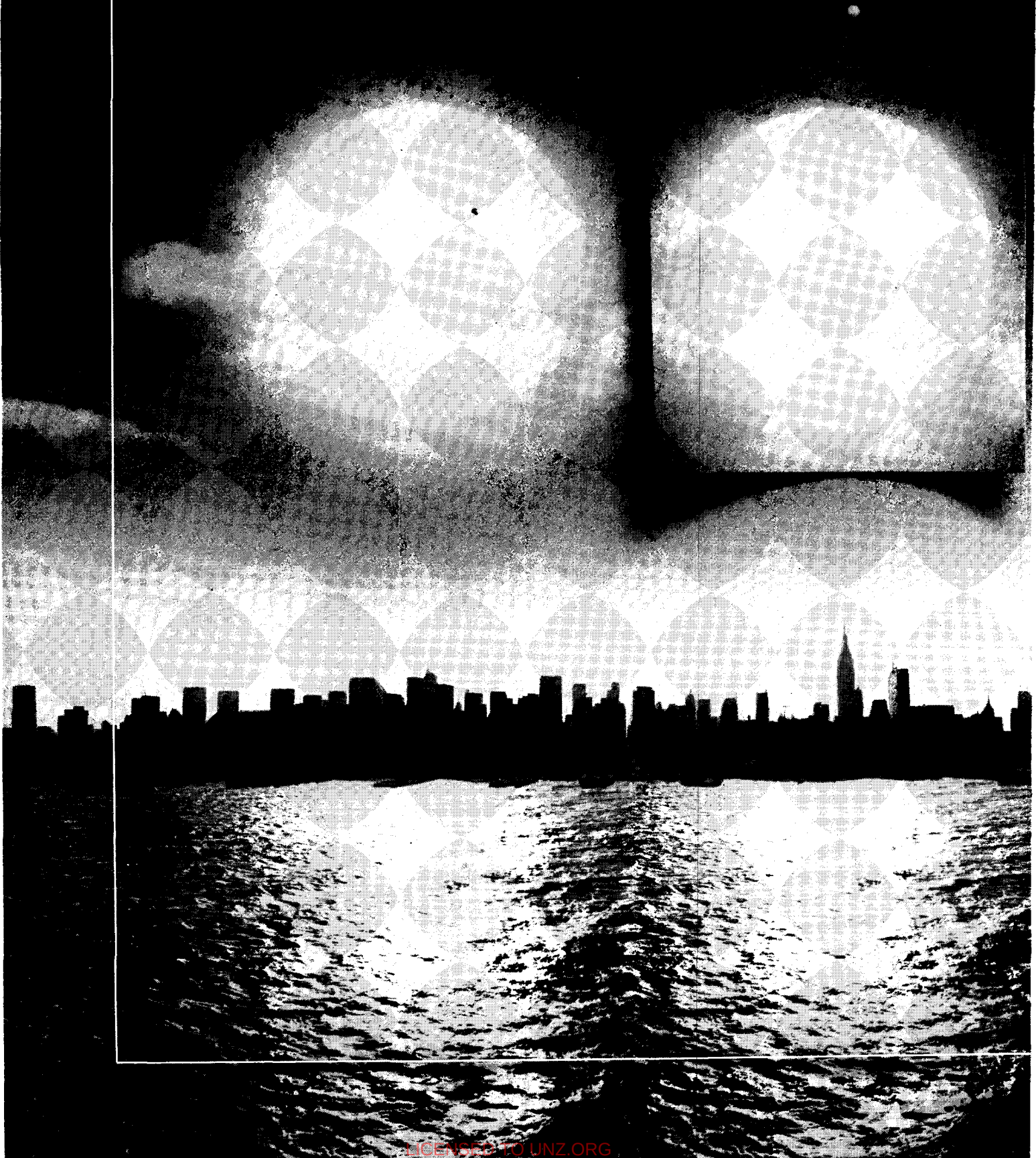
The party's just begun.

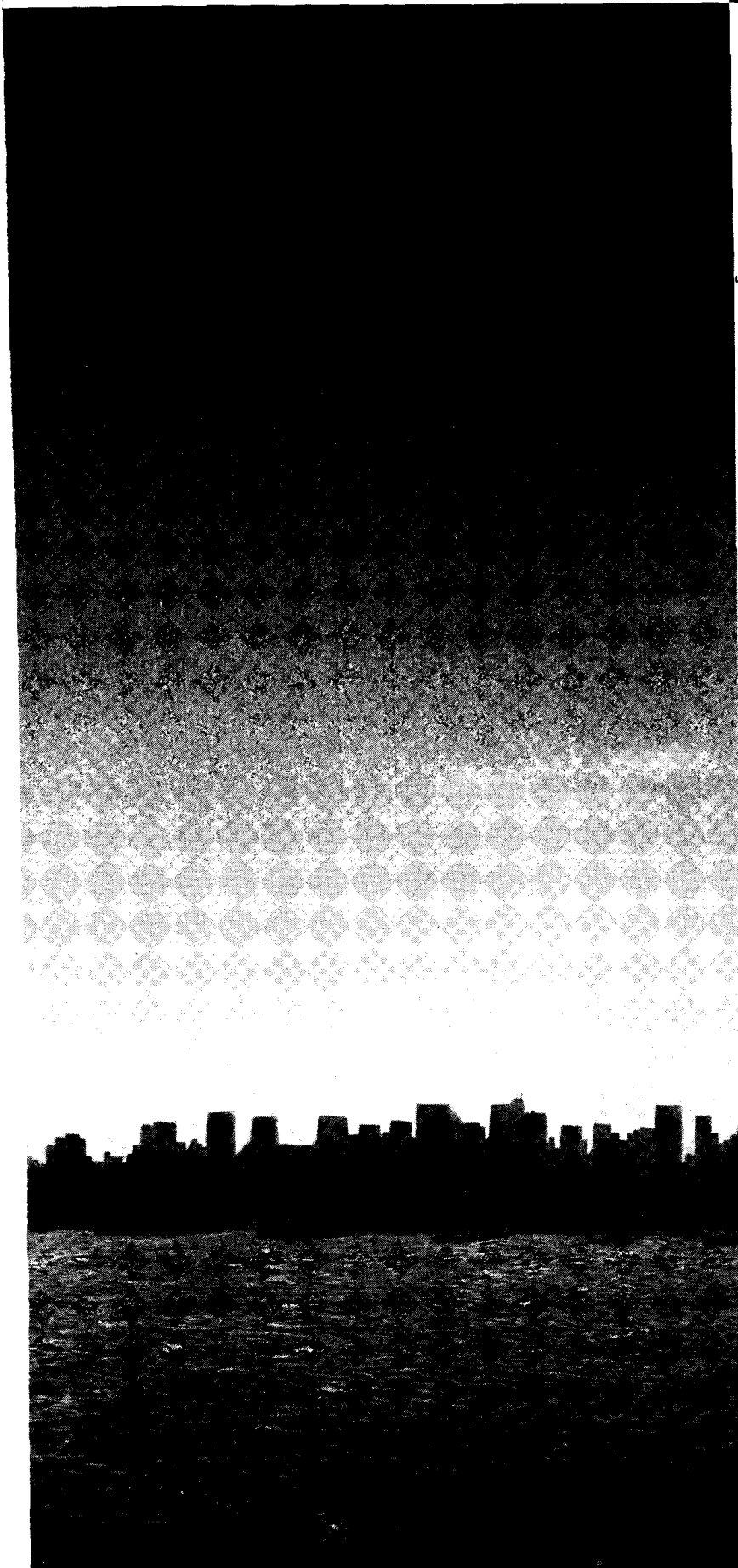
Especially in a Fendi cape. Intricate as tapestry. Artfully worked in beige dyed SWAKARA[®] Karakul lamb from South West Africa. Zephyr weight. Worthy of the unique woman who comprehends its underlying drama. From our specially edited Fendi collection.

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"We could double our energy efficiency by technical fixes."

—Norman R. Madrid, "Across the Board"





Oil production is expected to peak out in the 1980's.

Energy from new sources—like kelp from the sea, fusion, even solar-generated electricity—will still be too far in the future to take up the slack.

So America could be in for a pretty gloomy time if it were not for "technical fixes."

Technical fixes are those strokes of genius that improve performance. They make more of the energy we already have by saving it.

And the Singer Company is deeply involved in several exciting ways.

Take our Energy Conservation System. It is an air conditioning and heating system that works on recaptured heat. From appliances. Lighting. Office machinery. Even the bodies of the people in the building. And it can be applied to almost any building—old or new.

Hundreds of companies—Xerox, GEICO, and Volvo, even hospitals and motels—are using this innovative system. And some are already reporting savings of 30% to 60% on their energy costs.

And to bring solar heating closer to home more quickly, we are also working with the U.S. government (DOE) on technical fixes for solar collectors.

For, while we may not be able to create a second sun, we're doing everything possible under this one to double energy efficiency. Which is one reason Singer air conditioning and heating growth has outpaced the industry.

What else is on our horizon? Please write The Singer Company, Dept. NY4, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020 and we'll send you the latest issue of our new Singer Magazine free of charge.

SINGER

young collector

We've built a new world where everything works. For you!

Think of this new floor as a store within a store filled with shops. Almost an acre stocked with Knitwear, Workwear (for whatever you do) and Weekendwear (starring status jeans). Plus coats and dresses galore.

Even the world's largest store had to knock down walls to add a world of accessories. A new shoe shop. An expanded Expressions shop with four times more young European and American designers.

And in the middle of it all, we have Le Petite Café for chic "coffee and."

Pictured here are just a few of our "shops and options." The rest is waiting for you in our new Young Collector World on 3.



macy's
New York



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

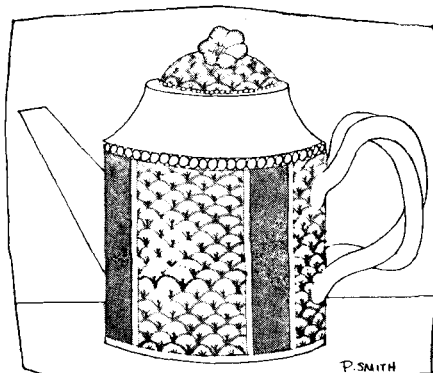
IN his speech to Congress reporting on the success of the summit conference at Camp David, President Carter described the history of the Middle East as "a textbook for pessimism, a demonstration that diplomatic ingenuity was no match for intractable human conflicts," and spoke of the Camp David agreements as an attainment of the virtually "impossible." Neither remark was an overstatement. The textbook history of the Middle East was first interrupted by the impossible when President Sadat made his celebrated trip to Jerusalem. That event had about it an air of the miraculous. For a moment, the customary diplomatic and military laws seemed to have been suspended, and world politics seemed to have been lifted onto a higher plane. Decades, or even millennia, of congealed hatred palpably melted, and peace seemed to draw near. The mystery was that a mere trip and a few speeches could accomplish so much. Military force, usually considered the chief arbiter of the fate of nations, sat becalmed in its camps and bases—irrelevant, for the time being, to the unfolding course of events. Good will, that perennial helpless bystander at the breakdowns and tragedies of history, seemed now to have become the mover and shaker. Mere words, so often a meaningless accompaniment to the hidden "real" game of moves and countermoves, threats and counterthreats, now elicited a worldwide response, and themselves became the prime reality. Probably no one should have been surprised that a mood so thoroughly contradictory to the normal tenor of political life could not be sustained for long. Within months, the negotiations touched off by the Jerusalem trip were at a standstill, and Sadat's entire "initiative" seemed to vanish. It did not resurface until the summit conference, where it assumed a practical, durable form: where the

promise of Jerusalem flowered into the fulfillment of Camp David.

In this second chapter of the initiative, President Carter took the lead, and his personality set the tone. Observers had often noted his penchant for using the language of private feeling in a political context. During the summit, for example, one publication poked fun at him by listing large numbers of political figures whom he had called "close friends" or "personal friends." And during the Presidential campaign, of course, he had spoken of his hope of an "intimate" rapport with the entire American people. Moreover, the language of private emotion merged, in his public utterances, with the language of religious belief. His notion of close personal relationships appeared to be obscurely bound up with his idea of God—with whom Carter also claimed such a relationship. This blurring of the lines between the political realm, the personal realm, and the divine realm raised widespread doubts about Carter's understanding of the basic nature of his job. At times, he seemed more interested in being the nation's friend or spiritual counsellor than in being its President. By all accounts, he was intelligent and hardworking as well as devout and idealistic—in fact, he was criticized for immersing himself too deeply in detail and not looking at the broad picture—but he appeared to lack the specifically political sense that would enable him to bring his talents to bear

on the business of governing. Before long, he developed his much discussed reputation for incompetence, and the country began to get used to the idea that it had placed a rather unworldly man at the head of its worldly affairs.

The Camp David summit seemed nearly to reverse the nation's estimation of its President. Surprisingly, however, the perception of his particular qualities—the piety, the intelligence, the dogged attention to detail—did not change. The new element was that the world had yielded to him: all the characteristics that had once been counted as weaknesses had now conspired to produce a radiant success. Strictly speaking, therefore, the country had not learned anything about Carter; it had learned something about the world. This unworldly man had taught us a lesson in worldliness—a lesson about what is practically possible in politics. In retrospect, it seems likely that someone with more respect for textbook history and its textbook lessons would not have dared to undertake the peculiar, protracted, decidedly intimate diplomacy of the Camp David summit. (Textbook Lesson No. 1 concerning summits, for example, is that you never hold them without settling all major issues in advance.) At Camp David, as at Jerusalem last year, there was a sense of important political change being brought about by means that were unconventional—almost extra-political. The brutal, self-enclosed, deterministic world of power politics seemed to break open for a moment and admit some light and air from purer, gentler regions of heart and spirit.



Collecting

INFORMATION gathered from press releases picked up at the World Plate Collectors Fair, recently held at the Statler Hilton:

"These are not plates to be eaten off, but to be admired, to be traded,

to be acquired—often for surprisingly large sums of money.”

“Plate collecting bids fair to become THE investment vehicle of the 1980s.”

“Between the two World Wars, the Christmas plate business waxed strong in Europe, and might never have spread to the United States had it not been for the returning G.I.s in 1945 and 1946.”

“Demand for plates really began in 1969, when Bing & Grondahl issued its now famous ‘Dog and Puppies’ Mother’s Day plate.”

“What do artists Edna Hibel, Ted deGrazia, Mary Vickers, Dolores Valenza, James Wyeth, Leroy Neiman, Ole Winther, John McClelland, and Prescott Baston have in common other than their oils, brushes, and canvas? They are all members of a revered pantheon of painters whose works are being bought up by plate collectors fast-

er than you can say Leonardo da Vinci (who to the best of anyone’s knowledge is not represented on any plate—yet).”

“New plate issues don’t ‘react’ to world events like another threat from OPEC the way new stock issues do.”

“John Wayne, Kate Smith, Muhammad Ali, and Betty Ford are avid plate collectors, as are 4.5 million other Americans.”

“Rarity: Is the edition tightly limited yet not too limited to create a market? If the edition is closed, are dealers bidding in the secondary market? Collectibility: Is it one, preferably the first, of a collectible periodic series or merely a single issue? Time of Acquisition: Can you get it at the right time—at issue—or while the price is still rising? Sponsorship: Is it issued in association with a government or an official non-profit institution? Commemorative im-

portance: Does it commemorate a seasonal event or a historic event? If so, does it bring new insight to the event? Or is it an event in the history of the artist or of the maker?”

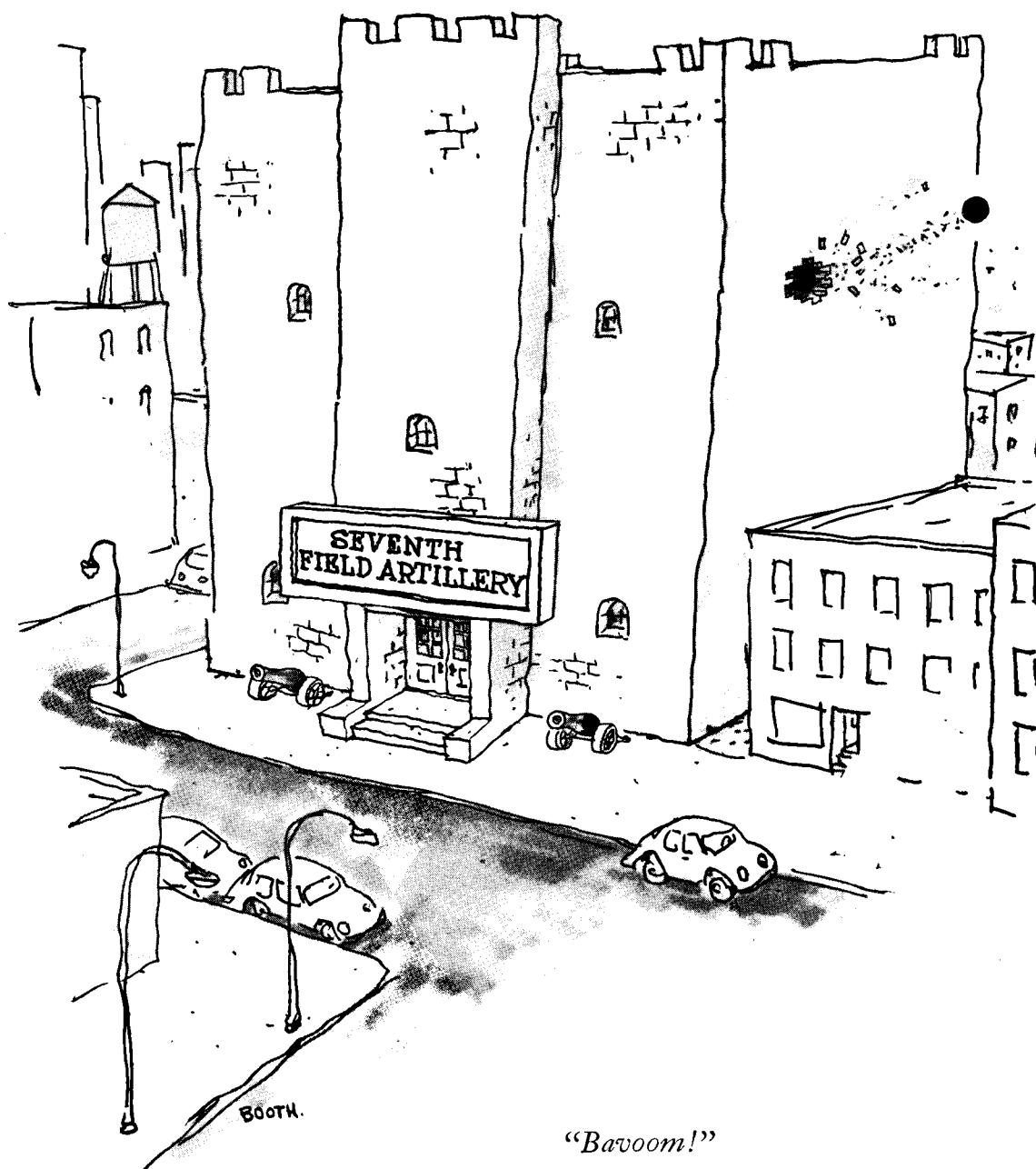
We ourselves saw plates with single flower, bouquet of flowers, old ships docked in Boston Bay, children playing in snow, woman holding child on knee, man holding child on knee, Judy Garland in “Wizard of Oz” dress, frog having dinner with a handsome man and a handsome woman, man mending clock, street scene in Paris, signs of the zodiac, Virgin Mary, Japanese women, ship caught in a fierce storm, blue jays resting on a tree branch, cardinals resting on a tree branch, Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O’Hara.

We saw no plates of incredible beauty, but we liked all plates that had illustrations by Norman Rockwell.

We can’t see why people collect plates. Can’t see why people collect anything.

Sweetening

“THE MADHOUSE BRIGADE,” a half-hour comedy show of short takes, blackout sketches, and parody commercials which wriggled its way onto the air last Friday night at eleven-thirty on Channel 11, is the first New York cable-TV show to make it onto regular television and—except for “Saturday Night Live”—the only New York-produced comedy series to be seen on regular nighttime television in New York. The initial episode on Channel 11, according to the overnight Nielsen ratings, was seen by only a hundred and ninety-three thousand households—“only” being the term used by the “Madhouse” producers, because they figure they’ll need a regular audience of about four hundred thousand households in order to prosper. But then the initial episode had the misfortune of playing opposite Johnny Carson’s sixteenth-anni-

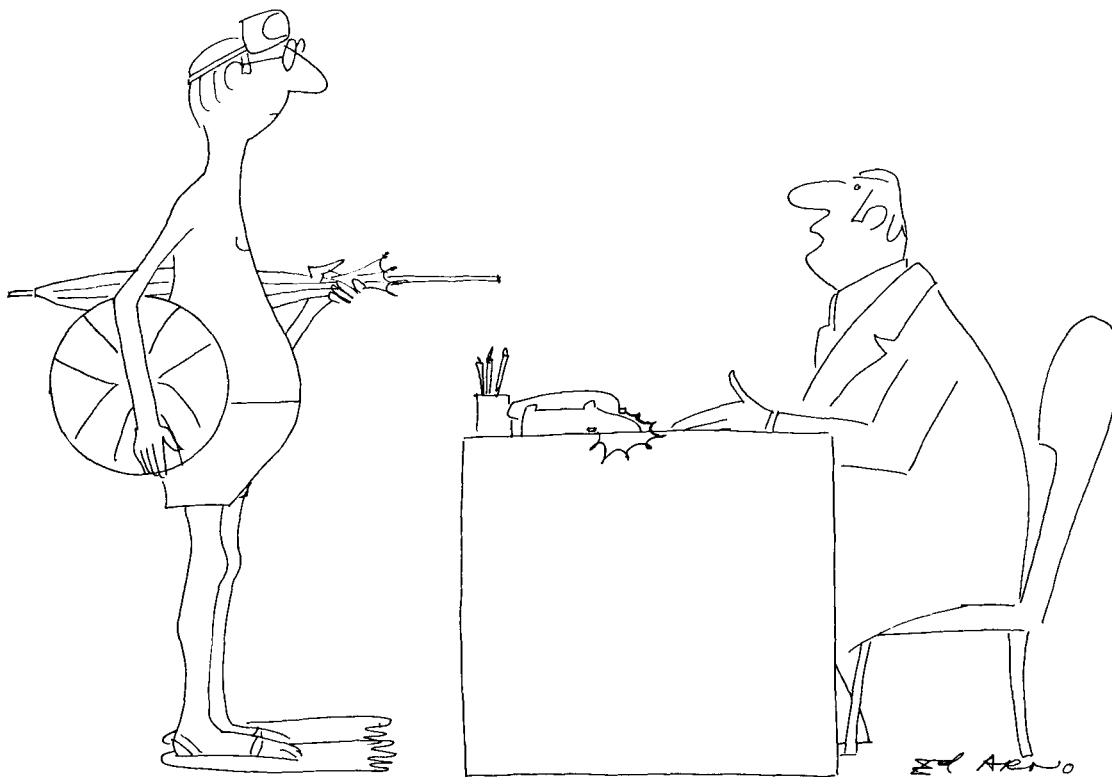


“Bavoom!”

versary show, on Channel 4, which was watched by eight hundred and thirty-six thousand households. The truth is that misfortunes are the lot of any New York-produced cable show trying to break into the big time, and only ingenuity has got this show as far along as it is now. None of the networks were interested in it—an indifference that may have something to do with the fact that when New York-generated proposals do arouse any interest in network offices here they are sent out to the Coast for contemplation and appraisal. ABC gets some three thousand approaches a year from people who want to produce shows here. Last year, ABC bought fifty scripts:

none of them even went to pilot.

So Alexander Marshall, the founding Madhouse Brigadier, who is a thirty-two-year-old New York dramatic actor turned standup comedian turned voice-over man on Meow Mix cat-food commercials, and his partner, Dale Keidel, who is thirty-four and is from Confluence, Pennsylvania, a small town in the Turkeyfoot Valley, and who didn't have a television set at home until he was thirteen, and who now makes industrial television shows (video cassettes that big corporations show to their salesmen and trainees), went down to Miami Beach in February of 1977 to the convention of the National Association of Television Program Executives—the people who choose shows for the country's independently owned TV stations—armed only with a cassette of one episode from one of a series of comedy-sketch shows that Marshall had started writing and producing for cable TV in 1975. The name of the show was then "Magic Radio Theatre." Other producers trying to sell shows to the station executives—who for some reason pronounce their acronym "NAPTE," and not "NATPE," which, of course, is what it is—had taken beachfront suites in which to show their products. Marshall and Keidel, who put up in a motel near the Miami Air-



"Hossman, I hate to tell you this, but the board has decided not to move to the Sun Belt."

port, didn't even have a video-cassette player with them, so they would slip into somebody else's suite, and while Marshall fast-talked any execs near the door and generally made a ruckus Keidel would edge over to the cassette player in the suite, take off whatever show it was playing, replace it with the "Magic Radio Theatre" tape, and then laugh very loudly until he had attracted a crowd. "People—especially the producers who had rented the suite—would come over and say, 'What the hell is this?'" Keidel says, telling the story. "And I would say, 'Sh-h-h! It's "Magic Radio Theatre."'"

The two partners worked this trick in so many suites that "Magic" became the sleeper of the 1977 convention. No station bought the show, but Marshall and Keidel were encouraged, and they got Keidel's longtime producer in the industrial-television business, Jim Larkin, to work with them and put up some money. This March, Larkin went to the 1978 NATPE (or NAPTE) convention, in Los Angeles, with a brand-new pilot, now called "The Madhouse Brigade," and three stations agreed to buy thirteen episodes: Channel 22 in Dayton, the local ABC affiliate; Channel 29 in Philadelphia, an independent station; and New York's Channel 11. The show may soon also be broadcast in To-

ronto, and a number of additional stations—in Columbus, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, Dallas, Seattle, and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, among other towns—have expressed interest in "Madhouse" as a possible January replacement for one of their soft shows (the industry term for shows that people don't watch) if "Madhouse" gets good ratings in New York this month.

Two weeks ago, it was time to "sweeten" the show (the industry term for adding laughter to comedies), and Marshall, Keidel, and Larkin, who hadn't had enough money to rent a theatre and tape their show in front of a live audience, or even enough to get hold of an "APPLAUSE" sign and a "LAUGH" sign, and who had decided they didn't want to buy a laugh track whether they had the money for it or not, screened the episodes in a sound studio on West Fifty-sixth Street on four successive late afternoons after telling the members of the "Madhouse" cast to come, bring friends, and laugh while they watched the shows, on four TV monitors. This laughter, and also the occasional lack of it, was taped and added to the show's sound track. We attended one of the late-afternoon sessions, and sat down and laughed with such fellow-viewers as an old man in a pearl-gray suit carrying the *Wall Street Journal*; a young man in

a black leather jacket; three fifth-graders; Fran Lewin, the commissioner of the Broadway Show League, which is the leading Central Park softball league ("Madhouse" fielded a team this year and finished third); and cast members Frank Nastasi, who is best known in New York as White Fang—a dog on the old "Soupy Sales Show" who appeared on camera only as a large white foreleg and paw—and Karen Rushmore, a conspicuously happy and pretty young actress from Queens, who told us her story. She went out to this year's Los Angeles NATPE (or NAPTE) convention to help sell "Madhouse," she said, and, because the producers had enough money to give her a round-trip ticket in advance, she stayed in Hollywood for a couple of weeks: just long enough to meet an agent, get a screen test for, and—beating out two hundred and fifty other applicants—land a starring role in a new Bud Yorkin network comedy series tentatively called "Queens Court," which will go on the air next January.

The "Madhouse" material we watched was uneven but insouciant. The sketch that got the biggest laugh had a waitress with a loud, hectoring voice telling Marshall, as a man dining quietly with his wife, that he had ring-around-the-collar; speaking in a mild voice, he told her to shut up, and then he pushed his hand in her face. It is a lot of fun, we discovered, to sit in a smallish room and laugh while other people laugh. So what if some of the material doesn't go? Tensions evaporate, worries disappear. And Marshall and Keidel have come up with something interesting here: organic canned laughter; no preservatives. If another show wants us for a live laugh-track session, we're available.

Literary Luncheon

OUTLINE of a literary luncheon sponsored by Brentano's bookstore in the Terrace Ballroom of the Roosevelt Hotel and featuring one hundred-plus women and several men, a dais, eleven tables, cantaloupe, chicken, green beans, rice, ice cream, chocolate sauce, and coffee:

- I. Introduction, man from Brentano's: "Today we have with us three wonderful people."
- II. First speaker, John T. Molloy, wardrobe engineer, author of "Dress for Success" and "The Woman's Dress for Success Book":

- A. "Buddy of mine, John Gallagher" referred to.
 1. Buddy well dressed, reads *Gentlemen's Quarterly*.
 2. Author more comfortable in jeans, former "slob."
 - B. Wrote first book to maintain credentials as industrial consultant. Book sold like hotcakes—author surprised.
 - C. Women should wear suits.
 1. Two-piece suit—skirt and jacket, plain nylons, white blouse.
 2. Not too feminine.
 3. "Otherwise you're working under one hell of a disadvantage."
- III. Second speaker, Judy Blume, author of "Are You There, God? It's Me, Margaret" and "Wifey":
- A. Incredible experience on way to luncheon.
 1. Experience had to do with leaping out of a stolen cab.
 2. "Typical of my life to get involved and caught up in experience."
 3. Just the kind of thing author uses in her fiction.
 - B. Why author wrote a sexy book like "Wifey."
 1. Author believes in freedom to write as well as freedom to read.
 2. Definitely *not* autobiographical.
 - C. "Read and enjoy!"

IV. Third speaker, Chuck Scarborough, anchorman on local "NewsCenter 4" news program, author of novel "Stryker." (Note: During big snowstorm last winter, he appeared on TV for broadcast wearing sweater and jeans instead of usual coat and tie. Stood up and came from behind news desk so camera could get shot of jeans.)

- A. Opening joke—re Elizabeth Taylor's third husband.
- B. Inspiration for novel.
 1. Germ of idea came from incident during Watergate—confrontation at press conference between Nixon and CBS News reporter Dan Rather. Dan Rather definitely TV media superstar of Watergate era.
 2. Novel not based totally on Dan Rather—he just sparked idea.
- C. Hero of novel: renegade newscaster Benson Stryker.
 1. TV gives Stryker every-

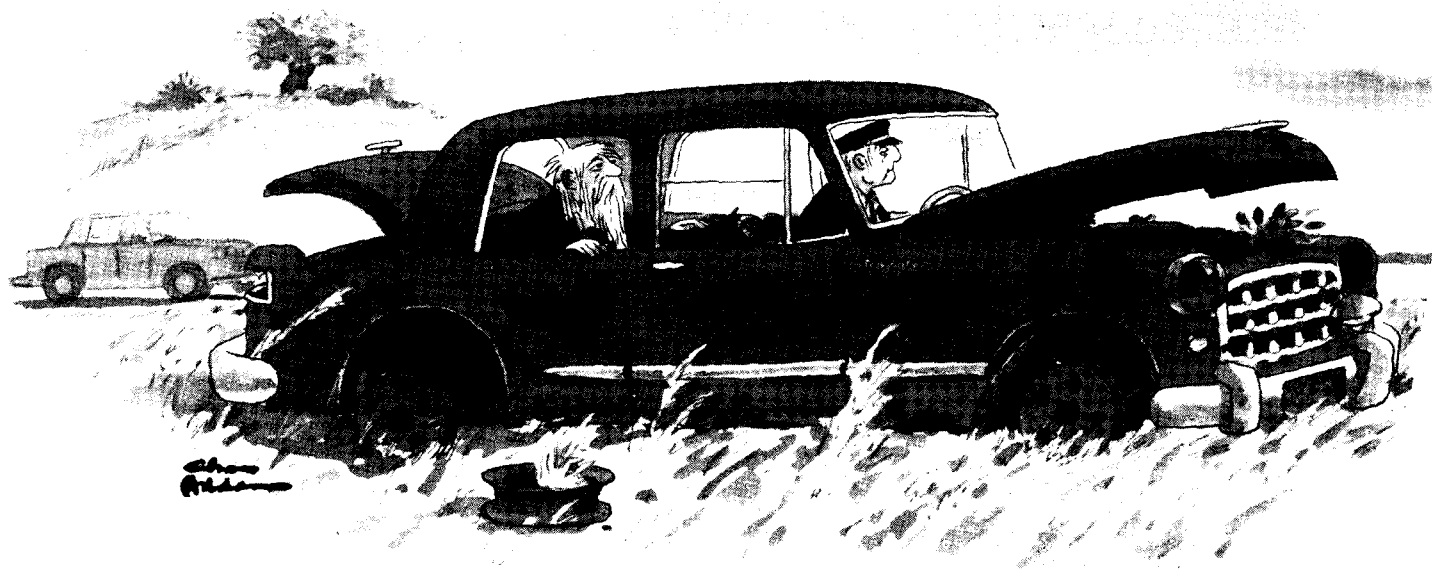
thing he was denied as a child.

2. Is winned and dined by social élite in Washington.
 3. Has character flaws.
 4. Is manipulated by mammoth American Communications Network for its own devious ends. Turned into assassin.
- D. "A lot of the things I invented for the novel have come true, which is kind of spooky."
1. C.I.A. involvement with news media.
 2. Poison pellet in leg of Bulgarian resembles episode in novel.
- E. "I'll entertain a few questions to flesh this thing out."
1. Question: Myron Farber privileged-information case in Jersey—should newsman turn over notes to court? Reply: No easy answers.
 2. Question: How did C.S. come to write novel? Reply:
 - a. "We all see the images flickering on the screen but few know what is behind the images."
 - b. Author feels his is only novel that uses TV as background.
- F. Concluding joke—re NBC Weatherman Dr. Frank Field.
- V. Remarks of luncheon guests:
- A. "Chuck Scarborough has a sexy voice."
 - B. "Chuck Scarborough has a much greater impact in person."

Show Day

WE'VE heard again from a friend who summered in the English countryside:

Labor Day may have brought most Americans home, but in the corner of Yorkshire where I've been staying it seemed to be generally taken for granted that I would be here for the show. Regulars know, as surely as they know not to trust a mackerel sky in hay time, that a certain Wednesday in September marks the turn of the year. That Wednesday is Show Day, come rain or shine. It didn't exactly rain this year, but the day was blanketed in a very wetting mist. Mr. Allison had loosed a couple of hundred sheep a fortnight earlier to nibble on the show field proper, so in there the going was not too bad for a crowd in Wellington boots.



"I'm sorry, Travers, but I'm going to have to let you go."

But the field set aside for sheepdog trials had not been grazed, so the grass was long and wet. At their masters' whistles, the dogs, loping and undulating through the green like black-and-white dolphins, stalked and circled the knots of sodden sheep. Mist built up to drip steadily from the makeshift shelter over the oompah-oompahs of the Mucker Silver Band, and shone on the sham-pooed flanks of patient cattle ("Best shorthorn heifer with all calf teeth," "Best Friesian cow in calf"). A bloom of dampness wreathed the velvet riding hats of little girls on ponies.

Inside the big marquee, it was dry, with a smell of flowers and of trampled sheltered grass. The crowd ambled in good humor down the lengths of the big trestle tables, assessing the judges' earlier decisions in horticultural, handicraft, and baking classes. Carrots and leeks as thick as fence posts, cauliflowers and onions as big as heads had gained their just rewards. Mr. and Mrs. Barningham had carried off their usual firsts for sweet peas and home-made elderflower wine, and Mrs. Longstaff, from Grinton, had swept the field in butter and cheese. Critical eyes consulted the show's printed "sheddle" and roved over the entries: "Six shallots, pickling. Not to exceed one inch. . . . Six hen eggs, one to be broken. Exhibitor to provide saucer. . . . Iced orange cake, icing only to be

judged. . . . Madeira Cake, prizes kindly given by Miss Nellie Stones. . . . Handwriting, Adults. First two verses of 'Jerusalem.' . . . Walking Stick. Horn head, hand-made, not painted or artificially colored. . . . Edible Necklace, made by child aged twelve or under. . . . Decorated hard-boiled egg."

The mist steamed when it met the canvas of the beer tent, snug as a cowshed with its elbow-to-elbow throng of men. And the mist fell steadily on the most important corner of the show field, where the sheep were being judged. Sheep in pens already decorated with colored rosettes gazed appraisingly at the ruminating judges, who stood leaning on their shepherds' crooks. Farmers bent stout backs over the lines of competing ewes and tups and gimmer shearlings, each holding his own animal by one of its curly horns. The men looked furtively up from under their caps to watch the judges, then ducked again to fluff up the partified white fleeces of the Swaledales, to wipe down their black muzzles, or to set straight their black-stockinged shanks. Dampness sat in drops on the surface of the snowy, lanolin-rich fleeces, or soaked deeper to make corkscrews of permanent wave.

The weather kept incomers away that day. The show was a family gathering for the farming people of a

single narrow dale. Mr. Bainbridge, the bank manager, was on the gate, greeting, and taking entrance fees from, customers who all, in this part of the country, share a handful of tribal names. Mr. Woodhead, the village constable, was in the middle of the road, signalling with rarely used white gloves to arriving and departing cattle wagons. Vicar, affable and portly, took up an early position in the thick of the beer tent, communing with the jolliest of his erring flock. Sid Hird, the dustman (cousin to practically everyone, and often called upon to act as a pall-bearer), was feeling splendid in his bandsman's uniform and winked over his tuba at passing girls. Old men with gold watch chains leaned on walking sticks, smoked their pipes, and listened contentedly to the martial or sentimental tunes. Grandchildren, little farmers already in tweedy hats and mudproof boots, tumbled around. Generations of sheep, from breeds of medieval lineage, stood with generations of sheep-raising Sunters and Kendalls and Aldersons, sharing a day of low-voiced, drizzly pleasure, in the bowl of the familiar hills. The heather-clad tops and ice-age shapes of Harkerside, Whitaside, and Calva were lost to view. But the show crowd knew for certain that it was kin to the stone-walled fields that mounted all around it and to those hidden, misty hills.

CONFESSION OF A HIJACKER

"COMRADE GOSPODIN, after thorough consultation with the level of control that rules (not always successfully, I must admit) my baser instincts; after close, almost exhausting attention to that inner chamber I would like to call my civic conscience, I have decided to make a confession.

"Yes. I tried to hijack a plane. Yes. I had equipped myself for this purpose with a firearm, and although it was only a fake—a bit of wood, a lot of black shoe polish—it was definitely meant to intimidate. Fortunately, it was wrested from me before I had a chance to employ it. I would ask you, Comrade Gospodin, to note my formulation—'had a chance to employ it'—and not to accuse me of playing formalistic games (how can one seriously employ a fake weapon made of wood and shoe polish?), for I maintain that this formulation does not mean that I would actually have employed or even planned to employ it. To me, the sole function of this weapon was that of a key. No, I will not cast aspersions on such an honorable instrument as a key: to me its function was that of a skeleton key; with it I intended to break into those hallowed regions that are accessible only to foreigners and deserv-

ing comrades. Can one commit a more despicable act? Never.

"My motivation in this attempt to hijack a plane—and I claim no mitigating circumstances and request that I be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law—was something that used to be called longing; moreover, it was—my guilt is hereby doubled, so let the law descend upon me with doubled severity—the longing for a non-socialist country, and yet at this point I must in all fairness set limits to my guilt: I longed for this country not *because* but *although* it is not socialist, and between this 'not because' and 'but although' there lies, of course (as the Prosecutor has correctly established), an 'ideological uncertainty;' there lies (as, with equal correctness, he has established) my 'susceptibility to seduction by capitalist propaganda.' This is quite true.

"The fact is that I did acquire a travel brochure of the city of Copenhagen in an illegal, almost sordid manner. I—forgive me if this squalid deed brings tears to my eyes, and do not, I beg you, hold these tears against me as mere hypocrisy—I fished this brochure out of a trash can on Gorki Street as I leaned over it to toss in my crumpled-up *Pravda* (of which, inci-

dentally, I had read every single word).

"Now, I am well aware that throwing away *Pravda* is enough to make me a suspect, but let me emphasize that I had read it thoroughly, read every single word; I could still recite the contents of the editorial to you. The unforgivable part is that, lured by a photograph of an unclothed female figure which I spied among the garbage, I poked my right hand through the garbage to reach for this female figure.

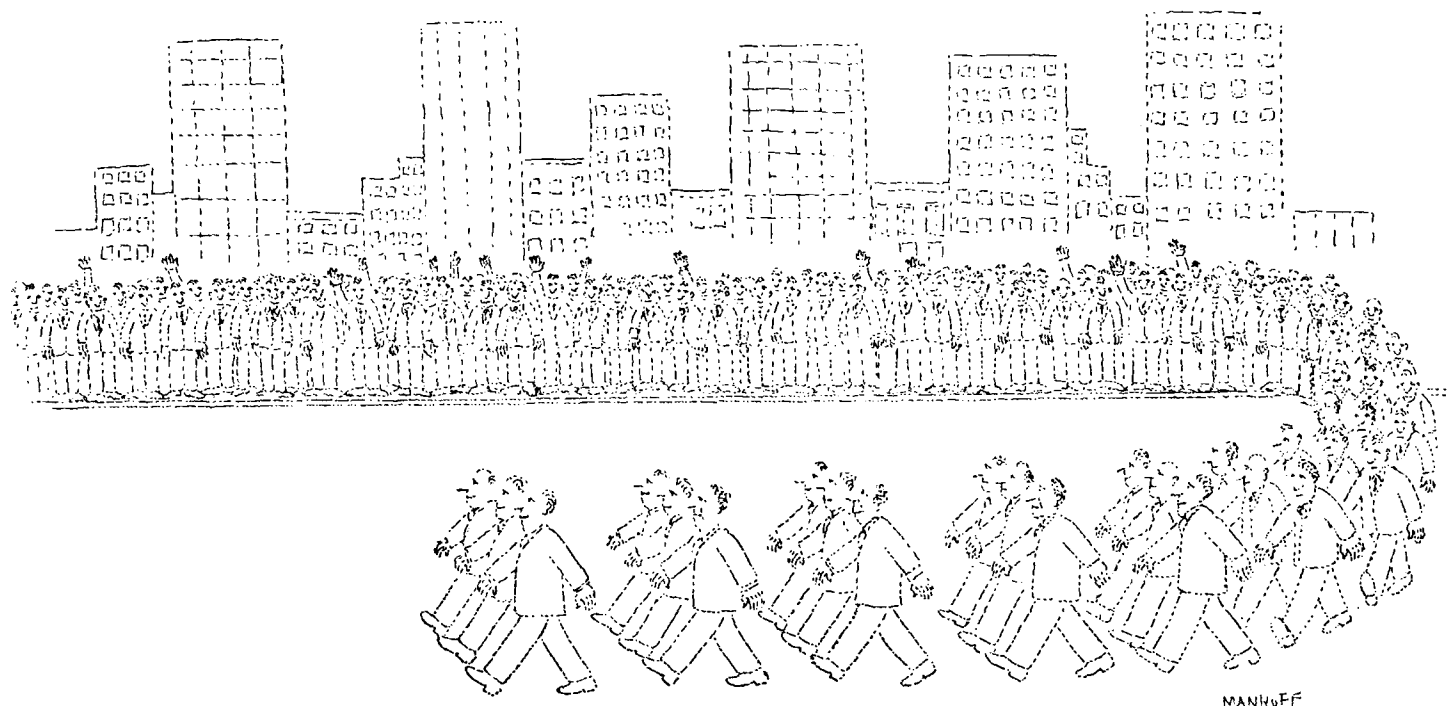
"I am married, Comrade Gospodin, I have three growing children, I lead a harmonious married life, and I do not want to give the impression that this photograph—this bronze statue of an unclothed woman—was the basic motivation for my attempt at hijacking. No, that woman was merely the skillfully planted capitalist-pornographic bait; actually I—or rather those shady instincts that even my socialist upbringing was unable to eradicate—was disappointed in that woman. I have committed myself to being frank, Comrade Gospodin, and on this point, too, I intend to be frank.

"I am, after all, not without education. I enjoyed excellent instruction in geography, I happen to be a passionate student of maps, and so, starting at Leningrad, I run my finger across the Baltic Sea until I reach the city of Copenhagen, and that, Comrade Gospodin, is where my longing awakens: that wonderful city simply fascinates me, and I swear by all that is supposed to be sacred to me I did *not* mean to go there for the sake of the pornographic movies and sex shops, no; it was the architectural beauty that attracted me—the canals, the old warehouses that I saw in the brochure after the superficial appeal of the unclothed female figure had quickly faded—and not only the architecture but the philosophy.

"I am only a simple Soviet worker, but I have been attracted time and time again by philosophy—indeed, it has fascinated me—and for that again I have to thank my excellent education. In the library of an acquaintance of my deceased aunt, I once read a tract by this Kierkegaard, who is said to have been a contemporary of the incomparable Karl Marx; and now you will ask me, with justifiable reproach, why in that case my longing was not directed toward the attractive old town of Trier.

"Here I must make a further confession: I am of Jewish nationality, and certain—or should I say specific—historical events affecting the fate of the Jewish people have considerably lessened my longing to visit a country





inhabited by Germans, and I need hardly emphasize—this goes without saying for a Soviet citizen—that I exclude the inhabitants of the German Democratic Republic. But Trier happens not to be situated in the German Democratic Republic, and there are no Germans living in Denmark; besides, Trier is not on the sea, and it does not have the Tivoli, it does not have that wonderful circus of Copenhagen's, and, after all, I wanted to go to Copenhagen not merely for the sake of Kierkegaard but also for the sake of the beauty and gaiety of that city; and if I long for Danish circuses, that is not meant to disparage our glorious Soviet circuses; we have the best clowns, we have wonderful artistes, but I simply felt the urge to see a non-Soviet circus, to take a vacation among non-Soviet people.

"I do not deny the beauties of the Crimea or the Caucasus, which I have been privileged to see; I do not deny the beauties of the Baltic among our brother peoples, the Latvians, Lithuanians, and Estonians; I have seen all that, and it drew tears of joy—indeed, of delight—from my sense of beauty. But: I just wanted to go to Denmark, and when all my many attempts to see that beautiful country by legal means, as a Soviet tourist, failed, when all my applications were rejected, I perverted my abilities as a skilled—indeed, prize-winning—mechanic in a criminal manner: out of a chunk of beechwood (secretly, while my family was asleep, under the pretext of furthering my education) I carved a faithful replica of a pistol, using our incomparable first-rate black Soviet shoe polish to give it a

metallic sheen. Pretending to be a sightseer, I drove out to the airport, made a note of the departures for Copenhagen, and attempted on the day in question to force my way through the barrier onto an S.A.S. airliner. The attempt was foiled by the vigilance of our militia, to whom I would like at this point to express my thanks.

"I swear, Comrade Gospodin, I swear on the lives of my wife and my children, of all who are dear to me, of all those comrades who are my friends: I would have returned; full of remorse would have given myself up to the authorities and, after serving an appropriate sentence, resumed my occupation as a skilled mechanic; would have spent the rest of my life in this my beloved native land, the land of the workers. I have no illusions but that after a very few days in Copenhagen I would have grown weary of that decadence. After all—and I beg you not to look for any ironic overtones in this—how magnificent is our instruction in geography, how comprehensive ours in philosophy, that such longings should arise!"

PROSECUTOR GOSPODIN merely summed up the accused's confession objectively, acknowledging it briefly, so to speak; but, as he went on to explain in detail, he did not attach even the slightest mitigating significance to it. It meant absolutely nothing, he said, if a person confessed to something that had been proved, recorded, and confirmed by the accused's signature. What was shocking about this confession was its references to matters of common knowledge: the advantages of

Soviet instruction in geography and philosophy. Praise of such self-evident matters contained an element of toadying, of hypocrisy. What was particularly damning in any assessment of the character of the accused was his praise of Soviet shoe polish, which everyone—Party leaders, government leaders, and, last but not least, the Soviet people—knew was, although not exactly bad, not as good as the accused had maintained; there were reports—and by no means secret, at that—about this shoe polish which stamped the accused a toadying liar; and (at this point the Prosecutor took the fake pistol out of his briefcase and placed it before the judge) chemical analysis had proved (he placed the expert's report beside the pistol) that this contraption designed for extortion had been treated with an American brand of shoe polish to produce that deceptive metallic sheen. As further proof, here was (once again he fished in his briefcase) a fake pistol that, he said, had been treated with Soviet shoe polish: he pointed out how the wood showed through, how the color was not metallic black but blackish, how the sheen was not steel-gray but grayish.

The accused, he continued, was proved guilty not only by his deed, not only by his needless confession, but by his praise of Soviet shoe polish, his cosmopolitan irony, his subversive mockery; and the court should not allow itself to be deluded by the accused's words of remorse. He, the Prosecutor, asked not for the heaviest sentence but for a heavy one. —HEINRICH BÖLL

*(Translated, from the German, by
Leila Vennewitz.)*

A WEEK OF PRAYER

ON a Sunday in October, Ada Gibson's was among the names of those whom Pastor Pruitt prayed for and asked the congregation to remember in prayer throughout the following week. The pastor, beaming, held her hand a second longer than usual after the service and said, "You *will* have a good week."

"But of course," Ada said. "I *know* that."

Pastor Pruitt's handclasp tightened, as though to express even more forcibly their acknowledged conviction that the week ahead of Ada would be as good as the enjoined prayers of his congregation could make it, and she, smiling the girlish smile that somehow had survived both Marty's death and the divorce of their son, Christopher, withdrew her hand from the pastor's warm embrace to take a double grip on her handbag before she began to edge her way through the crowd that now thronged the narthex. Her smile, no longer girlish, had become indicative more of perseverance than of pleasure.

Had Marty been with her, the question that entered her mind would have been answered hours ago. Even before the church service began, he would

have foreseen what she should do once it was over. Because of his foresight in such small matters of Christian deportment, Marty had enjoyed a considerable reputation for courtesy and Ada, relieved of the obligation to make those choices upon which a reputation for courtesy depends, had been free to meditate on the grosser aspects of humanity.

Small talk, too, had been a gift of Marty's that she now needed and, regrettably, lacked. It was as though, after preparing her for the excitement she had found in driving his nimble-footed small car, he had said to himself, "That is enough for Ada to know." And, indeed, her experience in the years since his death had proven him right. The main thing *was* being able to drive his car. When not driving, a widow smiled and kept a two-handed hold on her purse.

The brass handle of the church door was almost within reach when a woman, clinging to the arm of her husband, said, "There goes Mrs. Gibson, looking like she's in another world."

Marty would have seized the hand of the mute husband and congratulated him on his wife's fine appearance and

thereby put a smile on his face, if not on the faces of all who had heard her. Later, driving home, he might have said, "Ada, you can expect to have your feelings hurt when you are older. That's the price we pay for a long life."

Still smiling and still holding her handbag in both hands, she remained silent. Ada could think of no suitable rejoinder now. The truth was that she *had* been in another world—that world she once shared with Marty and Christopher.

When the door of the church was closed behind her at long last, she stopped for a moment to savor the euphoria of standing alone on the upper stone of the wide stairway that led ever so gently into the world of the unchurched. It was here that her father's spirit sometimes joined her own in celebration of the fact, recognized by them both, that Christianity and the rubbing together of one pair of elbows with innumerable others, known commonly by the name of "fellowship," are not the same thing.

The stone on which she stood was one her father had helped wheel into place when the church was built and he was a young and loose-jointed lad, and it was here that she could feel his blessing.

Feeling it now, she remembered the way he had looked when he said, "We must carry our own hides to market. Nobody can do that for us."

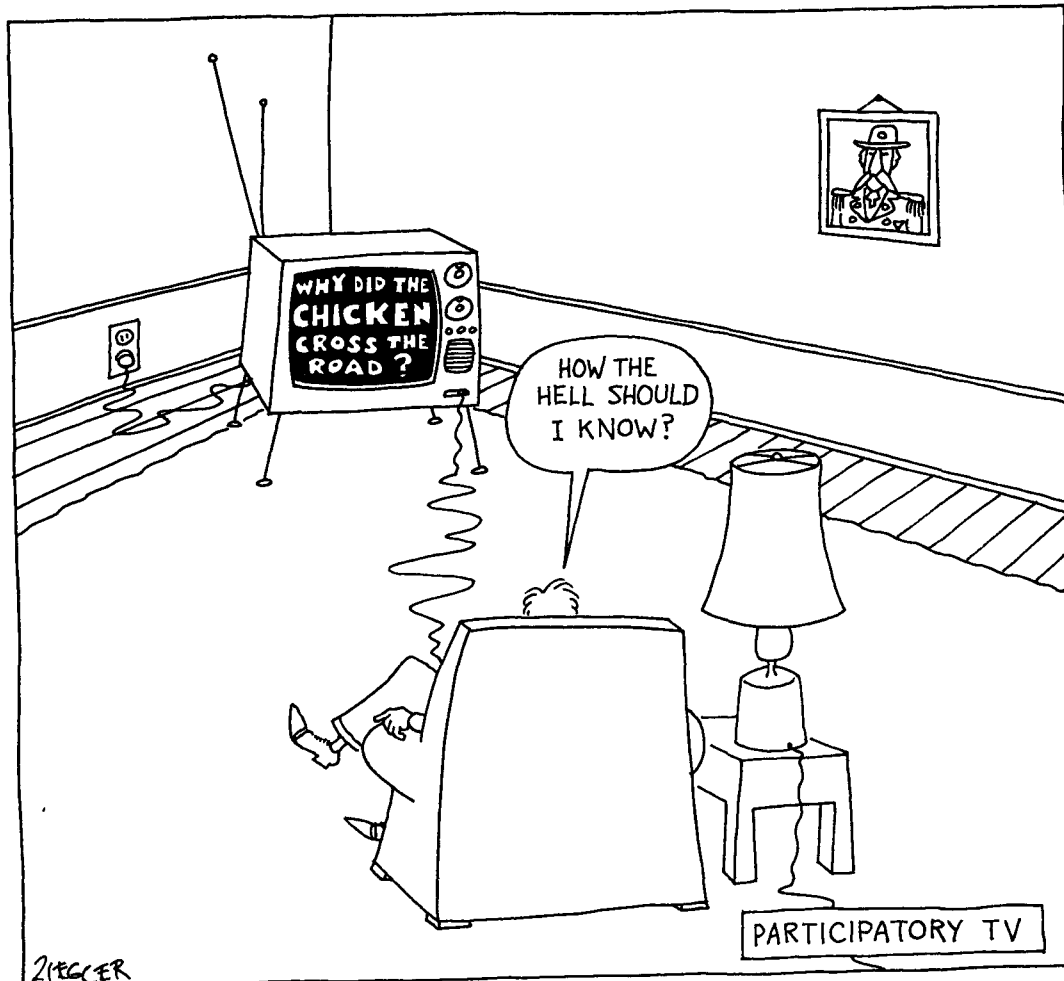
The analogy was crude and contrary to many current practices. Yet how did one escape the truth of one's own singularity?

At least, her father's words gave her the answer to what she should do next, and with the pride that comes from carrying one's own hide Ada drove the eight lovely country miles to her favorite restaurant.

"Welcome to the Madison Inn," the waitress said. "My name is Elaine and it will be my pleasure to serve you. Will you be having the *smörgåsbord* today?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"Do you like this table?"



"Oh, yes. That will be fine."

Then, since the *smörgåsbord* was not quite ready, Ada waited by a window overlooking the highway while a procession of high-stepping bay horses attached to Amish buggies trotted past the inn and the little church where George Washington—one time, for certain—had stopped on his way to a stay with General Hand at Rockford. When the buggies were out of sight and the quick beat of the horses' feet on the macadam had faded away, Ada's eyes were filled with tears. Tears of astonished joy on account of the procession's survival—all reason to the contrary—and her own.

DURING the night, Ada woke with a start. Had an automobile door slammed nearby in the road, or was it the report of a deer rifle in the woods west of the house? In any event, what could she do now? She would go to sleep and expect all to be well in the morning. With the world so full of "fellowship," it was natural for nights to be noisy.

When Ada got out of bed several hours later and went to a window, she saw Venus and a dainty slice of the moon in a cloudless sky—nothing more. "Thank you, Heavenly Father," she said, "for this sight."

In midmorning, having gone to fetch the milk from the small metal bin where the milkman had left it, she discovered that the mailbox was missing from the cedar post where Marty, with her help, had fastened it. Such a thing could not have happened, and yet quite plainly her mailbox was not in the place where, for the last twelve years, it had been. After an immeasurable moment in which disbelief gave way to righteous indignation, Ada began to count the steps to be taken in order to receive a letter. Happily, it was Columbus Day, and there would be plenty of time to do what had to be done.

Her first step, after taking the milk to the house and asking for divine guidance, naturally, must be to drive from house to house to see whether her mailbox was at one of them. In the event that it was not, the second step would be to go to the local hardware store and buy another mailbox. The third and final step, having found either her own or a new one, would be to pray for the ability to anchor it on the post.

As it turned out, when Ada left the house, her purse and car keys in hand, a neighbor drove into view with her mailbox riding tandem on his tractor.



"Eureka! The E.P.A. willing."

Ada felt too relieved to smile. "Where did you find my mailbox?" she asked.

"Where our mailbox usually is." He gave her a look as sober as her own surely was. "Ours was down at the Gordon place."

"What have we done to offend them?"

"Nothing."

"We set those rocks in the woods to keep out the pickup trucks."

"But we didn't have to do anything to make them move our mailboxes. That sort of thing happens all the time."

"So I've heard. And what can I do now to show how much I appreciate your bringing my mailbox back?"

"Do you think you could hold it steady while I nail it to the post?"

That done, they faced each other across the mailbox and exchanged broad smiles.

"Something much worse might have happened," Ada said, thinking of the way her collie—his advanced age and genteel breeding forgotten—threw himself at passing automobiles. "Duke is alive and well."

"Yes. A good many worse things might've happened," he said. "They could've taken a truckload of apples, instead of stopping when they'd stripped a few trees in the orchard. Like they did." Without smiling or saying another word, Ada's good

neighbor mounted the tractor and rode off in the direction of home.

ON Tuesday just before noon, Ada looked up from a copy of "Let's Get Well," by Adelle Davis, to find that a van of the sort retired school-teachers frequently buy was parked in the driveway and a large man was walking somewhat unsteadily toward the house. Such men came to see how Ada was doing, whether because they had met Marty as members of the same union or as pupils who, in memory of Marty's touching attempts to teach them, had decided to follow in his footsteps. Their visits with Ada, naturally, lacked the warmth of meetings with Marty. Without a bedrock of shared experience, what could they say? Yet, remembering Marty, they came, and, remembering Marty, their conversation was agreeable—more often than not.

With the man who by this time had crossed her lawn and was standing at ease in the shade of the house, she certainly expected to have no verbal difficulty. Frank Nesbit, while never one of Marty's pupils, was a long-time teacher. At intervals of a year or two, he came to call on Ada, and the warm bluntness of manner that had marked his acquaintance with Marty was now transferred to her. After expressing her surprise and pleasure at seeing him, Ada asked the first ques-

tion that occurred to her. "Where is Laura?"

"She's in the van. It's a new one."

"I can see that. It's very impressive."

"But you must see the inside. Everything is in it, excepting our grandchildren," he said as they walked toward the narrow steps leading into the shining vehicle. "We bought this for ourselves."

"Heaven and earth are only three short steps apart," Ada said. "But what if I should fall?"

"Watch your step."

"Perhaps you should go first?"

"No. I'll follow you. Just watch your step."

"I'll do that," she said, looking down and thinking how truly frail the little stairway seemed to be while she climbed it.

To Ada's surprise it sustained her weight, and in a second or two she was perched beside Laura on a narrow dais while Frank asked her to choose from several kinds of fruit on a plate. Then, as though this gesture of hospitality had put their relationship on a more in-

timate plane, he inquired about Christopher's health.

"He seems to be well."

"Don't you know?"

"Not really. His friends tell me that he is looking well and I wouldn't think of questioning their judgment. Christopher himself seldom complains of illness."

"But is he still working?"

"Yes."

"What about his divorce?"

"What is there to say about a divorce?"

Laura interrupted her husband at this point to say, "'Good riddance.' That's what we said when Jack got his second wife. She's exactly right for us. She's like we are. The first one was too smart for Jack—and us. We're all much happier since the divorce."

"The children, too?"

"Yes, the children, too."

"That's hard for me to believe."

"You must learn to say 'good riddance'—the way we did. It's as simple as that," Laura said, showing her handsome teeth and looking sideways at Ada.

"Oh no, I couldn't say that. It's not the truth."

"But we might as well accept it until the truth comes along."

"In a way, I have accepted it. But that's not the same as saying 'good riddance.'"

Marty's old friend, having passed a plum to Ada, sat on one of the narrow benches with which the van seemed well supplied, got out a camera, and took a snapshot of her face in profile. At close range, his aura lacked the geniality that, as they walked together across the lawn, had suggested a friendliness beyond the curiosity ordinarily evident in the visits of those retired teachers Marty had known. Ada wondered whether his purpose in stopping was to add to his collection of such candid pictures another snapshot of two formerly handsome women seated cheek by jowl in a new van, or whether she had heard in his questions a faint echo of the true concern earnest teachers, when closeted with an indifferent pupil, must feel. Having always been an indifferent student, Ada smiled and came to the conclusion that his concern was genuine. His questions, after all, had been natural enough, since he and Marty had each been the father of one son only and since, besides, she had answered them many times before.

The interview ended, however, with a probing question so shocking that Ada at first doubted her hearing. "Do your grandchildren have a drug problem?"

"Only alcohol." The words had come to her as unexpectedly as the question, and now that she had spoken them were no less shocking.

Mr. Nesbit nodded. "In our schools, it is quite common for children to be drunk first thing in the morning," he said. Then, remembering that there were other calls to be made before he and his wife returned to that place where children were drunk all the day long, Marty's friend announced his departure. Before leaving, he again raised his camera and took a picture of the van's interior, including Ada and his wife.

Ada, returned to the earth, smiled at the retreating house on wheels. Aside from her lifelong addiction to coffee, she had no drug problems; nor was it likely that her grandchildren would become drug addicts. Problems with teachers, however, lasted a lifetime.

ON Wednesday, Ada visited Elizabeth, an old friend who had not been a teacher and who was in frail



"I came from Cleveland, but that's not where I'm coming from now."



"I'm sure our firm can handle your campaign, Senator, but first we have to answer the question 'Who are you?'"

health. This is not to say that their congeniality was based on these failures alone. They were both members of the Lutheran Church and had attended the same coeducational college, where each of them had married one of her classmates and converted him to Lutheranism.

Their conversation began, as their talks often did, with a discussion of death (their own) and the fact that, happily, both still lived.

"I'm not *afraid* to die," Elizabeth said. "I've been close to death so many times. Yet I do enjoy this world and don't want to leave it."

"I know how you feel," Ada said. "It's a beautiful place to be, especially at this time of the year."

"Yes. I sat on the porch for a while today."

"When you tire of the sound of my voice, tell me and I'll leave."

"I'll tell you," Elizabeth said. "But the sound of your voice is not tiresome. Quite the contrary. Tell me, how are the children?"

Since Ada had no "children," it was understood that Elizabeth had meant to say "grandchildren."

"I don't know them well enough to say *how* they are."

"They're all talented, aren't they?"

"Yes, I think so. The only worri-

some thing about grandchildren is that they tend to behave just like their grandparents at that age."

"I *know*," Shaken with laughter, Elizabeth pointed to the pastel of a handsome boy hanging on the wall behind an exquisitely hand-carved sofa. "That's *exactly* the way Bob is."

"You know Bob better than I do, but I'll take your word." Ada was standing face to face with the portrait of the boy and hearing her father's voice. "We must always go home, Ada, before our welcome is worn out," it said. Sound advice, she had learned on more than one occasion. So, wondering how threadbare the cordial welcome given to her by Elizabeth had become, she said, "Don't you want me to leave *now*?"

"Please wait until Bob comes home. He'll be here soon. You don't know how glad I am you came. You stimulate me, and I need that. There is so much I can't do I want to do that I'm often depressed."

Together, they circled the small room that was the world Elizabeth was loath to leave. In the years of her illness, the room had become both more elegant and more interesting in the way that a loved person, aware of the lover's need, tends to become more beautiful. A rose, full-blown and frag-

ile in its crystal vase, seemed too near perfection to be real. Ada moved closer to it.

"That's the last rose of summer from an old and neglected bush," Elizabeth said. "I couldn't, you know, take care of my garden."

"It's beautiful," Ada said, looking down and holding her breath, for surely such perfection could not endure even the mildest of air turbulence. "But then everything in this room is beautiful."

"I've never understood how it happened that the blues of that geode and the blue of our upholstery match. I didn't plan it. I didn't even buy the geode and the velvet together," Elizabeth said.

"Haven't you found that *everything* has a way of coming out right?" Before Elizabeth could answer, Bob came in. "Like having Bob arrive now," Ada said, "just as I really must be leaving."

"Don't go yet," Bob said.

He sounded so sincere that Ada sat down. "All right, shall I tell you the news about our old college friends?"

"Fine," Bob said.

"A lot of it is bad. But I'll try not to tell you all of it."

Later, while driving home, it seemed to Ada that everything she had told

ANOTHER INVITATION

Lord, they sound *triste*, my first love poems,
 whose frank Midwestern totems
 all bear French titles—
 as if Baudelaire could help me out
 of Cleveland! *L'invitation*
au voyage turned down
 or inside out, certainly, by each
 dim lover, those bright strangers
 reluctant to come:
Pig-iron boats were leaving for the lake
 [Lake Erie], *slowly the loud*
bridges had risen
 [drawn across the sick Cuyahoga];
 "A landscape for the lonely
 or the lewd," you said,
the river sighed in its bed, and when
gulls were harsh in their abuse
you did not look up—
I remember how your face went blind . . .
 Enough of that. I decamped
 within two decades,
 not to make the scene but to adore
 the scenery of Elsewhere,
 and I write from there.

Here is a lake, too, of course, the waves
 rendered by Pietro's brush,
 or Ambrogio's—
 they were brothers; they died in the same
 plague year, 1348,
i Lorenzetti—
 the waves resolved in green pulsations
 to resemble a sea of grass;
 but let me conflate
 their two little images, which are
 all I have (though sufficient)
 to prove my Elsewhere
 seductive. On a pair of panels,
 first this crystalline city
 with three oaks, two ships
 offshore, and no human soul to blur
 the interval of windows,
 walls, towers, and look!
 in the right corner, a drawbridge, too,
 leading down from Siena's
 Public Palace, or
 one very much like it . . . And then this
 harbor underneath a bare
 hillside, three more oaks,

and the spotty fields beyond—I know
 it is a harbor down there
 because of the reeds,
 five to a clump, at the water's edge
 and because of a boat
 safe in the shallows—
 moored for now, that boat, but as certain
 to depart as if its name
 read *Cytherea*
 on the bow curved crisp as an ear or
 curved slack as a sexual
 organ: a black boat
 on a pale shore, and no one in sight.
 No one has ever been here
 (unless you will come),
 yet people are not what is absent,
 not us, not the animals—
something is missing . . .
 One thing to notice in these landscapes—
 transparent, sane as only
 Elsewhere can be—
 is that there is no horizon, no sky,
 and nothing stands against
 heaven, dark or light.

Come with me, love, neither dim nor bright
 but as you are, seen as these
 things—a green tower
 beside a red one, edges of things—
 give us themselves: without God,
 unable to mean
 more than they appear, just eternal,
 just ordinary. Come, love,
 let us be fellow
 travellers; the boat rides on no more
 than water, the drawbridge drops
 to merely land. Come,
 you see? God is out of the picture,
 not as if He had been done
 in by other gods
 of greater power—simply that He
 came to nothing, leaving no
 text, no throne, no soul
 in the soil, as if He had never
 inhabited earth. No more
 terrible portents,
 love, no dread meanings if you come, but
 this castle, that lake, the light . . .
 Maybe we shall go.

—RICHARD HOWARD

them was bad news and did, in the
 end, wear out her welcome.

ON the day after her visit with Elizabeth and Bob, Ada received a telephone call from one of Christopher's peers.

"This is Christine West," she said. "Do you remember me?"

"Yes, certainly. How could I have forgotten you, Christine?"

"You will think I'm crazy when you know why I'm calling."

"Try me."

"This really is fantastic."

"All the better."

"You won't think I'm crazy?"

"No, I won't. That's a promise."

"Christopher has been my prayer burden for a little more than a year now."

"He's been my prayer burden a little more than forty years."

"But Mrs. Gibson, I don't even know what he's doing."

"As a matter of fact, Christine, neither do I."

"I've always thought him capa-

ble of doing something really *good*."

"And you've been disappointed?"

"The trouble is, I don't know what he's done. I'm out of touch with him. I've given myself to Christ."

"How nice," Ada said. "And that's why you no longer attend the services in Pastor Pruitt's church?"

"Yes. Those people don't know what happiness is—the happiness I know now. So how can I be sure that my prayers are helpful?"

"Do you want me to tell Christopher that he is your prayer burden?"



"Just spending another evening in the bosom of my family. What are you doing?"

"Oh no. Don't tell him I called you. Don't tell anyone."

"Of course you know that I won't tell anyone you called. But you shouldn't be modest. It may have been your prayers—rather than mine—that saved him for a second marriage."

"I didn't *know* he had married again."

"Yes. About a week ago in London. An English girl."

"I have to go pick up my children, and I'm late now." Christine's voice was reproachful, as it might have been if Ada had talked too long. "They go to a *Christian* school."

Ada, wondering how the school where Marty was a teacher and Christopher his favorite pupil could have been, by any name, *better*, now knew she could count among her many

blessings the fact that the prayers of Christine West had not made her Christopher's wife.

ON the following day, Venus shone alone in the clear morning sky. More than this, it was Friday—a day so remarkably different from all other days of the week that, in order to refresh her memory, Ada carried Webster's New International to her breakfast table in the kitchen and read aloud, "Friday, the sixth day of the week; the day following Thursday. It is the Moslem sabbath. In some churches, especially the Roman Catholic Church, Friday is a day of abstinence, except when it coincides with certain feast days, as Christmas. Friday was long known as hangman's day, because it was the customary day for hangings."

It did not surprise her to read that "Friday-faced," a term meaning "having a sad or melancholy look," had become obsolete. Nor was she surprised to feel that the day's connection with the goddesses Frigg and Venus was closer than it once had been. Webster dutifully made clear the distinction between Frigg, the wife of Odin and guardian of both marriage and domestic life, and Freya, the sister of Frey and goddess of love and beauty. Nevertheless, Webster wrote, his countrymen continued to confuse one with the other.

In other words, Ada concluded, it had become customary for Frigg to take the children to Disneyland or the beach on Friday, while Freya went to the Marriott with Odin, or his human alter ego. Widows, like herself, en-

joyed long telephone dialogues with other widows and, without quite knowing why, said, "Thank God it's Friday."

In fact, Ada repeated this prayer inaudibly just before she returned Webster's big dictionary to the bookcase and hurried to the barn to feed her pets.

That chore done, visions of a long day's work danced in her head. Indeed, between a field that should have been mown earlier in the week and housework that never was done, Ada hardly knew where to begin. And when she found the door by which she had left the house locked, she

was both incredulous and Friday-faced.

In a less desperate dilemma she might have gone to the home of the young man who, on Monday, had restored her mailbox. But, Friday being a market day, he surely had gone to the city to sell the fruits of his labor. Ada found herself obliged to count the ways that her house, with its doors locked, could be entered.

One by one she surveyed the windows and remembered how their screens were secured, from the inside, by steel hooks and eyes. Then, to a realization that her small house was to a degree an impregnable castle something more distressing was added: the

sky, clear at dawn, was dark with clouds and letting down rain. Still dressed in what she euphuistically referred to as "morning clothes," she now was not only besieging and beset but wet.

"Please, God, help me get into my house."

Ada remembered suddenly that a cellar window—one left open for ventilation—had not been locked into its frame, nor was the screen secured by hooks and eyes. It would be a simple matter to lift the screen from its moorings. So it proved to be, and she stretched out before the opening and backed into the cellar, landing on both feet with no more difficulty than might have been expected.

She knew now that her house was not impregnable. No visions of the day's work danced in her head, and she could not imagine why, after thirty years of leaving that one door open, she had touched the bolt that locked it. But she did not let these riddles concern her. Rain had dashed her hopes of mowing a field, and it was Friday. She would change her wet clothes for dry ones and celebrate. More exactly, she would put on the rose plaid coat that Marty had bought on one of their rare shopping trips—with a black stocking cap of the kind he used to wear—and go to the gift shop in town.

When she arrived, the rain had stopped and the streets were bright with sunshine. Across the street from the parking lot where Ada had left her car a moment before, a trucker was bringing his truck to heel while a tall man stood in the middle of the street directing him. The tall man reminded her of Marty. Physically, he resembled Marty very little. Their height, however, was the same, and he was doing what



"This was my third choice. I wanted an ivy-covered college!"

Marty, in the same spot, might have done.

In profile, the man's expression was wistful, as though the trucker's skill had reminded him of a private sorrow too deep for words, and his expression became vocal when Ada, still thinking of his likeness to Marty, smiled. "He set it on a dime," he said, reaching the curb where she was.

"He did, didn't he?" Ada said. "I envy everybody who can park parallel to the curb."

"I used to drive an eighteen-wheeler, and he's better than I was."

"It was an extraordinary performance. Surely."

Now that she thought of it, the fact that they had reached the corner together was extraordinary, too.

"If you're new in town, there's a place here where we might have lunch," he said, looking wistfully to their right.

"I'm not new in town," Ada said. "And I haven't time for lunch."

After hesitating briefly at the corner, however, they turned to the right and set off at a brisk clip in the same direction.

"I'm looking for a woman."

The statement was so forthright and his tone so far from being soft or sly that Ada smiled again, thinking how much like Marty this man was.

Then somewhat more quietly he said, "My room doesn't suit me. The way it is. Are you married?"

Ada, thinking of her neglected house, said nothing. What could she say? The door of the gift shop had already closed between them.

SATURDAY morning was clear, with every blade of grass in a coat of hoarfrost. Venus, once again, shone alone in a cloudless sky. It was a perfect day for mowing, and Ada, smiling the stoical smile with which she had left the church on Sunday, was carrying hay for the horse and looking down at a clump of *Aster multiflorus* in late flower beside the path when all of a sudden her right foot moved forward and dropped her whole weight on the foot that, just as suddenly, folded beneath it.

A brisk breeze penetrated her woollen shirt. The little aster nodded beside her. She was too amazed to



"My, he certainly is husky!"

move. An interval of time passed in which only the aster moved. Then, without moving her lips, Ada said, "O Father in Heaven, please don't let my ankle be broken."

Alone with an aching ankle, she must carry her own hide to market. Not only was she alone and in pain, she was out of sight. She must get to the house, where the telephone was. And that Ada did. Her ankle was painful, but surely not broken. It would not have helped walk her to the house if it had been broken. So, indeed, there was no need to call the doctor. After a short rest, she would mow the field.

In the afternoon the sky was clear, as it had been at dawn. Flowers of the field that all through the summer had bowed whenever the mower came close to them now waited stiffly to be cut down. The summer was gone and the winter coming. The chill breeze

still penetrated her woollen shirt. She was an old woman, and neatly tucked away in the Nesbits' van there was an undeveloped film to prove it.

BUT of course it had been a good week. And what might have happened, Ada thought, without the prayers of Pastor Pruitt's congregation, was mind-boggling.

—LINDA GRACE HOYER

THE PUBLISHING LIFE [From the Washington Post]

CORRECTION

In early editions of The Washington Post yesterday, the headline on a story about the campaign of attorney Carrington Williams for the Democratic nomination for the U.S. Senate in Virginia erroneously said, "Williams Va. Campaign Seen as 'Cerebral,' Futile." In later editions, the headline was corrected to read, "Williams Va. Campaign Follows Middle of Road."

P R O F I L E S

THE SEARCH-II

WALKER PERCY is known to many people as a novelist, yet his first published novel, "The Moviegoer," appeared in 1961, when he was nearly forty-five years old, had been a Doctor of Medicine for twenty years, and had published some thirteen philosophical essays, most of them quite long and some of them exceedingly technical, in a wide range of journals. In the nineteen-fifties, he, like many other Southerners, could not ignore what was happening around him, so he also wrote articles about the racial struggle then growing more intense by the year. In those articles, he approaches social and political issues just as he did the more speculative matters he discussed in his larger pieces: by drawing on the theological and philosophical polarity of immanence-transcendence—God as indwelling in the ordinary life of the world, in contrast to God as beyond the world, the Exalted One. Though Percy doesn't draw that distinction explicitly when he writes about his native region, he does apply it implicitly. He refers to the South that was and is and even now still fights to be—the Old South, the segregationist South—and he dreams of the South that someday might be, given the courage and decency that men and women, both black and white, will prove able to demonstrate. The former is the immanent South, the latter a dream—the transcendent South, for which many are struggling. He refuses to turn against his people in such a way that they become caricatures of human beings. He makes it clear that they don't, for the most part, sit and calculate how to be bad, wrong, malicious, or uncaring. Like the alienated commuters of one of Percy's philosophical essays, riding trains through Westchester County or the suburbs north of Chicago, or (nowadays) boarding cars on San Francisco's



new rapid-transit system, BART, Southerners wake up, go through the motions of life, come home, and rather soon are ready for bed—and maybe for dreams that show sides of their minds not otherwise in evidence.

Sometimes, however, a historical moment makes everyone's life "different." The immanent is challenged directly by the transcendent. In our everyday lives, a great ideal and its demands confront us—school desegregation, for instance. Or men go off to war. Or a severe economic collapse makes people stop and think and question as never before. So it went for Percy and those like him after the Supreme Court ruled school segregation unconstitutional, in 1954. The

decision was but the start of a long regional struggle, and the news that the rest of us read was only the most public manifestation of that struggle. In the lives of millions of individuals, the struggle took a less dramatic and more persistent form as particular men and women suddenly began to think about issues previously ignored. On occasion, those men and women became people they themselves had trouble recognizing. They did things that surprised them. They became more (or less) than they or others had thought possible. Percy knew that for people like him "the traditional world-view of the upper-class white Southerner" was simply no longer "adequate to the situation." He had said so in the Catholic weekly *Commonweal* in 1956 (Percy and his wife had both converted to Catholicism in 1947), and he kept saying so, year after year, until, in the nineteen-sixties, the sit-ins and freedom rides made the point rather obvious.

Percy, being a man who had heard and come to believe the Christian message—as he put it, "the sacramental and historical-incarnational nature of

Christianity," or, with a lighter touch, "all that business about God, the Jews, Christ, the Church"—believed that man is here to be saved, not fulfilled with respect to his "needs," as the behaviorists would have it, or applauded as a "model citizen," a "true patriot," or one possessed of excellent "mental health." The entire direction of his thinking as it had developed for nearly two decades comes across in an article on America's "culture critics," its various social observers, written for *Commonweal* in 1959. "It is no doubt legitimate, for sociological purposes, to speak of a member of the upper-middle [class] who has his house done over in Early Federal with decorator's Picassos as status symbols," Percy wrote. "But let us not forget that this same class-member may have saved a comrade's life in battle, suffers from sinusitis, has a sick wife, and works like a dog to pay his debts. He cannot really be understood by a sociology of motivations but only by a larger view of man which takes account of what a man is capable of and what he can fall prey to. There is not really such a thing as a consumer or a public or a mass man except only as they exist as constructs in the minds of sociologists, ad men, and opinion pollsters."

Philosophically, the words are those of an existentialist; they are also the words of a man who had increasingly been drawn to the novel, with its concern for the particular, the man or woman who has a certain kind of character and meets up with others, with situations, and, not least, with the hand of fate. In the middle nineteen-fifties, Percy had tried a novel, and had even given it a title—"The Charterhouse." Its subject matter was familiar to those who have read Percy's published novels: the country club as setting—and as the twentieth-century replacement for the medieval church. Where else is there to go on a Sunday? What is there to do but swim, play tennis or golf, be with one's neighbors or friends for lunch or dinner "at the club"? The novel was sent off to several publishers and rejected. Percy then sent it to Caroline Gordon, Allen Tate's wife, who was interested enough to send the author no less than thirty pages, single-spaced, of comment and suggestions. She passed it on to Tate, who sent it back to Percy with a short note saying that

the book lacked "an action." Percy absorbed these comments, but put the novel aside. Soon thereafter, he started a new one—about a pathologist who does autopsies on the bodies of tuberculosis patients in a place much like the sanatorium at Saranac Lake, New York, where Percy himself spent two years as a patient in the early nineteen-forties. Percy never sent that novel to even one publisher. By 1958, he had begun a third novel, and this time he was determined to tie his philosophical ideas down firmly, and to give them the life that a novel can offer.

Percy then stopped writing philosophical articles and slowed down his flow of essays and book reviews for *Commonweal* and *America*. The matters that he had written about analytically or as a commentator continued to concern him but now became challenges for the novel he was working on: how to indicate in a story the enormously complex and sometimes tortured (and certainly idiosyncratic) viewpoint of Kierkegaard without turning out a thinly disguised exercise in philosophical or theological exposition. In early 1960, Percy finished the first draft of his new novel, which he titled "Confessions of a Moviegoer." He sent it to a literary agent in New York, Elizabeth Otis, and she sent it on to Stanley Kauffmann, at Alfred A. Knopf.

Kauffmann, who is now the film and theatre critic for *The New Republic*, well remembers his reactions as he went through the manuscript. "The novel needed work," he said recently. "I knew that right off. But it had some wonderful sections—as original as I'd seen in a long time. I didn't think we should immediately offer the author a contract; I felt there were important revisions to make. But I also knew that the chances were

that if the manuscript was sent to another publisher the author would be signed up immediately." Kauffmann gambled. He decided that the man who wrote that novel—obviously a sensitive and thoughtful person—was an artist rather than a huckster, and would want to perfect what he had done rather than see it rushed into print. And Kauffmann had been told by Elizabeth Otis that Percy was a doctor, with an M.D. from Columbia; that he wrote philosophical articles; and that he was under no financial pressure, and so was not out for a big advance, quick publication, a splash of hyperbolic advertising. The manu-

script went back and forth four times. "Each time, the manuscript came back not only improved but more brilliant, more comic, more delightful," Kauffmann said. "I never met the author. I never talked with him on the phone. It was an old-fashioned relationship: polite letters back and forth, each of us putting down on paper what he thought. And each time I felt he'd run the manuscript through his head, not the typewriter; even when I knew it was a wonderful novel, and ready for publication, I wondered what might happen if it went through another revision." From Mr. Knopf, Kauffmann obtained the modest sum of five hun-



"I like it. I really do. It combines a masculine feel of medieval strength with a delightful sense of play in the portcullis treatment."

dred dollars as an advance to Percy, and the book, under the title "The Moviegoer," was published in May of 1961.

The reviews, though not numerous or long, were respectful, and Percy was pleased to be favored with what attention he received, for many novels, including some that are quite good, receive none; he was even more pleased when, in March, 1962, he received the National Book Award for fiction. Perhaps more than anything else, though, he was fascinated by the reactions he began getting from those who had read the book. "The Moviegoer" has turned out to be, for many, more than just another novel. He still gets letters from people who have read it—and they are by no means always inveterate correspondents. The writers of the letters tell him about their intensely personal longings, frustrations, doubts, hesitations, and then ask him a question: What ought I to do—being this person, living this life, and faced with this kind of future or dilemma? "I'll get a call—or I did, before I had to

get an unlisted phone; I just *had* to—and someone is in Arizona, and he's run out of money," Percy said to me recently, when I visited him in his home, outside New Orleans. "He's going to El Paso, and, you know, his whole life depends on it; he wants to get there and find a new life for himself. I send the money. Of course, you can't just keep doing that."

BINX BOLLING, the protagonist and narrator of "The Moviegoer," is a twenty-nine-year-old New Orleans stockbroker who has taken himself to Gentilly, a suburb on the eastern edge of the city. It is an interesting suburb—less under the city's French influence, architecturally and culturally, than other sections. It is more American, yet one enters it, coming from the east, out of Mississippi, along a boulevard with the unusual name of Elysian Fields, off which run streets with names like Humanity, Pleasure, Abundance, and Treasure. Binx comes from a well-to-do, socially prominent family. He doesn't "belong" in Gentilly, but, then,

he doesn't belong anywhere. He is confused, and suffers from "malaise." What is his "malaise"? Binx calls it "the pain of loss." When things get bad, "the world is lost to you, the world and the people in it, and there remains only you and the world and you no more able to be in the world than Banquo's ghost."

Binx may be peculiar, but he can get up and go to work, make money, live the pleasant, comfortable life of a nineteen-fifties bachelor-swing. He takes his girl friend Linda to the Blue Room of the Roosevelt Hotel. They dine and dance. Linda loves him for giving her such a good time. Binx, in turn, enjoys her good humor. He is no secret critic, eager to judge others "superficial." Linda "feels exalted" in the Blue Room—and why not? The problem, Binx knows, is Binx himself; he likes Linda, but he can't stay with her—or, it seems, with any woman—for long. Black skies get to him. The wind does, too. He has vague sensations of apprehension: his heart gives "a big pump," his neck prickles. So, back to his room—or quick, find a movie to see. Soon Linda gives way to Sharon Kincaid.

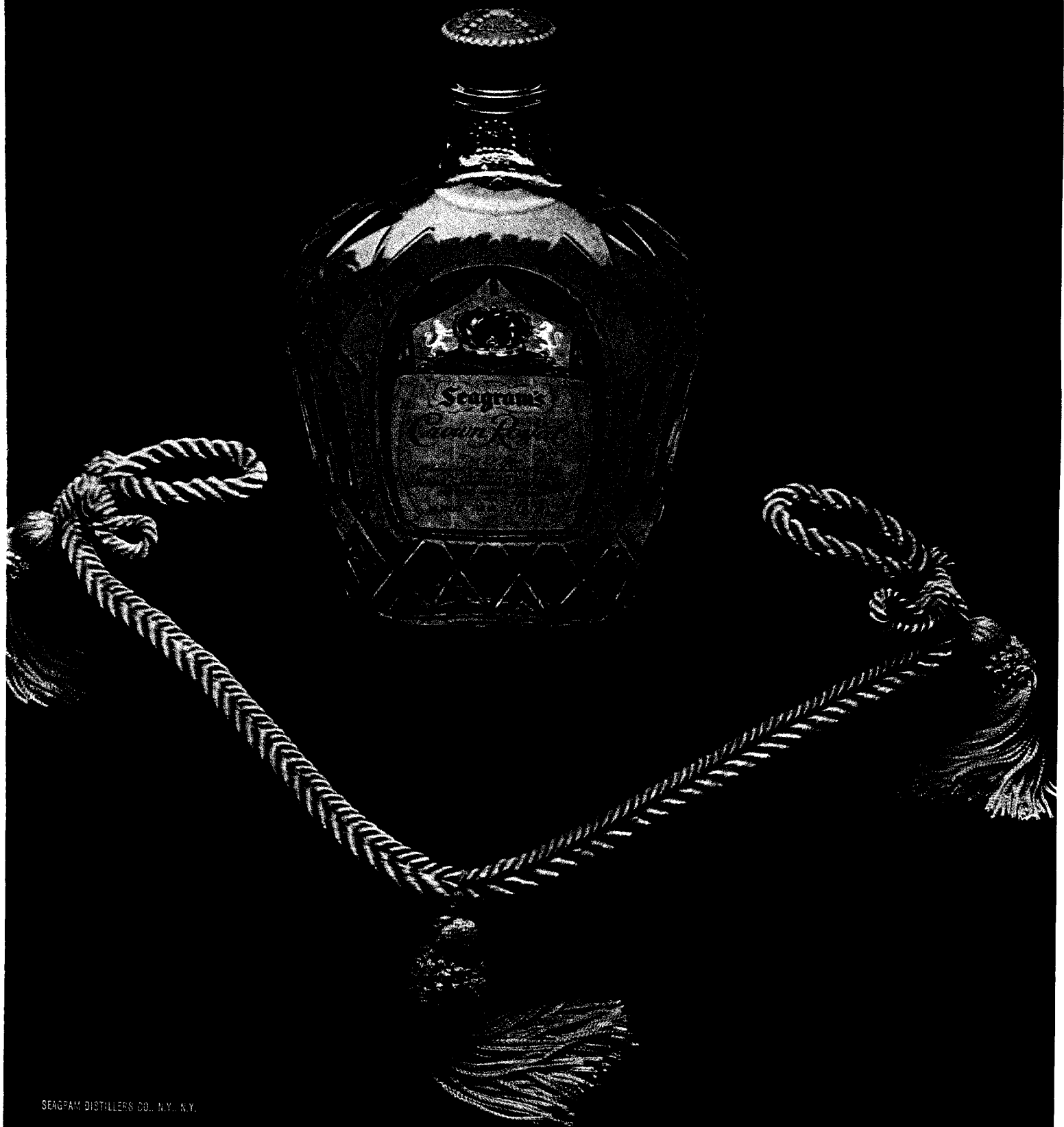
Binx lives in an apartment owned by one Mrs. Schexnaydre, a fireman's widow. We learn from Binx that he manages a branch office of his uncle's brokerage firm. His aunt and uncle live in the Garden District. He lives at street level—not quite Dostoevski's "underground man," at least not in the first part of the novel. Percy wants to draw us close to Binx, to make us feel at home with him and his kind of living: the still young man who has a good job and a promising career, who is attractive and charming, well mannered and sophisticated, a good catch for some lucky girl; he does at times seem a little strange, but that will go away once he settles down, and anyway, one doesn't want someone *too* ordinary.

Binx speaks in a matter-of-fact way, and is only gently given to satire: "In the evenings I usually watch television or go to the movies. Week-ends I often spend on the Gulf Coast. Our neighborhood theater in Gentilly has permanent lettering on the front of the marquee reading: Where Happiness Costs So Little." And, "What satisfaction I take in appearing the first day to get my auto tag and brake sticker! I subscribe to *Consumer Reports* and as a consequence I own a first-class television set, an all but silent air conditioner and a very long lasting deodorant." Binx can wryly tell us that



"He has a very gruff exterior, and also a very gruff interior."

Defy mediocrity.

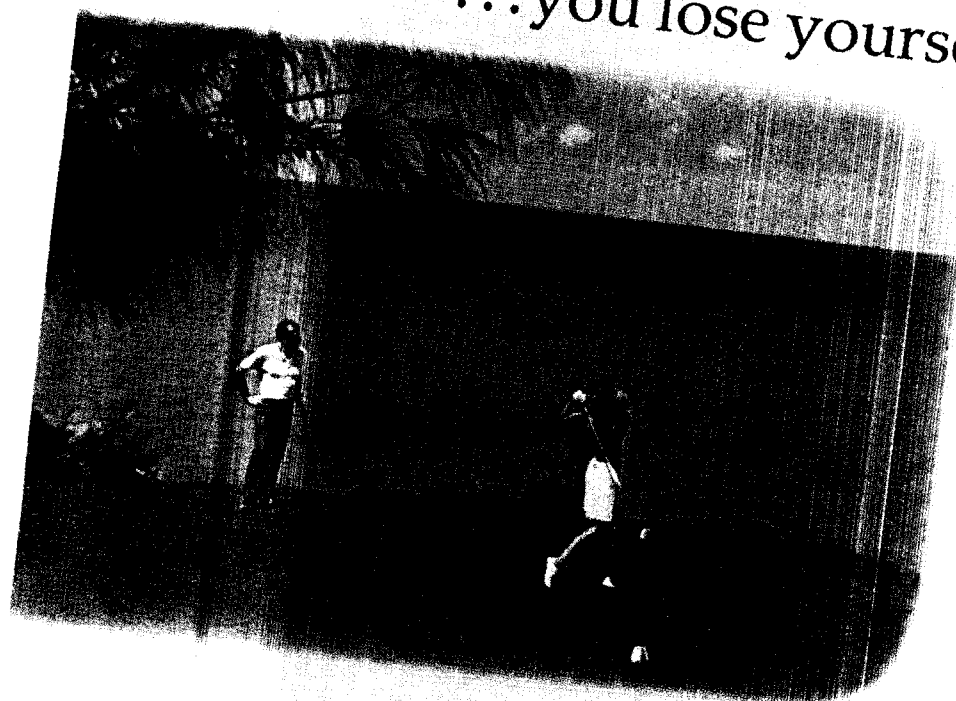


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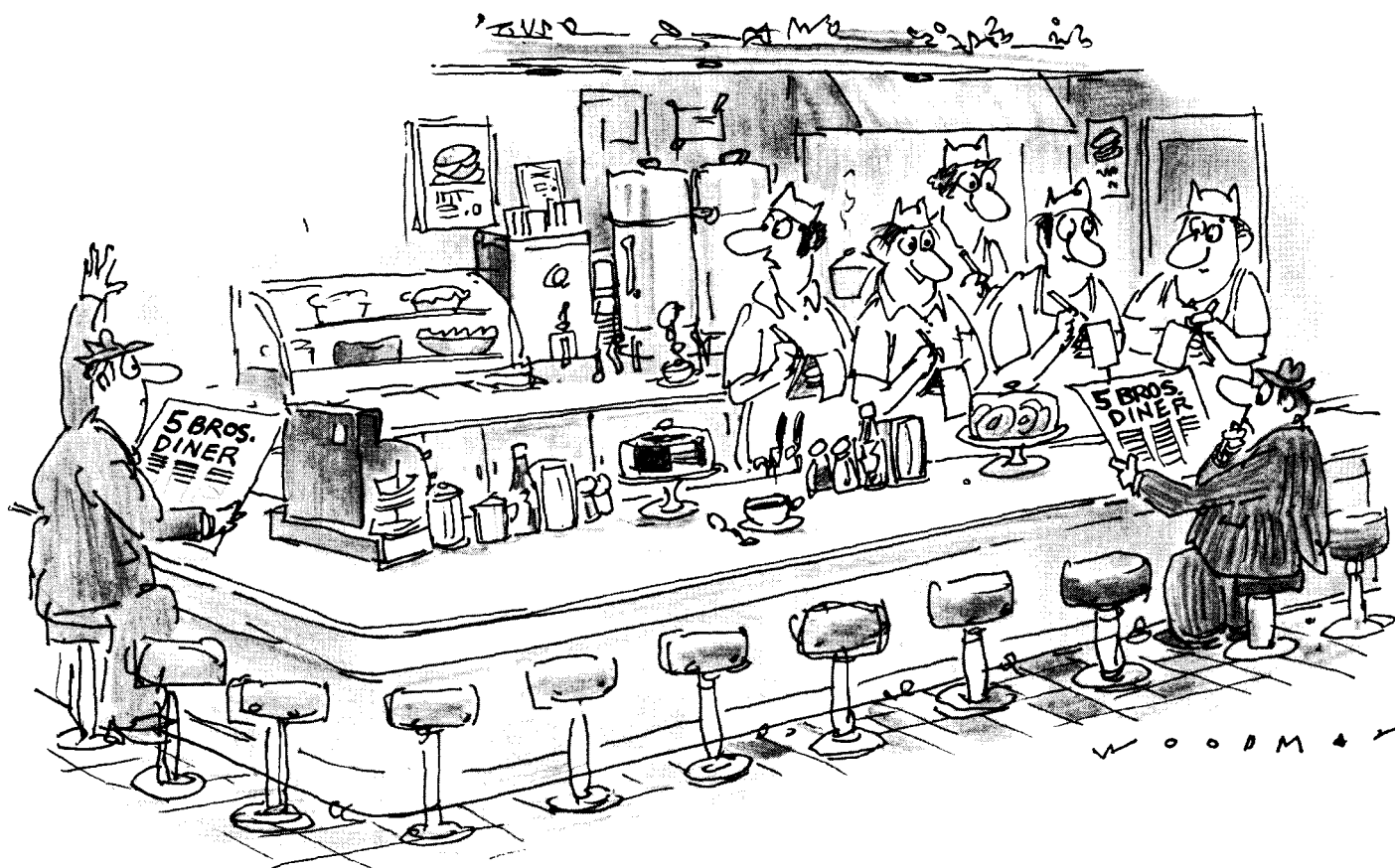
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"Relax, fella. We'll get to you."

he pays attention to all those spot announcements: try to "achieve" mental health; watch for the "seven signs of cancer;" drive safely, lest you do away with yourself. But he drops this tone after a while, stops rubbing in his detachment, stops telling about all the ironies and absurdities of so-called civilized life: identity cards, library cards, credit cards, and all those certificates, diplomas, deeds, passbooks, and God knows what else that we stick in strongboxes—which are, in a way, us. Suddenly we are told, "The fact is I am quite happy in a movie, even a bad movie."

A good deal has been made by literary critics of the "meaning" of the movies—their "purpose"—in this novel. They have been considered a reflection, or "mirror," of "reality," a means of social observation and comment: what they "picture" is the dreams we have, or the kind of life we live or would like to live, or the like. Percy unquestionably uses the movies that way: they provide an entry into the complexities of existentialist philosophy, a series of illustrations to make Kierkegaard and Heidegger become as familiar as—well, William Holden, John Wayne, and Orson Welles. But through the movies he also makes

Binx familiar: Binx is not Dostoevski's "sick" man, "spiteful" man, unattractive man, and he is not Kafka's K., wandering about mysteriously, never recognizable to anyone; nor is he Meursault, in Camus's "The Stranger," who may go to a movie but seems so apart from others, so driven—by what or toward what he knows not. Certainly Binx is not going to sit down, like Antoine Roquentin in Jean-Paul Sartre's "Nausea," and write a diary full of intense, weighty speculations.

The movies enable Percy to let Binx reveal rather a lot about the condition of his soul, but to do so with a light, engaging touch. When Binx recalls the time that "John Wayne killed three men with a carbine as he was falling to the dusty street in *Stagecoach*" and the time that "the kitten found Orson Welles in the doorway in *The Third Man*," he reminds us that we have all gone through similar experiences; the movies by now have become part of the "collective unconscious" of Americans. Yet Binx is different: it is for others to have "a sweet and natural relationship, as they say in books," with a nice girl they have met by chance or have been introduced to formally at a dinner party. In time, he starts seeing Kate,

his stepcousin, who was even at the age of ten a source of worry to her stepmother. An obedient girl who did well in school, she was solitary and, when confronted with people, exceedingly shy. Before we meet her as a grown woman of considerable anxiety—at times, she seems the incarnation of Kierkegaard's "fear and trembling"—we get to know Binx and his other women friends, each of them so cheerful, bouncy, giving, but also self-protective. The women ask no questions about "life." They love Binx's M.G. They love his "position" in the world. They would like to have one of those "relationships," "meaningful" at first and then permanent.

Binx can't seem to settle down, though. It can be said that the novel is about a man who is seized by waves of restlessness, as a result of which he resists the tug: to the altar, a "nice" house, a slow rise up "the socioeconomic scale," and so on and on. But it has to be emphasized that he does not come across as "neurotic." Nor does he filter the world through clinical eyes. Kate, yes; she is "under treatment." She has been dangerously suicidal. But Binx (and the novel) will move toward her and her difficulties only after quite another kind of



difficulty is explored—Binx's particular effort to break out of "the everydayness of his own life."

Once freed, Binx is able to start out on what he calls "the search." The search is what "anyone would undertake" if he was able to get beyond the daily absorption in routine and habit. It begins when for one reason or another a man "comes to," suddenly looks closely around, and notices just about everything: the "background" of life (in the form of persons, places, things) we all take for granted as we move along—eight hours at work, an hour on the freeway, supper, television, and to bed. For Binx, the search began in 1951. He was a soldier in Korea, and one day he found himself lying on the ground injured. His shoulder "was pressed hard against the ground," as if somebody were sitting on him. He did not think about his situation, though. He stared at a dung beetle six inches away. As he watched that beetle, he felt himself "onto something." If he got out of the fix he was in, he told himself, he would "pursue the search."

Exactly what happened to Binx over there in Korea? Or what is it that happens to him when he is driving his M.G.? We are never told directly. Binx never comes up with clear-cut formulations about himself or others. He is an intent observer, and maybe that is enough to explain his reactions. He watches pedestrians as he drives, observes how invisible he becomes to them; they notice his car but not him. Or he is walking up Royal Street, in the French Quarter, on his way to Canal Street, and whom should he see but William Holden? To be a seeker is, above all things, to keep one's eye

on both Holden and those who, one by one, recognize him. Percy has a fine time setting the scene for Holden's walk by describing the tourist-filled French Quarter: people on a honeymoon, people trying to break out of "the trap" for a while, people marking an important occasion in their lives and, alas, falling into one more trap—the all too standardized "tour" of New Orleans, the routine "walk" through the Garden District, the "combination package" that travel agencies set up.

Holden walking down the street becomes twentieth-century America—our values, our idols—exerting its power upon a number of men and women, most of whom do the predictable: become awestruck, surrender whatever authority they may on other occasions possess. But Percy has a young couple resist the inclination to surrender. When these two spot Holden, they, too, are excited; but the young man keeps his cool, and when Holden asks others for a match, and they are too flustered even to reply, the youth "holds out a light, nods briefly to Holden's thanks, then passes on without a flicker of recognition." Holden won't let that end it, though. He catches up, talks briefly with them, comments on the weather, and then they separate. "The boy has done it!" Binx exclaims. What has he done? A little more than meet William Holden, or even help the man out in a nonchalant manner: "He has won title to his own existence, as plenary an existence now as Holden's, by refusing to be stampeded like the ladies from Hattiesburg."

THE articles Percy had been writing come to mind constantly as one goes through "The Moviegoer."

His philosophical preoccupations are taken up and lived out by Binx. Kierkegaard declared us all victims of "everydayness;" only briefly do we "escape," find ourselves aware and "really alive." He referred to "the aesthetic stage," not necessarily a sensual life but one that moves along from "experience" to "experience"—here a "rotation" (Kierkegaard's term for a sudden change in one's life or habits), there a moment of nostalgia, a flash of excitement in the presence of William Holden or Mayor A, Senator B—and, eventually, to the last breath. However, some people move into quite another kind of life—"the ethical stage." They gain enough "title" to themselves, as Percy would put it, to be capable of sustained direction; they may not be sovereign lords of their entire household (Kierkegaard uses the image of the house), but they are not in and out, strangers at their own address. They have settled down; rather than wander over highways and byways, they go from room to room, trying to figure out what the house might best be used for, who should live in it, and so on.

To all outward appearances, Binx knows, such people might well be mistaken for ladies or gentlemen from Hattiesburg. But they have a firm sense of place (their place in the universe), and they feel a firm commitment to live up to the responsibility of a good householder: to respect and love those who share the domicile with them; to be ethically bound to others—the near and not so near neighbors. Binx well knows that for such people "everydayness" is still present—in his words, "a fog of uneasiness, a thin gas of malaise." William Holden may for a mo-



ment shake up even the Hattiesburg ladies: what must it be like to live his kind of life, they ask themselves after he has left—and what kind of life are we, in contrast, living? But soon they have lost even that tenuous hold on themselves. The fog blinds them. The gas gets to them. They are utterly unconscious, though by every medical or psychiatric criterion they are thoroughly conscious. “Ah, William Holden, we already need you again,” says Binx a few moments after the actor has vanished.

The man who is able to see, and talk to, himself as Binx does is in more jeopardy than he, or the reader, may realize. Binx has taken an implicit satisfaction in noticing others, keeping track of the foibles and idiosyncrasies, the guile, deception, and pretense they demonstrate, the thick web of illusion they spin for themselves. But the canny, knowing outsider, the aware observer, the ironist, the man who uses the “everydayness” of others as a means of getting a rotation or two himself, can also be the man who has nothing of his own. If others are blind, he has only the vision of their blindness. In a luminous moment, Binx observes, “My exile in Gentilly has been the worst kind of self-deception.” It is a thought buried in the exile’s narrative. We are apt to glide over it, hungry for more of his sharp observations—in the case of Eddie Lovell and his wife, Nell (who is a cousin of Binx’s), the “bright texture of investments, family projects, lovely old houses, little theater readings and such.”

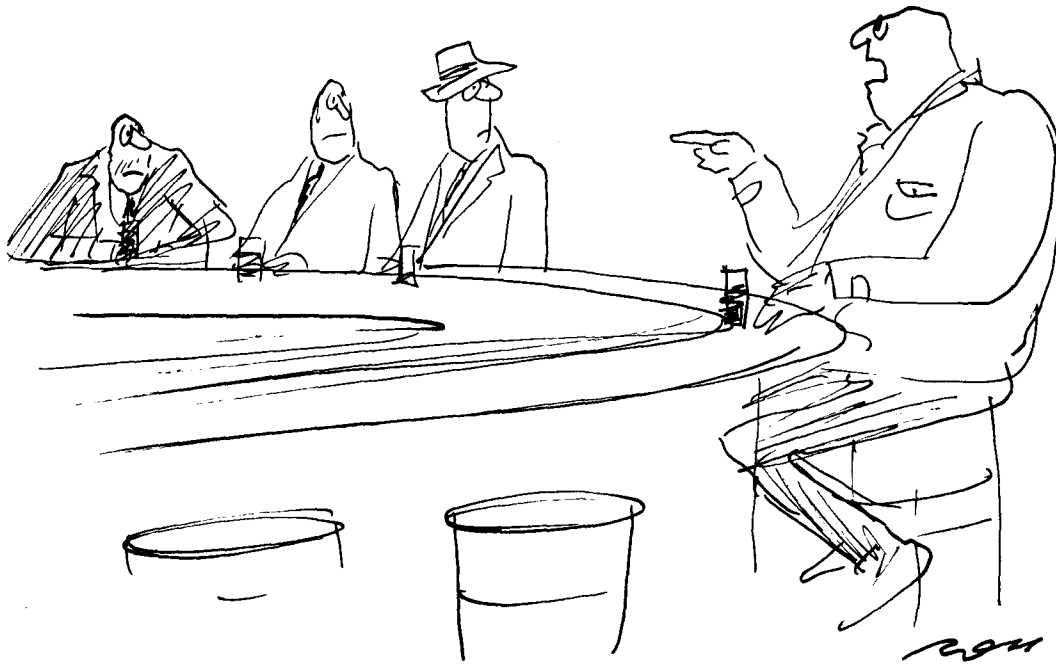
At certain points in the novel, a didactic intent appears, but never eruptively. The reader is free to glide through and beyond, simply enjoying a

witty and charming Binx as he recalls his past or makes his clever appraisals: “Until recent years, I read only ‘fundamental’ books, that is, key books on key subjects, such as *War and Peace*, the novel of novels; *A Study of History*, the solution of the problem of time; Schroedinger’s *What is Life?*, Einstein’s *The Universe as I See It*, and such. During those years I stood outside the universe and sought to understand it. I lived in my room as an Anyone living Anywhere and read fundamental books and only for diversion took walks around the neighborhood and saw an occasional movie. Certainly it did not matter to me where I was when I read such a book as *The Expanding Universe*. The greatest success of this enterprise, which I call my vertical search, came one night when I sat in a hotel room in Birmingham and read a book called *The Chemistry of Life*. When I finished it, it seemed to me that the main goals of my search were reached or were in principle reachable, whereupon I went out and saw a movie called *It Happened One Night* which was itself very good. A memorable night. The only difficulty was that though the universe had been disposed of, I myself was left over. There I lay in my hotel room with my search over yet still obliged to draw one breath and then the next. But now I have undertaken a different kind of search, a horizontal search. As a consequence, what takes place in my room is less important. What is important is what I shall find when I leave my room and wander in the neighborhood. Before, I wandered as a diversion. Now I wander seriously and sit and read as a diversion.”

In that paragraph one finds allu-

sions to Kierkegaard’s life and thinking; a bit of self-representation on the part of the novelist; and a significant movement forward for the novel, all tucked into the flow of Binx’s narrative voice—folksy, sly in its humor, as serious as can be, but never portentous. Before Kierkegaard, before Christ, there were the Stoics; and before Binx there was his stoic aunt—actually, his great-aunt, who is sixty-five, clearheaded, and farsighted. Binx remembers her words—her testimony, really, for it is an inheritance he is asked to accept and pass on: “I don’t quite know what we’re doing on this insignificant cinder spinning away in a dark corner of the universe. That is a secret which the high gods have not confided in me. Yet one thing I believe and I believe it with every fibre of my being. A man must live by his lights and do what little he can and do it as best he can. In this world goodness is destined to be defeated. But a man must go down fighting. That is the victory. To do anything less is to be less than a man.”

In the shadow of such a “cultural inheritance,” Binx conducts his “experiments.” He angles roguishly for relief from his boredom. He experiences disgust with the superficiality, the phoniness, he sees everywhere. He tries to do something quite complicated and ambitious—not only to rid himself of the world’s ugliness, including his particular contribution to it, but also to find an alternative that his own scrutinizing, occasionally cynical or corrupted eye will not immediately reject. Percy is no student of the film, but he knows what the movies can become for a person, even as he uses them as an instrument in his principal charac-



*"You, you, and you over there! Start singing
'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!'"*

ter's "search." Throughout the novel, Binx struggles to assume responsibility for his fantasies—to turn them to some account in life, rather than run from them or flirt with them intermittently. He shuns personal possessions. He distrusts everyone—especially himself. He uses the streets of New Orleans, the homes he visits, his office, and, of course, the movie houses as endless sources of distraction. He is the man who wanders, wonders, worries, who seems to slip away from any sustained involvement, yet to be ever watchful of people.

Kate is for Binx more than a relative or a friend; she is distraught, and, in a sense, more honest than he, not because he lies and she tells the truth but because she is not at all devious and he is enormously agile and spirited. His despair is the unwitting kind that Kierkegaard mentioned—hence the quotation that precedes the novel: "The specific character of despair is precisely this: it is unaware of being despair." Kate sees Dr. Merle Mink, the first but not the last psychiatrist whom Percy has smiled at with mixed respect and skepticism. Kate clearly needs the man's assistance, and gets it; yet there is a limit to what office visits can do. Anyway, Kate is fine when she is talking to the doctor, and fine when there is a tangible difficulty to face. Her despair comes in response to those interludes between emergencies, crises, illnesses, disasters. If nothing at all is "wrong," if there is only today, tomor-

row, the next day—each pleasant, ordinary, and unremarkable—then Kate is likely to think of suicide. (Binx never does—even as an intellectual exercise.) It can be good when a "suicidal impulse" comes to the mind's surface, however—as Kate tells Binx. It reminds her that she is alive, after all, and is "free" to continue her life. We are reminded of Camus's essays on freedom, choice, and suicide, and Sartre's somewhat similar preoccupations.

One's mind can trick itself with endless diversions; it can, for instance, muster up a formidable array of ideas, propositions, and theories and use them rather as the alienated commuter does—to convince oneself that one has a "valid purpose" in life. Binx diverts himself by smiling indulgently at, or running away in panic from, the goings on he witnesses. In contrast, Kate is almost completely self-absorbed. Her seriousness is edgy; at any moment she might throw up her hands and call it quits. But at least she does not pretend to a search. She is buffeted by the dreary small things of life, and has never thought of moving away from them. When they are held off by a disaster, she is in fine shape. When they bear down relentlessly on her, she begins to crumble. She hasn't become "alienated," but neither has she felt the need for rotations or repetitions, for hilarious or antic excursions, for cleverly self-indulgent philosophical ruminations. She has not taken to scribbling her thoughts in

notebooks, as Binx occasionally does, and certainly she doesn't take herself through his phenomenological paces, however disguised or dramatized. When he self-consciously tells her about his "search," he becomes revealingly didactic: one learns things, he says; there is excitement. When she asks how and why, he becomes self-confident: "As you get deeper into the search, you unify. You understand more and more specimens by fewer and fewer formulae. There is the excitement. Of course you are always after the big one, the new key, the secret leverage point, and that is the best of it."

But the man who sees the vanities of others—the guile and self-deception they endlessly practice, always in the name of "living," making an "adjustment," doing the best one can in a "tough world"—

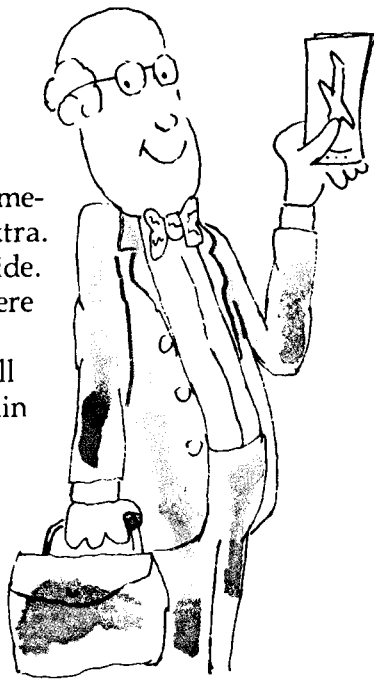
is himself subject to the temptation of pride and all that goes with it: smugness, immodesty, arrogance, and, ultimately, self-deception. Binx is wonderfully adept with Kate—with everyone, in fact. Others are blunt, demanding, upset, on the brink of tears or strained laughter or bluster. Binx is ever the knowing listener or speaker. And when Kate strikes out or moves near tears or worse, he measures his response like a master, and puts it across like the best of the actors he watches: "Therefore I take care to be no more serious than she." For too long, he escapes realizing not only the presumptuousness of his intellect but also the mortal danger his deftly resilient and occasionally exuberant manner places him in. Kate is *there*, vulnerable, as each day is: soon enough, the night. Binx is in danger of being everywhere and nowhere; he is fast of foot and quick on the draw, to the point where he escapes from not only all the lost souls he is so good at diagnosing, and the decent ones he recognizes as worth saving, but also himself.

Now and then, Binx briefly catches on to himself. He asks himself a shrewd question or two ("Does a scientifically minded person become a romantic because he is a left-over from his own science?"), and even stops and points a finger at himself: "I accept my exile." And goes further: "For some time now the impression has been growing upon me that everyone is dead." And further still, now with a lurch: "It is

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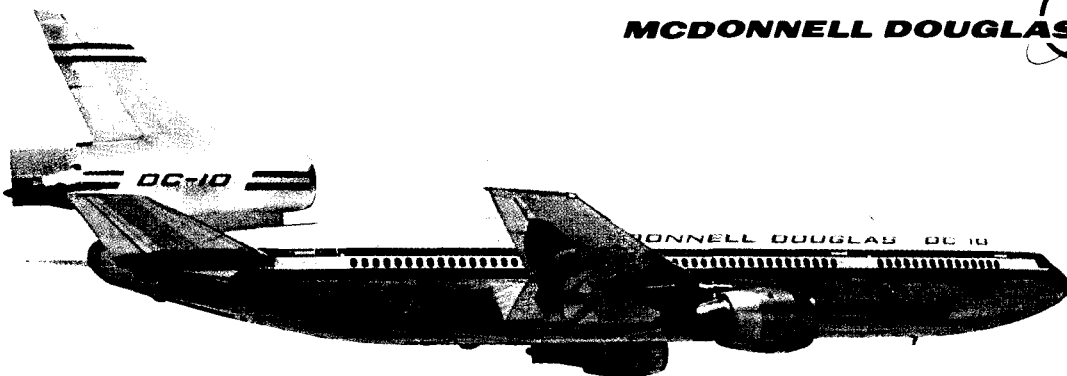
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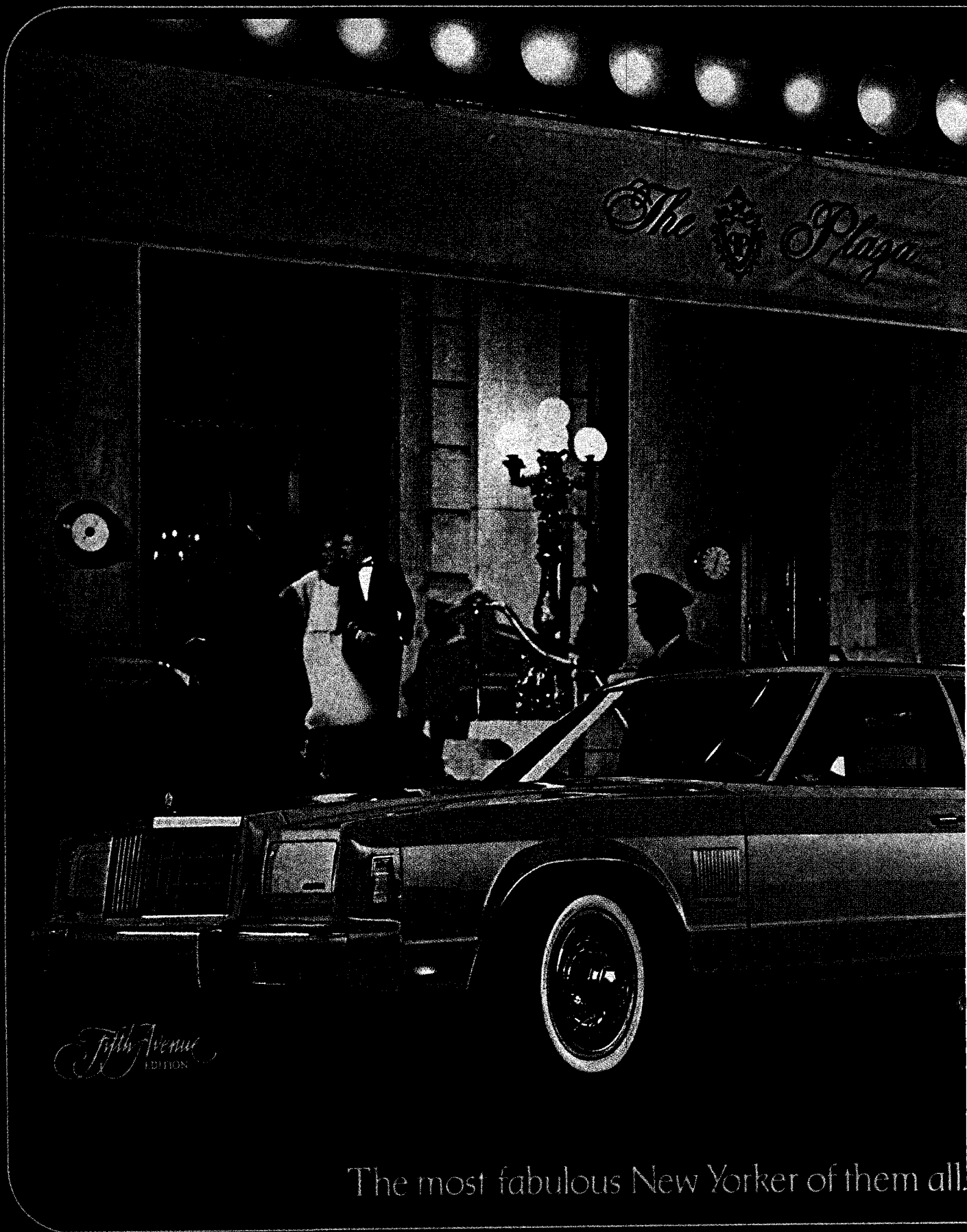
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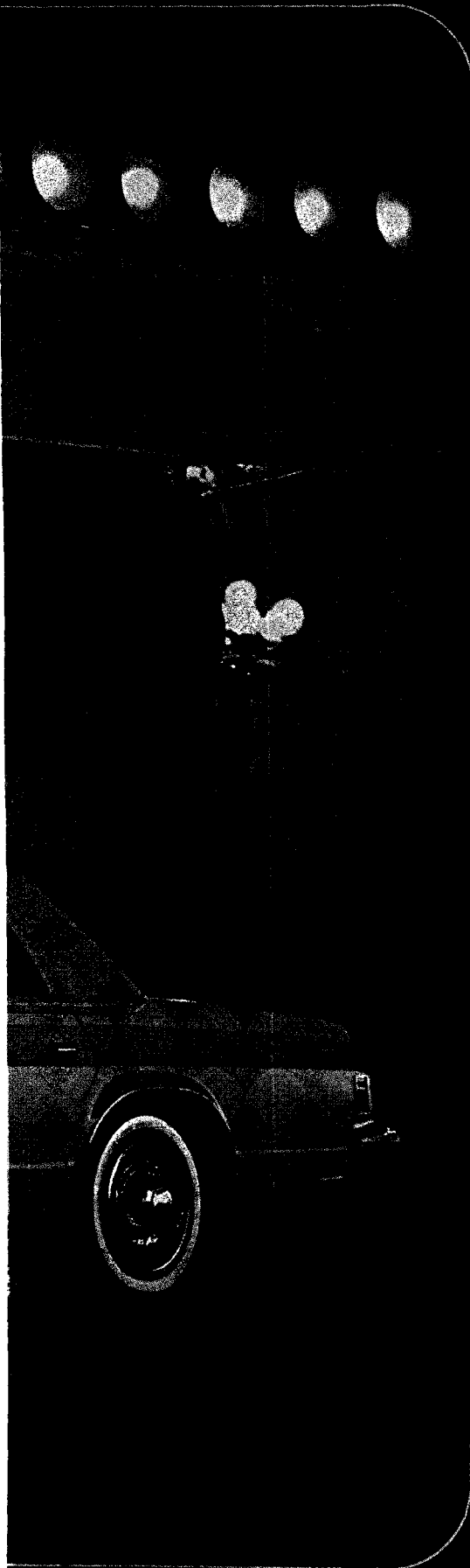


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not a bad thing to settle for the Little Way, not the big search for the big happiness but the sad little happiness of drinks and kisses, a good little car and a warm deep thigh." With that knowledge, he moves nearer to Kate, and also, paradoxically, nearer to all those whose lives he has scrutinized and, by implication, criticized so well:

The closer you get to the lake, the more expensive the houses are. Already the bungalows and duplexes and tiny ranch houses are behind me. Here are the fifty and sixty thousand dollar homes, fairly big moderns with dagger plants and Australian pines planted in brick boxes, and reproductions of French provincials and Louisiana colonials. The swimming pools steam like sleeping geysers. These houses look handsome in the sunlight; they please me with their pretty colors, their perfect lawns and their clean airy garages. But I have noticed that at this hour of dawn they are forlorn. A sadness settles over them like a fog from the lake.

Best, perhaps, to stay away from the lake, and from himself, too. The tension in the novel is the tension in Binx's life as he moves along on a search that at the same time he wants to undercut—or, worse, to size up all too exactly and thereby to thwart. His evasiveness is fuelled by his perceptiveness; psychiatrists could want no keener "level of awareness." The nearer he comes to the most important step a person can take—decide to exercise his freedom, make choices, and stand by them with commitment and intelligence—the more evasive he becomes: a cagey mind fights hard, perhaps unable to believe that, seeing so much, it can survive. The alternative to that step is obvious: hold back; keep the world at a distance; continue the endless sophisticated analysis of things; smile to oneself often; watch Gregory Peck do his stuff on the screen, and watch the people in the theatre get their kicks, the relief that is no relief at all, a shot in the arm that is gone in no time.

BINX has a half brother named Lonnie, who is fourteen, quite small for his age, and in a wheelchair: sick, deformed, in many respects not only vulnerable but helpless. Ironically, it is Lonnie who brings out Binx's vulnerability. They are comrades as well as brothers. There are elements of both Dmitri and Ivan Karamazov in Binx, though he is never as haunted as Dostoevski's characters—maybe it is too late for that, or maybe Americans have their own ways of being haunted. But Binx can be hungrily sensuous, and he can be very much the philosopher-theologian. He does not shake his fists at

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.

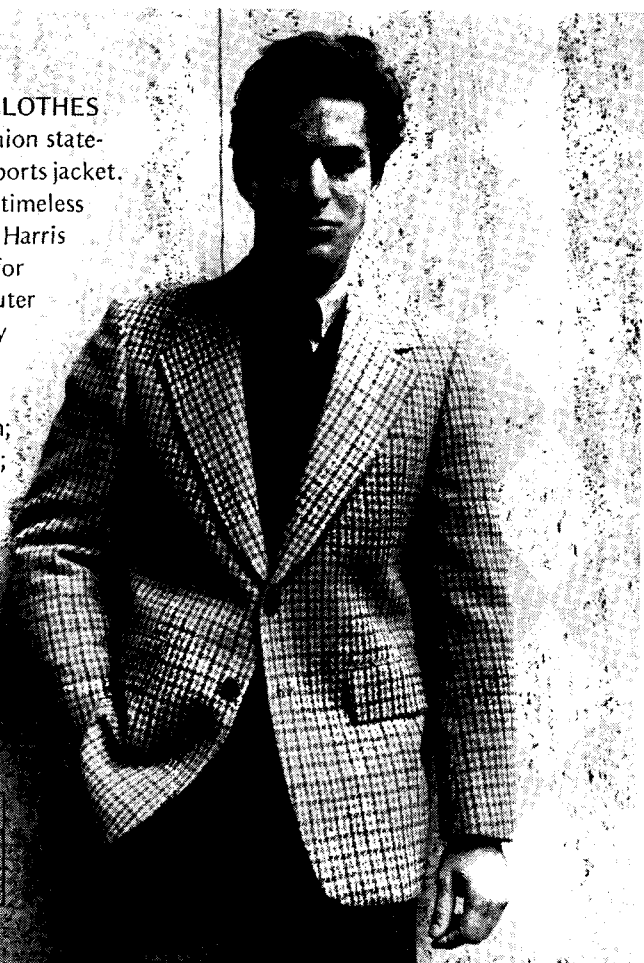


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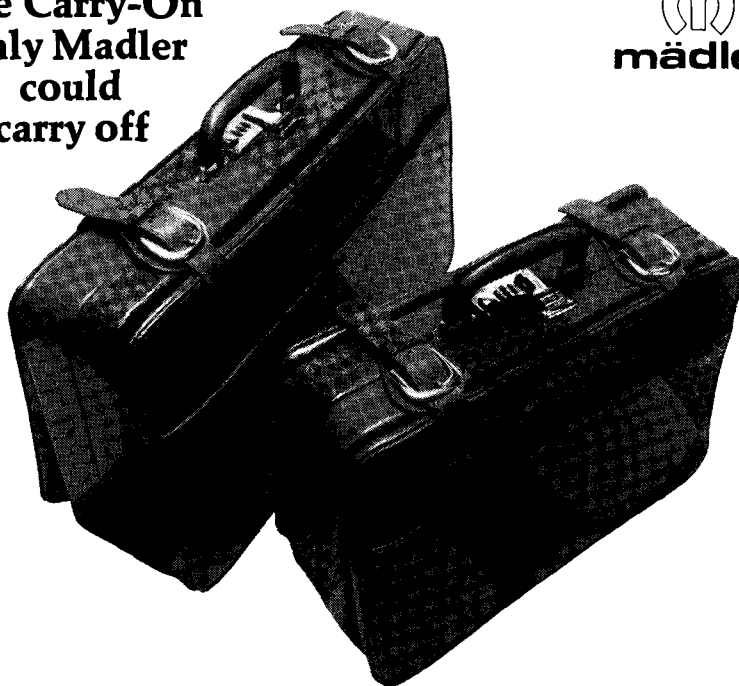
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the universe, but sometimes a sneer, a smirk, or even a daring wink will do. (Although Percy, familiar with Dos-toevski, no doubt drew upon all the Karamazovs as he thought about his novel, there is a minor child character, Ilusha, whom Percy had specifically in mind when he constructed Lonnie. Like Lonnie, Ilusha is an invalid, beloved of his family, and he dies at the end of "The Brothers Karamazov.")

When Binx drops in on his mother and her children, one of whom is Lonnie, the reader has gone through half of "The Moviegoer" and may well be wondering whether there is any hope at all for Binx. Percy could have followed Sartre and Camus: let Binx go through the doubts and agonies generated by his mind's effort to make sense of what, at rock bottom, it believes to be senseless—our brief stay on this earth. But Binx has an antic side that distinguishes him from European existentialist writers and their characters; he can joke, or simply sit back and seem relaxed and amused by a world he has scrutinized through and through. He is rather removed from people, however. Their foibles feed him, in a way—keep his mind active—but he is alone: the secretaries come and go. Only when he is with Lonnie does his guard come down. They love each other, though not in any persistent or demonstrative way; their affection is mutually understood, though Lonnie does need affirmation of it occasionally.

Binx and Lonnie can go to see "Fort Dobbs" at the Moonlite Drive-In, a few miles up from the Gulf Coast, in deserted pine barrens, and enjoy not only Clint Walker riding alone under the enormous Western sky but also each other's company. One of Binx's girl friends is there, and he likes being with her, too, but it is clear that Lonnie is the one who draws him out, makes him seem, for the first time, less odd, less wrapped up in himself. No one else in his family—certainly not his mother, his stepfather, his half sisters, or, on his dead father's side, his great-aunt—seems able to reach him, though from behind the protection of his polite, genial, obliging manner he misses little. And, of course, that side of Binx gives the author a chance to be a wonderfully entertaining observer and storyteller; we get fine accounts of a Mass in a Biloxi church, an egret lifting itself into the air, the varieties of seafood that a certain kind of Gulf Coast family hankers after, the expressions such people use ("This is your mother

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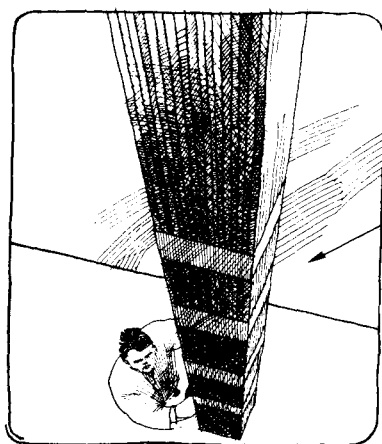
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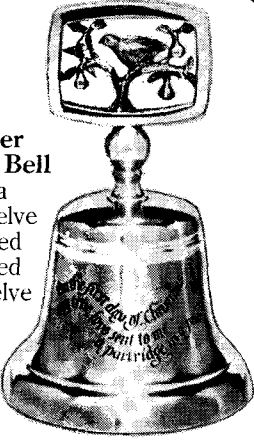
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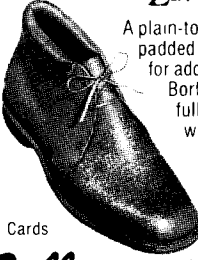
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you're talking to and not one of your little hotsy-totsies"). At one point, Binx's mother looks at him and Lonnie, and says, "Now aren't those two a case?" She can't figure out why her two sons are so strangely playful with each other. They talk about religion. They play games with Lonnie's wheelchair. But, most confusing to her, they kid one another. Binx pretends he is an evil marauder, going after Lonnie, who, sitting in his wheelchair, loves playing the helpless, terrified victim, as in an Akim Tamiroff movie. "During my last year in college," Binx observes, "I discovered that I was picking up the mannerisms of Akim Tamiroff, the only useful thing, in fact, that I learned in the entire four years."

WHEN Binx leaves Lonnie and is back in New Orleans, he is more sarcastic and cynical than ever: a clue, perhaps—he is lonelier than ever, because he has left someone he really touches and is touched by. We now realize that he is not at all a Meursault, who is eerily calm, unfailingly detached, a man puzzled by all those who think that what they say or do matters very much. Sam Yerger, an old friend, awaits Binx on this return. By the time Binx gets through ruminating about his friend and others like him, we can see that the "malaise" has not quite consumed its victim. "There is very little sin in the depths of the malaise," Binx states elsewhere. He also observes, "The highest moment of a malaisian's life can be that moment when he manages to sin like a proper human." At that moment, one at least makes an affirmation of a kind: I am a human being, and willing to take my stand as such—to sin. Roquentin can only ponder suicide as a way of exerting his freedom, showing himself that he does, after all, have some authority that is *his*. In contrast, Binx flexes himself through mischief.

The novel moves to its climax only at the very end. A low-key confrontation takes place between Binx and his great-aunt, with the latter doing almost all the talking. Kate has been increasingly distracted. Binx has spent more and more time with her. They went to Chicago together. Having done so, they stand accused in the aunt's eyes. And she is right. They are indeed drawing closer together, and will soon be married. The aunt lectures Binx somewhat sternly, and as she does she manages to convey her own aristocratic, stoic philosophy. She feels betrayed by someone she thought a compatriot: "All these years I have been assuming that

between us words mean roughly the same thing, that among certain people, gentlefolk I don't mind calling them, there exists a set of meanings held in common, that a certain manner and a certain grace come as naturally as breathing. At the great moments of life—success, failure, marriage, death—our kind of folks have always possessed a native instinct for behavior, a natural piety or grace, I don't mind calling it."

At one point, Aunt Emily throws caution to the winds:

I'll make you a little confession. I am not ashamed to use the word class. I will also plead guilty to another charge. The charge is that people belonging to my class think they're better than other people. You're damn right we're better. We're better because we do not shirk our obligations either to ourselves or to others. We do not whine. We do not organize a minority group and blackmail the government. We do not prize mediocrity for mediocrity's sake. Oh I am aware that we hear a great many flattering things nowadays about your great common man—you know, it has always been revealing to me that he is perfectly content so to be called, because that is exactly what he is: the common man and when I say common I mean common as hell. Our civilization has achieved a distinction of sorts. It will be remembered not for its technology nor even its wars but for its novel ethos. Ours is the only civilization in history which has enshrined mediocrity as its national ideal. Others have been corrupt, but leave it to us to invent the most undistinguished of corruptions. No orgies, no blood running in the street, no babies thrown off cliffs. No, we're sentimental people and we horrify easily. True, our moral fiber is rotten. Our national character stinks to high heaven. But we are kinder than ever. No prostitute ever responded with a quicker spasm of sentiment when our hearts are touched. Nor is there anything new about thievery, lewdness, lying, adultery. What is new is that in our time liars and thieves and whores and adulterers wish also to be congratulated and are congratulated by the great public, if their confession is sufficiently psychological or strikes a sufficiently heartfelt and authentic note of sincerity. Oh, we are sincere. I do not deny it. I don't know anybody nowadays who is not sincere.

After Aunt Emily's speech, those two relatives of hers who so disappoint her let us know quickly that silence will now more than likely prevail. No long speeches from either in reply to her. Once their sort of commitment has been made—it is a shared loving-kindness in the face of the obvious difficulties each offers to the other—words become unnecessary, maybe misleading. The French philosopher Gabriel Marcel speaks of the need for us to go from the concrete to the abstract and back to the concrete: we are in a

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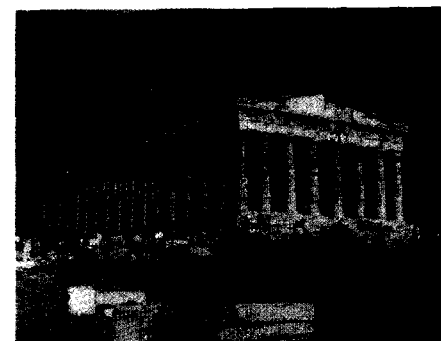
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certain situation—we want to know who we are and whither we are going; we use our heads to find answers to those questions, hence ideas get spelled out; at some moment we find the beginning of an answer, a direction; then we must set out, and the journey is not to be mistaken for the maps, charts, manuals, and books that tell us about the journey.

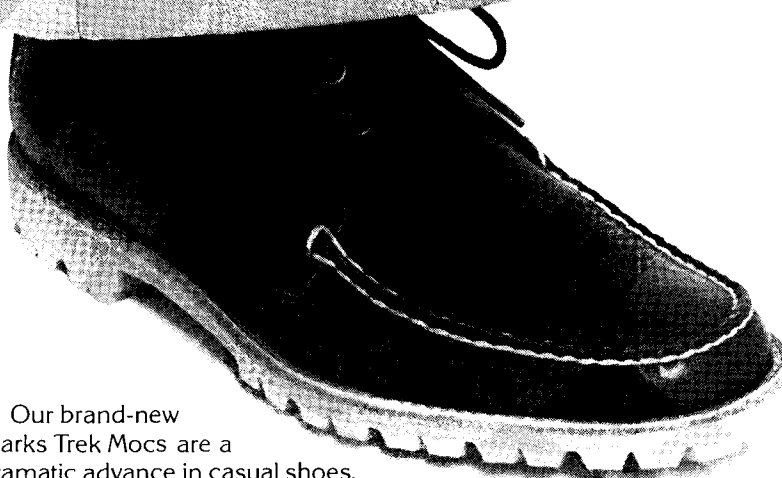
“As for my search, I have not the inclination to say much on the subject,” Binx says. “For one thing, I have not the authority, as the great Danish philosopher declared, to speak of such matters in any way other than the edifying. For another thing, it is not open to me even to be edifying, since the time is later than his, much too late to edify or do much of anything except plant a foot in the right place as the opportunity presents itself.” That said, there can be only a few pages left of “The Moviegoer.”

Percy wants to make sure that we connect Kate and Lonnie in our minds, so in an epilogue he has Binx tell us that with Kate, and at her behest, he went to see Lonnie just before he died. The fatal disease had badly ravaged the boy, yet he was calm and loving, at peace. And Binx is at peace, too. He has no “answers,” and we are given to know, quite clearly, that though he will go to medical school, he will by no means be spared the anxiety, if not outright despair, he has for so long been running from or managing not to look at. Kate, now his wife, is still upon occasion suicidal. He has not lost his vagueness, which forms such a cover for the utterly precise and all-important questions he asks himself. He will, now with Kate, keep on looking and asking.

One suspects that the couple will perhaps go to the movies a bit less. And certainly Binx will no longer have the time to be quite so intent an onlooker: there is a wife to be with, a lot of work for him to do, now that, in his thirties, he has undertaken a shift of occupation. It is fairly clear that, in Kierkegaard's scheme of things, Binx is no longer responding “aesthetically” to life but has moved to “the ethical stage.” Percy has Binx mention “the great Danish philosopher,” and Percy's critics have taken the cue—though Kierkegaard's categories are hard ones to use for those who write or analyze novels. The shift from one “stage” to another cannot be turned into an opportunity for dramatic presentation or wordy explication, because in many respects the person appears the same after he has made such a shift; even “the leap of faith,” that



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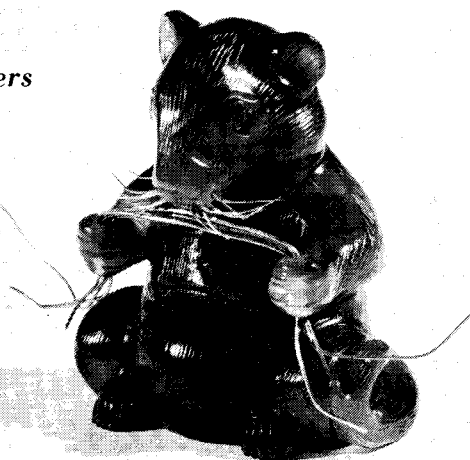
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final "movement" of Kierkegaard's, is described by him (in "Fear and Trembling") as something inward and ineffable.

The last pages of the novel give us a clue to Binx's "nature," along with a description of his occasional gloom. Kate tells him that she heard him talking with Aunt Emily. She can't understand why he didn't tell her of their intention to be married. "You idiot," she says—not with rancor but with a bit of confusion, a bit of affection. At another point, just before he and Kate are married, Binx has this to say: "For a long time I have secretly hoped for the end of the world and believed with Kate and my aunt and Sam Yerger and many other people that only after the end could the few who survive creep out of their holes and discover themselves to be themselves and live as merrily as children among the viny ruins." This comes across as one of many offhand yet intensely serious comments Binx is capable of making. But the author of "Love in the Ruins"—Percy's third novel—knows how often the philosophers he admires have speculated in a similar vein: the world seems bent on destroying itself, yet here and there individuals seem impressively resilient and thoughtful. One day, those few may be given a new chance: a rather apocalyptic version of Tillich's "new being." As for Binx's being an "idiot," the author of "The Last Gentleman"—Percy's second novel—would take that description quite seriously: from Binx Bolling we move to Williston Bibb Barrett, and though Binx is referred to as an "idiot," Billy Barrett behaves persistently like the kind of "idiot" Dostoevski brought to our attention a century ago.

"THE LAST GENTLEMAN" was published in 1966; the five-year interval between the first novel and the second is a measure of how seriously Percy took his new profession of novelist. In those five years, he published little else: no more philosophical essays—only a piece or two about the South, and a charming review of Richard Hughes' "The Fox in the Attic" for the *Sewanee Review*. The result was a substantially longer novel, though with a plot even harder to describe in terms of chronological events. One can say, roughly, that "The Last Gentleman" tells of Billy Barrett's association with the Vaughnts, a Southern family he has met by chance in New York City—his Gentilly. When the Vaughnts move back South, Billy Barrett follows, taking various detours. His

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life becomes very much tied to theirs, and, rather soon, he falls in love with Kitty Vaught. He also becomes a continuing presence, literally and in Marcel's sense of the word, to Kitty's brother Jamie, who is dying of leukemia, and to her older brother, Sutter.

Billy Barrett is not quite another Binx Bolling, but there are strong resemblances. Once again, a young man seems to be adrift; this "gentleman" is twenty-five rather than twenty-nine, but he makes up in experience what he lacks in age. Binx found his "underground" on the other side of New Orleans, and while there moved from one movie house to another, recording his observations. Billy Barrett ventures farther afield. From Mississippi, his birthplace, he goes to New York, by way of Princeton, and before

we are through he has wandered up and down the East Coast, through the South, and out to New Mexico. All along, he struggles with the same questions that Binx could not avoid asking: There is a world out there, people and more people; I am curious about them, but why am I so disconnected from them? What am I to do—if anything?

Again, as in "The Moviegoer," we have as an epigraph a brief quotation from Kierkegaard, this one from "Either/Or": "If a man cannot forget, he will never amount to much." In addition, there is a longer quotation, from Romano Guardini's "The End of the Modern World":

We know now that the modern world is coming to an end... at the same time, the unbeliever will emerge from the fogs of secularism. He will cease to reap benefit from the values and forces developed by the very Revelation he denies... Loneliness in faith will be terrible. Love will disappear from the face of the public world, but the more precious will be that love which flows from one lonely person to another... The world to come will be filled with animosity and danger, but it will be a world open and clean.

And again, though the narration is now in the third person, there is the quiet, brief opening sentence that can lead the reader anywhere: "One fine day in early summer a young man lay thinking in Central Park." A novel's first sentence means more to Percy than it may to some other writers; he labors over it at great length, and somehow it sets the stage for the entire novel. "In the first sentence, I establish a situation—here is a person

who has had *this* happen to him, or is over *there*; now let's see what happens to him," Percy told me. By "happens" he means not only the novelist's traditional regard for action—for an unfolding plot—but a metaphysical sequence: Barrett as yet another version of Marcel's *Homo spectans*, and, ultimately, as a man literally running fast to catch up and be with another person. Beside Barrett in the Park stands a symbol of his "situation"—a large and expensive telescope. He uses it to scan the sky and to look at people. Percy's



tone as a narrator draws the reader gradually toward Barrett; strange and eccentric, he nevertheless becomes a believable person, who is not crazy, not bizarre, not a man with a schizoid, voyeuristic personality, not the grotesque become

a moment's entertainment. He is thoroughly likable and interesting, and, very important, he has a way of striking familiar chords: his moments of awkwardness or confusion remind us of similar experiences we've had.

Barrett finds life trying. In childhood, he experienced "spells;" they are called episodes of *déjà vu*. Percy doesn't define a clinical syndrome, nor does he really tell us why Barrett suffers these periods of distraction and amnesia. But, if we are to believe Kierkegaard, this extraordinarily forgetful young Southerner was destined, even as a child, to amount to something—and, in fact, upon "coming to," is often Guardini's post-modern man: solitary and lonely, very much inclined to sift through and reject existing pieties, and to struggle, with disarming innocence, for his own psychological and philosophical territory. "What happened anyhow was that even when he was a child and was sitting in the kitchen watching D'lo snap beans or make beaten biscuits, there came over him as it might come over a sorrowful old man the strongest sense that it had all happened before and that something else was going to happen and when it did he would know the secret of his own life," the author tells us. "Things seemed to turn white and dense and time itself became freighted with an unspeakable emotion. Sometimes he 'fell out' and would wake up hours later, in his bed, refreshed but still haunted." Later on, Barrett has out-and-out amnesia attacks. Yet, with apologies to Kierkegaard and Guardini (and Marcel and Heidegger), here is

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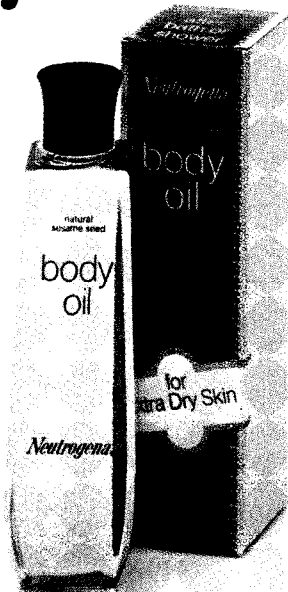
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what happens when the attacks are over: "Much of the time he was like a man who has just crawled out of a bombed building. Everything looked strange. Such a predicament, however, is not altogether a bad thing. Like the sole survivor of a bombed building, he had no second-hand opinions and he could see things afresh."

Percy becomes satirical when he portrays the sophisticated world of the Northeast. He wants to show that the worries that send people to psychiatrists or prompt a whole range of fads are not the worries that plague this "last gentleman" of his: that Barrett can face almost any disaster or threat that comes his way, can shrug off whatever "neurotic problem" he and his ever so serious psychoanalyst, Dr. Gamow, happen to examine, but doesn't quite know how to face "the prospect of living through an ordinary Wednesday morning." Barrett is a "humidification engineer." He, too, is an "underground man": Macy's subbasement is where his working hours are spent. Boredom is all around him, and nothing that any psychoanalyst or group therapist says can take away his open recognition of it: he sees all too clearly the same "everydayness" that Binx tries through various stratagems to escape. But Barrett, through the *déjà vu*, does manage to find a period of release. He is transported back in time, or he simply finds himself someplace—he knows not where—with a consequent heightened responsiveness to the world. Who am I and where did I come from and where am I headed? This is what he asks—the "castaway" Percy wrote about in an earlier philosophical article.

Barrett is amiable, funny, and charming, and at all times he seems available—the man who has freed himself of obligations, and so is able to look at the world with the fewest reservations or prior (and inhibiting) commitments. When his psychoanalyst tries—he has done so for years—to *confront* Barrett, to get him to shape up and respond as other patients do, the result is a hilarious collision of two quite different temperaments. The doctor has a set way of understanding human nature, and wants to use it for the edification of his patient; thereby a "cure" will be effected. The patient remains true to Percy's characterization. He is a gentleman, and so responds with deference and tact: if that is what you say and want and aim at, Doctor, then fine, and I only wish I could be more helpful. The problem is that this particular gentleman, for all his evasive-

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ness and courtliness, feels strong questions gnawing at him. Are people hollow, he wonders. Is *everything* becoming contaminated, to the point where a whole civilization is dying, even as the air is foul, the countryside not inviting but a menace? And what is worth believing, once a psychoanalysis is over and "group skills" have been mastered? And so on and on.

Barrett has put in five years with Dr. Gamow and Macy's. The point of the novel is to pick him up as he decides to cut himself loose from that life and embark upon a search as unconscious as it is persistent. Percy has a wonderful time arranging the young man's meeting with the Vaughts, then moving him along: from Manhattan through New Jersey and Pennsylvania into Levittown; then on down South, through the Virginia tidewater and over to Alabama and Mississippi; and thence across Texas to New Mexico. Through Barrett's eyes (aided from time to time by the lens of his telescope), the obsessions and pretensions of mid-twentieth-century American secular society, and its earnest, decent side as well, are seen. To a degree, "The Last Gentleman" is the familiar novel of social observation: a character of broad sensibility, both serious and with a sense of humor, travels across a country; the various experiences he has, the accidents and incidents he encounters, enable the reader to glimpse what otherwise might go unnoticed. Percy describes Barrett as "peering into the faces of Georgians and Indians," and notes that he is as "alert as a cat." Not only Barrett's mind but his body has antennae out for almost everything, it seems. His heart gives "a big bump in his neck." His knee may jerk or leap, there is tingling, and once "his eyes twittered around under his eyeballs." His "sole gift," we are told, is "the knack of divining persons and situations." He is no Hegel, ready to fit everything that ever was or will be into a scheme of things. But he certainly takes in a lot, even if he does feel confused or on the verge of a spell. And he has been granted by the author the gift of periodic release from the "everydayness" that Binx Bolling fought so hard.

At times, some who use drugs or meditate at length feel that they have become much "more" than they usually are. They feel almost detached from the day-to-day realities we know so well that we don't think about them but simply submit to their demands. They feel lifted out of themselves: it

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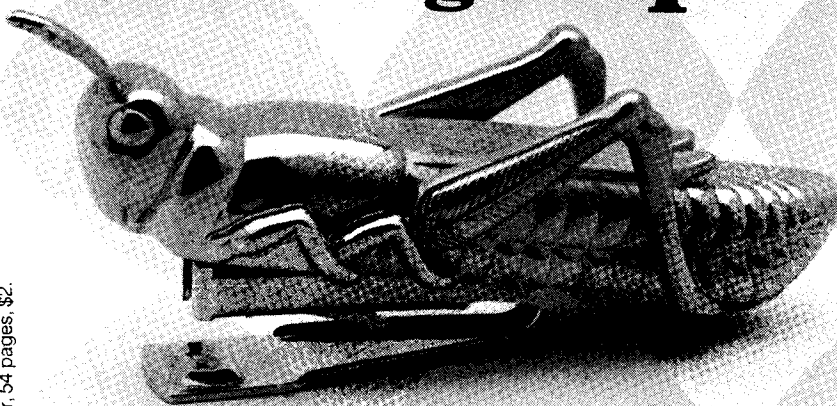
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is as if they had achieved a "moment" that is not like other moments—as if they were united with God, or a Universal Truth. But individuals like Barrett, far less self-conscious or determined in their pursuit of the sacred or the divine, are also capable of transcendence. Percy wants Barrett's sustained struggle to remind the rest of us of a moment or two we have had. Billy Barrett, in contrast to the rest of us, is a seer (even his psychiatrist senses that he is one). He also seems to have all the time in the world, and no great financial worries. And when he first finds himself in a New York hospital rather like the Columbia medical school (which Percy got to know well in the late thirties and early forties, when he was working for his M.D.), he is quickly "mistaken for a member of the staff." All through the novel, Barrett seems to blend into the particular situation he is also "divining."

Barrett is in no sense a mere eavesdropper, or a neutral observer of his fellow-man; he is a hurt and suffering man. There is about him—and the same goes for the narrative voice that sustains the novel—none of the self-confidence and moral assurance that satirists often possess. He finds himself in love with Kitty Vaught, yet he does not know how to settle down, live a life. For one thing, there are the attacks of amnesia. But, more important, he seems to float over the world, a being peculiarly transcendent amid people whose immanence he sizes up and tries to join, without any great success. In this regard, the Vaughts both help and frustrate him. They are there, responsive to him, but they are no match for his evasiveness. Mr. Vaught—brash, forceful, outgoing—is a Southern success story; he sells lots of cars. Mrs. Vaught never emerges as much of anything. She is the familiar fading Southern belle; not for her an independent thought, though she knows how to survive in her family's war of nerves—the bluffs and counter-bluffs, the implicit threats, the barely concealed bribes, and the unvarnished lies.

Jamie Vaught, who is somewhat like Binx's half brother, Lonnie, is fifteen and already quite ill when Barrett first meets him, in New York. He, rather than Barrett, is the one who holds the book together. Within the Vaught family, Jamie's condition inspires what Percy refers to as "the almost voluptuous intercourse of bad news." It is not that the Vaughts or their friends are sadistic or harbor death wishes toward Jamie. He is lovable: another

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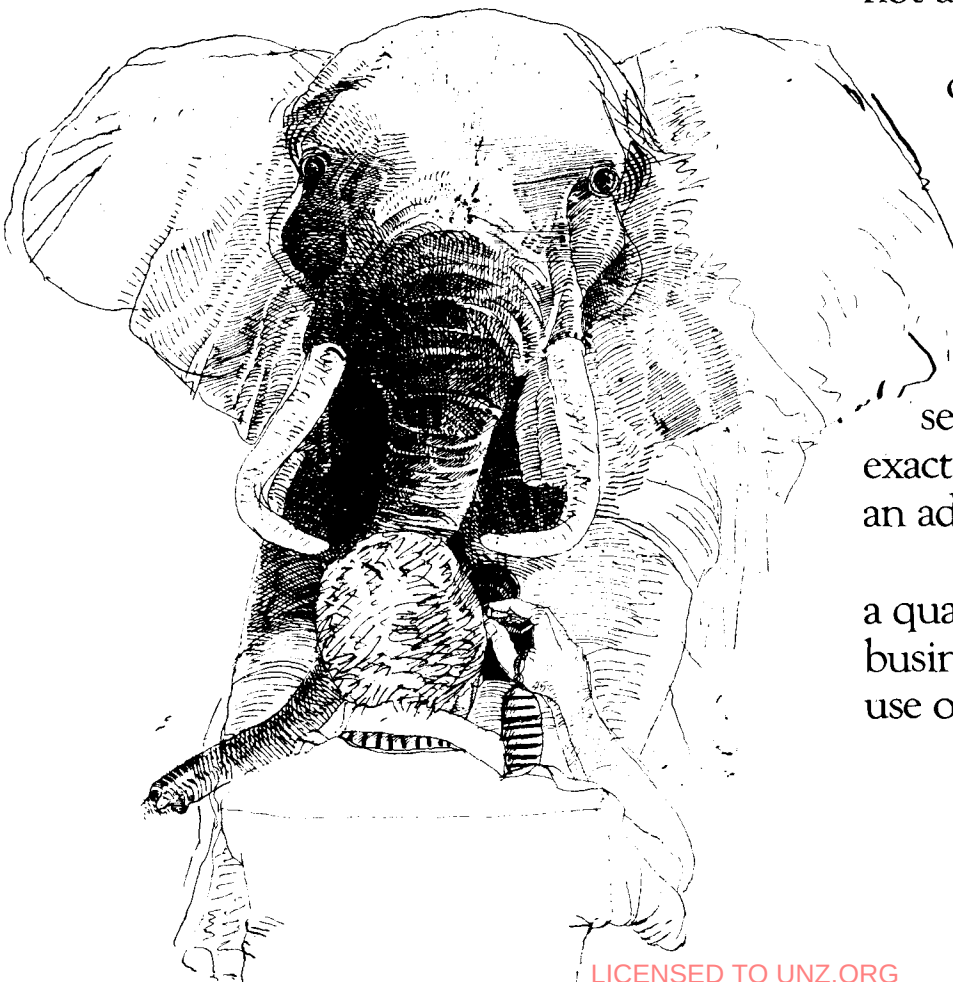
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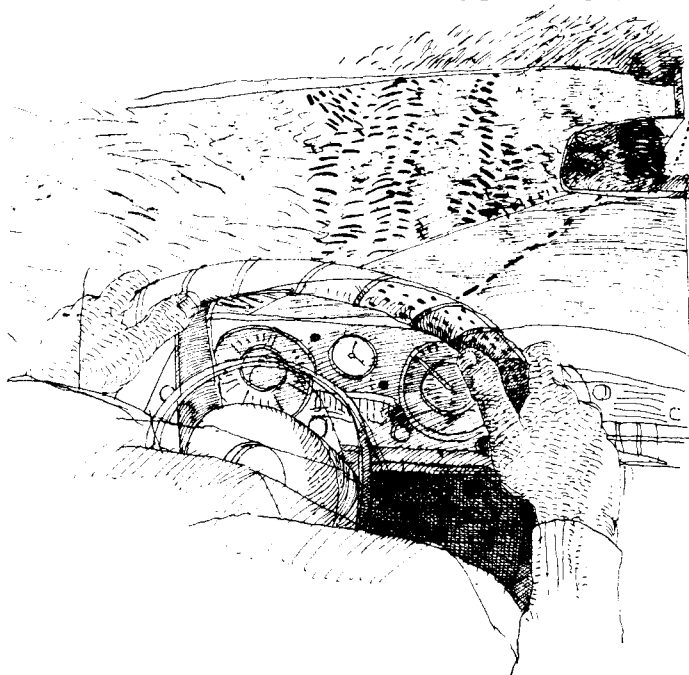
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of Percy's young innocents, another descendant of Ilusha in "The Brothers Karamazov." And he is indeed loved: loved by his parents, by his sister Kitty, and by his brother Sutter, a thirty-four-year-old physician, who is not unlike Ivan Karamazov in his ability to argue brilliantly against the author himself, to say nothing of the other characters; loved by Rita, Sutter's former wife; and by Val, an older sister, who is a nun in the Roman Catholic Church, to which, as a convert, she has dedicated her life. Nevertheless, people can gain rather a lot from the sight of misery and suffering, from an unexpected calamity, from an inexplicable disaster—when such things are experienced by others. Barrett comes upon a family very much in turmoil; Jamie's impending death makes those near him stop and think about themselves as well as about Jamie. "The Last Gentleman" is a chronicle of ascent and descent: Barrett's descent from the heights of his lofty (telescopic) vision toward the actual lives of others, among whom he finds himself increasingly present; Jamie's ascent toward the final, mysterious moment no one can comprehend but can only hope to pass through with some integrity; Sutter's descent from *his* heights, which are those of the loneliness of the man who uses abstract knowledge to keep himself removed from concrete involvement with others; and the ascent and descent of the rest of the Vaughts, whose humanity, in the tradition of existentialist thought, is enlarged by Jamie's death. Heidegger repeatedly emphasizes that it is man's nature not just to die, as animals do, but to know he is dying, to speak about his experience to others, to try to figure out (and prevail against) whatever it is that causes suffering and death.

"THE LAST GENTLEMAN" is one outcome of an ambitious effort to combine an interest in philosophical explication with the traditional requirements of the novel. If Percy had wanted to follow Proust, he might have tried to portray Barrett's mind: to circle around it, evoke it, indicate its workings, actually bring us into its midst. Barrett seems like a logical candidate for such an attempt. He is a version of twentieth-century man: taken up with science and social science, endlessly inquisitive, quite unsure of himself, and without any real beliefs—a wanderer, physically and spiritually rootless to the point where at times he can remember nothing of his past and



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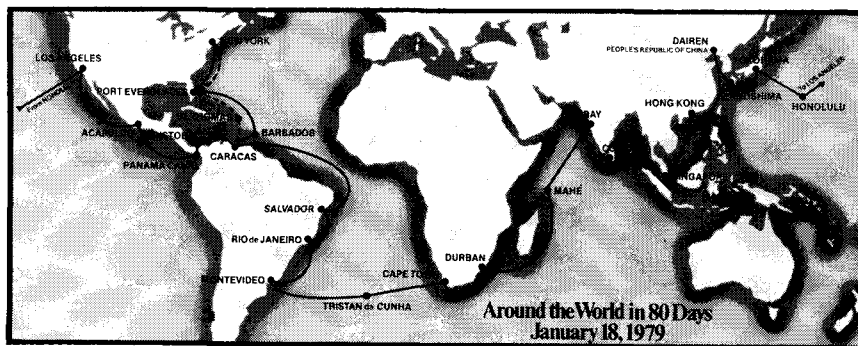
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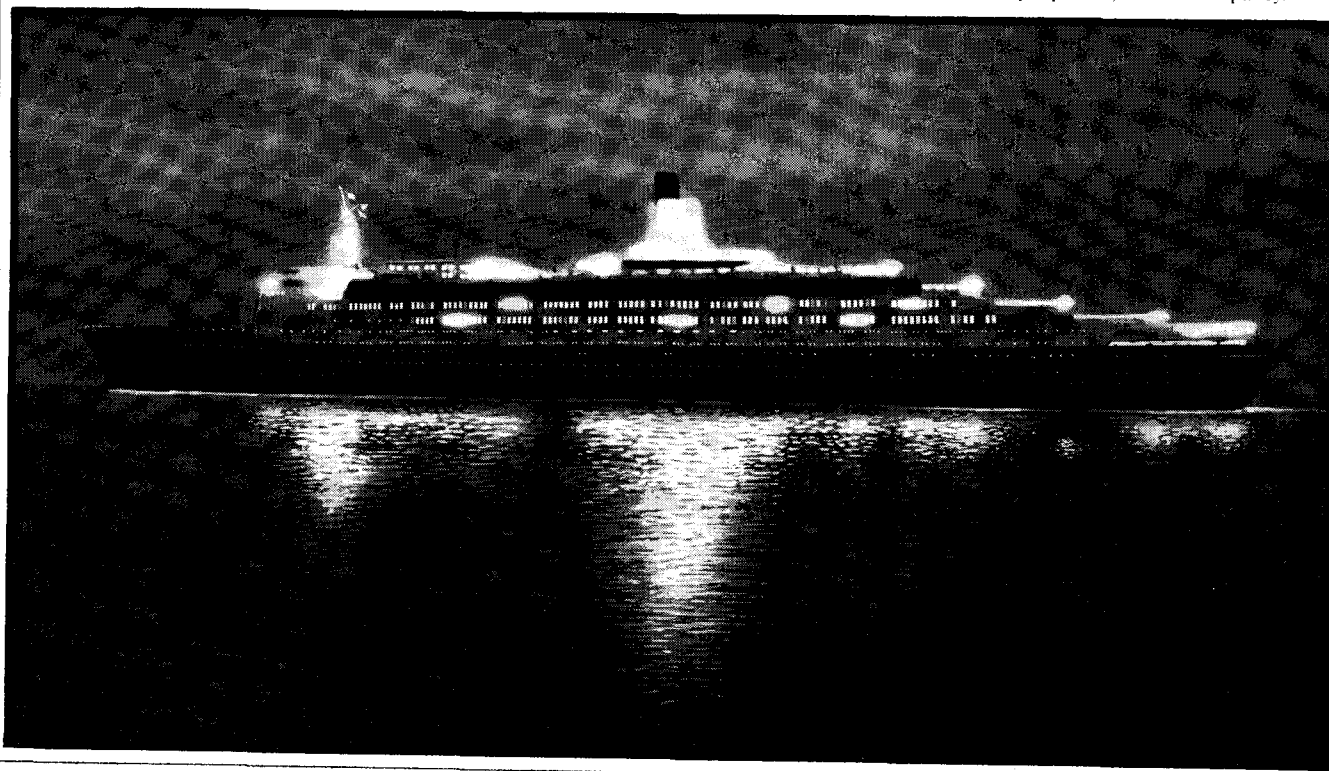
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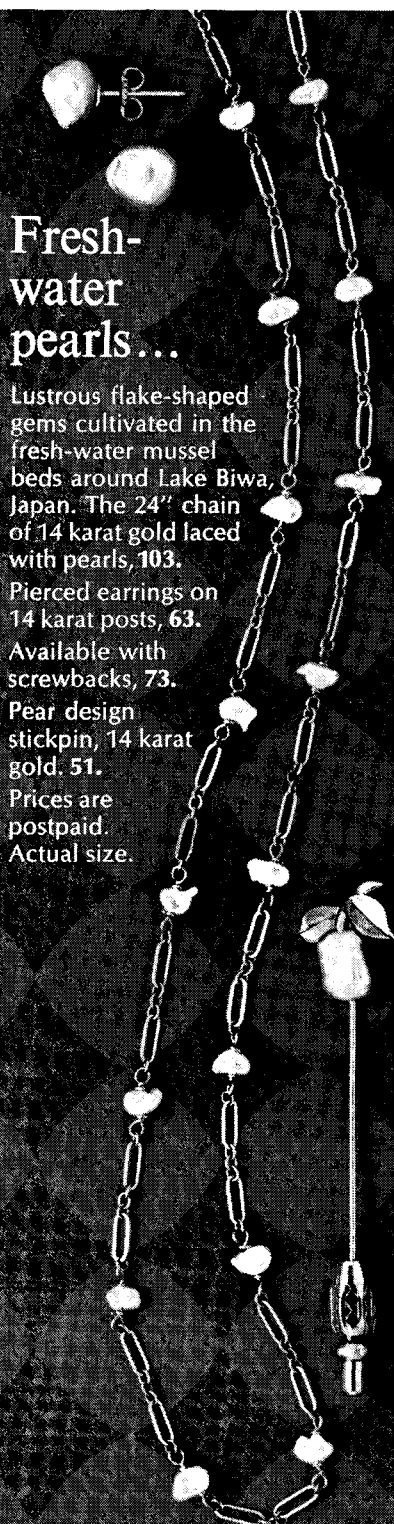
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seems almost infinitely open to the possibilities of the present. But Percy, perhaps because of his interest in social observation and satire, has resisted any temptation he may have felt to write an out-and-out psychological novel. Despite repeated protestations that, as a novelist, he owes little to the South, he has set three of his four novels in the region, and the fourth, "The Last Gentleman," draws poignantly on its atmosphere. There are passages in the book that reveal the author to be, in one mood, firmly the realist, as eager as Zola or Flaubert to capture a limited part of what some of us these days call the environment:

Down flew the Trav-L-Aire into the setting sun, down and out of the last of the ancient and impoverished South of red hills and Cardui signs and God-is-Love crosses. Down through humpy sugarloaves and loess cliffs sliced through like poundcake. Dead trees shrouded in kudzu vines reared up like old women. Down and out at last and onto the vast prodigal plain of the Delta, stretching away misty and fecund into the October haze. The land hummed and simmered in its own richness. Picking was still going on, great \$25,000 McCormicks and Farmalls browsing up and down the cotton rows. Bugs zoomed and splashed amber against the windshield; the Trav-L-Aire pushed like a boat through the heavy air and the rich protein smells, now the sweet ferment of alfalfa, now the smell of cottonseed meal rich as ham in the kitchen.

Anyone who has spent time in the Mississippi Delta knows how exact, how fine and right, Percy's description is. He may repeatedly tell a Yankee visitor that, unlike William Faulkner, Eudora Welty, and Flannery O'Connor, he has spent little time with the region's "country folk," black or white, so that he could follow the example of Continental novelists, from Dostoevski to Sartre and Camus, who have portrayed tormented, dislocated people in order to ask fundamental questions: What, if any, purpose do we have on this earth, and what, if any, religion is believable? Yet Percy loves the South, and, if he doesn't give us the bizarre or overwhelmingly dreary people some of the region's other novelists have made a point of putting before us, he does summon up the atmosphere, the conditions that surround and define the lives of those who belong to a particular area. He is not entirely a committed realist, however. Naturalistic observation gives way frequently to psychological subjectivity. Beguiling comedy, in no need of any heavy symbolic interpretation, and quite pleasing to the reader, gives way to densely abstract speculation, rendered through a not

especially original literary device—the notebook conveniently left lying about. The notebook is Sutter's, and it is worthy of Marcel. And one believes that Heidegger, though he would not be capable of Sutter's earthy, blunt, Rabelaisian observations, would certainly recognize the ideas of this wayward, distracted, near-suicidal doctor.

The notebook is Percy's way of accomplishing what Dostoevski managed to do in the Grand Inquisitor scene of "The Brothers Karamazov." Never has a novelist resisted his own ideological inclinations more successfully than Dostoevski did through the confrontation he established between the Inquisitor and Christ. The Christ of Scripture is touching and beautifully direct; He is the Christ who entered history and who to this day puzzles men. Dostoevski's Inquisitor goes on about the weakness of man at compelling length: man does not want—cannot bear, will do anything to avoid the sight of—the kind of freedom Christ offered. What kind of freedom? The freedom to follow Him; the freedom, that is, to reject, as He did, the three temptations Satan presented in the wilderness—to turn stones into bread; to offer some utterly persuasive proof of divinity; to worship Satan and thus obtain earthly power. The Inquisitor claims (and who is to argue with him?) that history shows how reluctant men are to take Christ's lead. We want bread; we want evidence; we want power. Some secular readers of "The Brothers Karamazov" have claimed that through the Inquisitor's words Dostoevski indirectly and perhaps unwittingly accedes to the arguments of his political and scientific critics. But Dostoevski never intended to argue with his Inquisitor's analysis. In a letter dated February 20, 1854, he wrote, "If anyone proved to me that Christ was outside the truth, and it really was so that the truth was outside Christ, then I would prefer to remain with Christ than with the truth."

Percy, in his philosophical writings, tries hard to affirm Dostoevski's position without appearing to be quite so careless of the word "prove"—that is, without ignoring the Western tradition of scientific rationalism. In those writings, he invoked the more humble and self-critical elements of that tradition—for instance, the open-minded "pragmatism" of the American philosopher Charles S. Peirce—in order to indicate how imprecise any "proof" is. Percy also showed how the assertiveness of all too many natural scientists (one cannot even begin to discuss in the same

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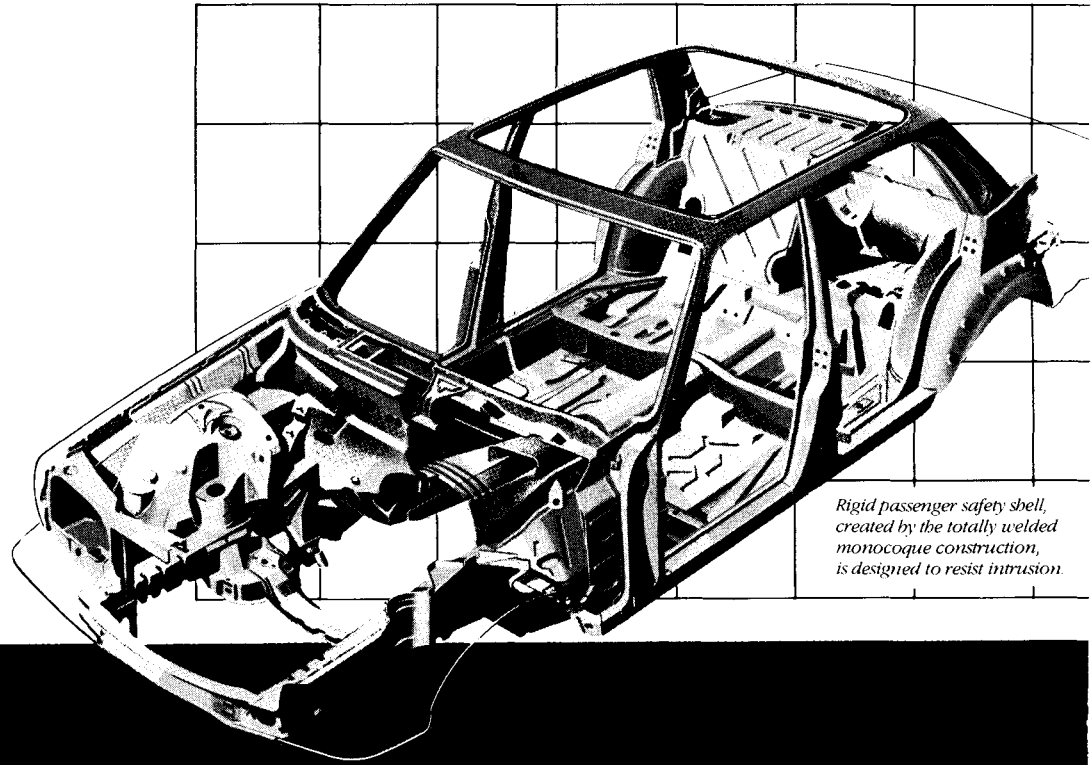


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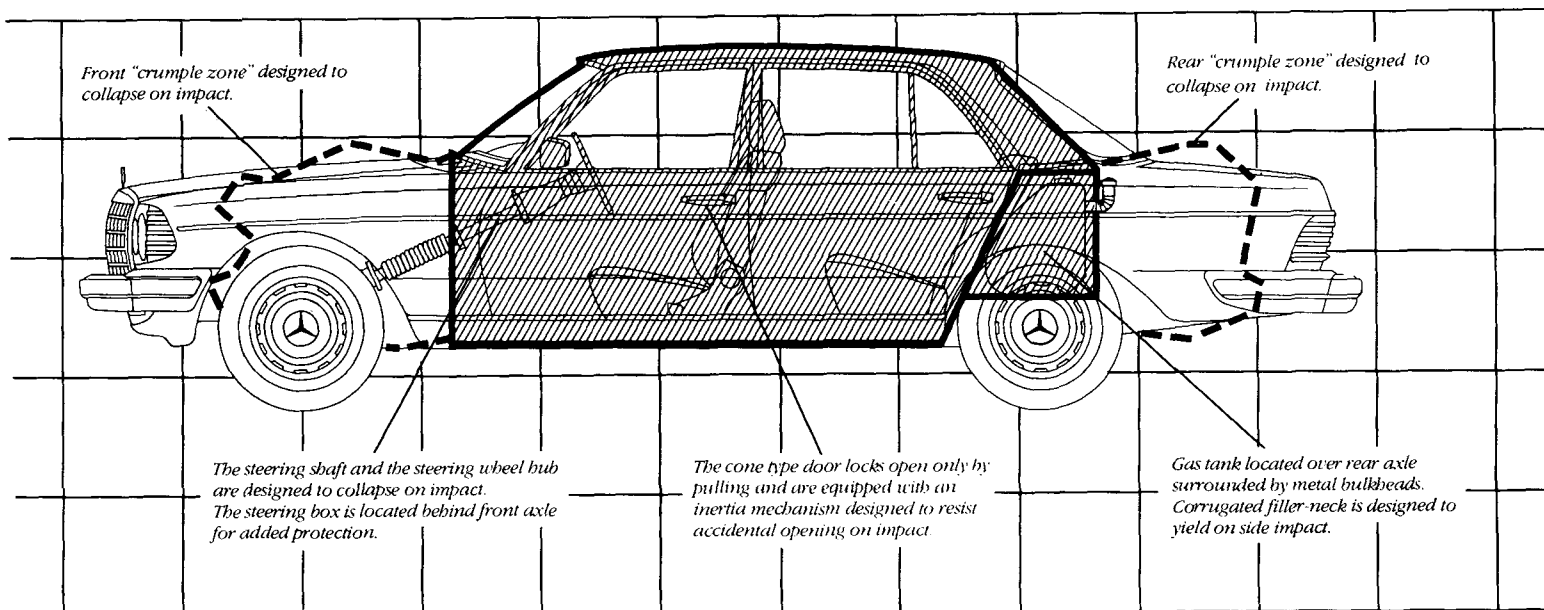
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The search goes on

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breath the dogmatism of social scientists) is derived from an illusion—the illusion of certainty, of knowledge that is sure. And he tried to indicate that the “existentialist” viewpoint—so variously advocated, by Christians and non-Christians alike, from Kierkegaard to Heidegger, from Dostoevski himself to Camus and Sartre—need not be opposed to the empirical or rational position. For one thing, we go about trying to affirm ourselves in ways that can be observed and studied. A child learning to speak may not be Jesus Christ (or Sartre’s Roquentin), but he is most certainly someone struggling with the same issue of “freedom” that has seized the attention of both believers and atheists. Where do I end, the child asks, and where does the listener begin? What can I do, if anything, that will not in some way affect others? To put it differently, how free am I to be anything—including what I then go on to call “myself”?

Christ believed that His words, offered to man, can be what an utterly “scientific” linguist might call a “language-event”: something is shared between two people, and behold, they are different. It is not only that information has been exchanged (it was Milton’s faith, expressed in “Areopagitica,” that knowledge makes us free) but that existence has been affirmed: what Percy might put as “That is so for you and me” is another way of saying “We are.” In his essay “The Message in the Bottle,” published in *Thought*, in the autumn of 1959, Percy tries to make plain the pointlessness of so many arguments between rationalists and the so-called religious-minded, the novelist Georges Bernanos’s “people of faith.” Maybe in using the image of the castaway in the essay, Percy had in mind the Grand Inquisitor scene, since he took such pains to show that there are some situations that demonstrably call for “news,” and not facts.

From such a perspective, it appears that the Inquisitor himself (standing for generations of “objective” men) has succumbed to an extraordinary illusion—the illusion that Heidegger’s and Percy’s castaway requires *as a castaway* the molecular table, the Hegelian analysis of historical momentum, or the most subtle kind of sociological and psychological analysis. Simone Weil, in rejecting excessive rationalism, fastened on Pascal’s phrase “waiting for God;” she knew herself to be (not boastfully but as a matter of fact) a pilgrim. Her impatience with proofs was lim-



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ited, however; she loved proofs, loved them enough to want them spared in inappropriate use. Binx Bolling and Billy Barrett are also—explicitly—pilgrims, castaways, seekers. Percy keeps telling us so—but, of course, he knows that the matter will not rest there. The man who desperately tries to obtain news is also the vulnerable man, quite willing—indeed, anxious—to grasp any fact, any proclaimed “expertise,” as that long-sought final “answer.”

At the beginning of “The Last Gentleman,” Barrett is the “man to whom all things seem possible and every course of action open.” He is an exaggerated version of everyone. Most of us necessarily make at least some decisions, thereby surrendering certain realms of the possible: I live here, not there; do this kind of work, not that. Though Barrett has a job at the beginning of the novel, he soon gives it up. He lives in the Y.M.C.A., a transient place, and then gives even that up—for the Trav-L-Aire. He always seems ready to buttonhole someone: Tell me anything you have to say. But he fends off suggestions that might lead to commitments: the Dr. Gamows, the pretentious writers, and the religious zealots come toward him with their temptations, and respectfully, almost ingratiatingly, he says thank you, but no, thanks.

Meanwhile, Sutter is not inclined to abandon his freedom before any altar; Sutter is the existentialist, who refuses the consolation of schools of thought, bodies of belief. He is himself—an individual—and if existentialists have anything in common (they are as unlike with respect to the particulars they espouse as Dostoevski and Heidegger, Sartre and Kierkegaard, Marcel and Camus), it is their insistence upon the extraordinary, almost defiant complexity of each individual: no intellectualized “system” or analytic construct can encompass what William James called “the blooming buzzing confusion” of the mind, let alone the astonishing subtlety of each person’s situation or condition. Each day, we encounter a tangle of opportunities and restrictions, and there is always “fate,” with its surprises, for good or bad, and the capacity we have for action, whatever the constraints upon us.

Existentialists are almost invariably obsessed with death—the ultimate choice anyone has. In “The Moviegoer,” Lonnie’s impending death foreshadows Binx’s commitment: I will give myself to another person, try to



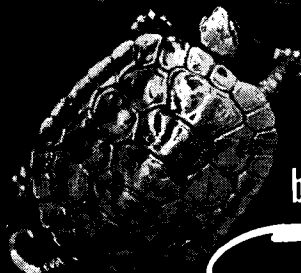
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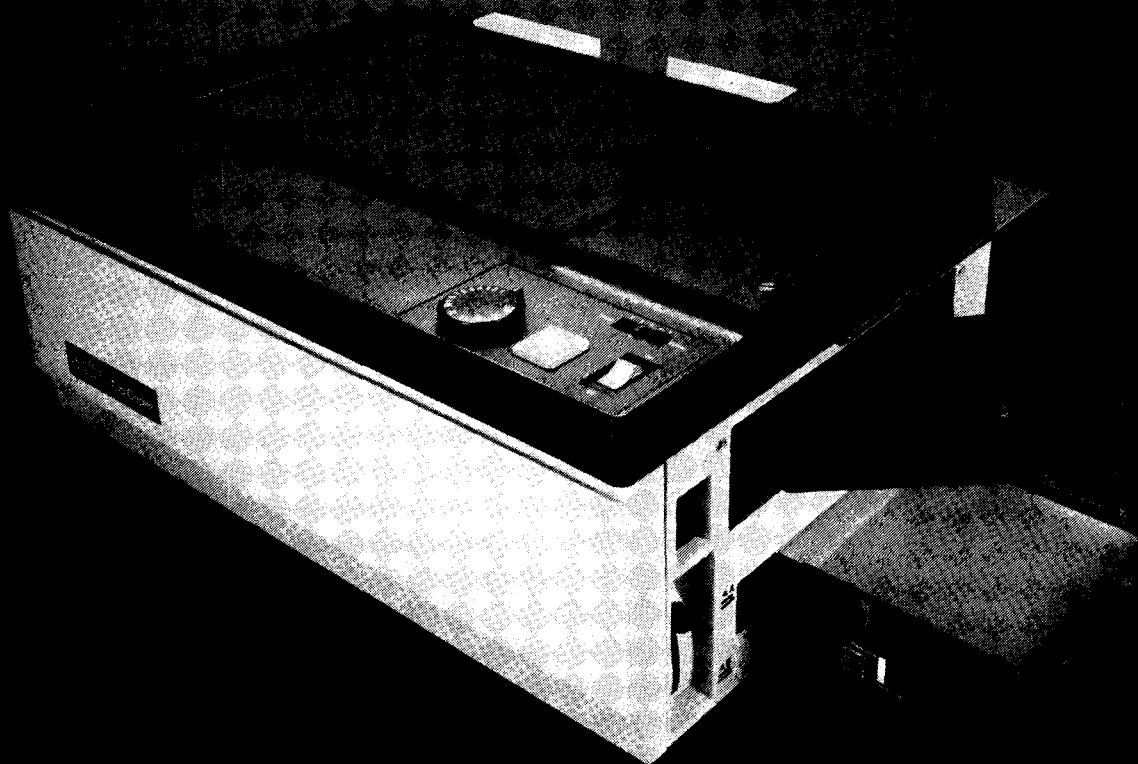
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live a life—rather than keep seeing life from afar, as an inveterate moviegoer and an aloof, sardonic observer. In “The Last Gentleman,” Jamie’s death, at the end of the novel, is an intense, powerfully rendered moment, worthy of any nineteenth-century novelist. As the youth struggles vainly for life in Santa Fe, a city whose very name is of religious significance, Sutter stands nearby, ready to take his own life—an intention he has mentioned repeatedly in his notebook, which has been read all along by Barrett. In two ways, then, the author has confronted Barrett with the presence of death—with Jamie as a dying patient and with Sutter as a likely suicide. In “The Last Gentleman,” as in “The Moviegoer,” Percy’s main character is shaken to his foundations at the conclusion of the novel. Sutter may yet end his life, but Barrett is now chasing him, wanting to talk. Barrett’s spoken “Wait” is enough to make Sutter stop his car—an Edsel. Marcel would smile and note a moment of “intersubjectivity.” On the last page of the novel, Barrett can finally seek out a specific instance of what two hundred pages earlier he fled with all his might: “Naturally in such an intersubjective paradise as this, he soon got the proper horrors,” the author commented back then. “He began to skid a little and catch up with himself like a car on ice. His knee leapt so badly that he had to walk like a spastic, hand thrust through pocket and poking patella with each step.”

Percy has no belief in an earthly “intersubjective paradise.” He mocks group therapy, laughs at those who, even in the name of the church or religion, talk glibly about “community.” And existentialist words or ideas can themselves become dogma for us; we are ingenious enough to take anyone’s phrases and use them gratuitously or sacrilegiously, as St. Paul implied when he said, “The letter killeth.” Every existentialist philosopher has been haunted by the knowledge that, however careful he is, and whatever cautions, indirections, or subtleties of language and thinking he calls upon, there is that urge for self-surrender, for immersion in Sartre’s *en soi*, in Marcel’s “inauthentic,” in Kierkegaard’s various maneuvers (rotation, repetition). We try anything, listen to anyone, as long as we can avoid the risks that go with the exertion of freedom, with taking a step that is our own rather than yet another gesture of compliance.

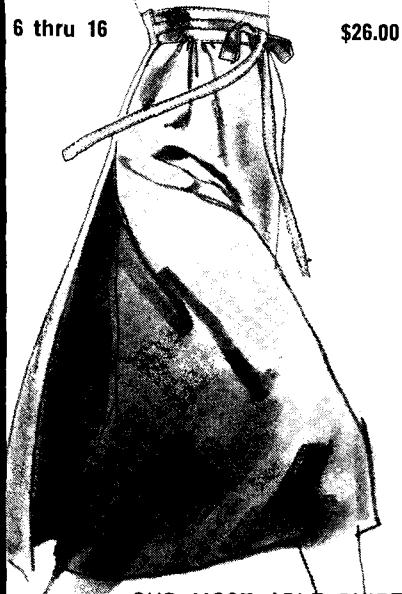
Binx Bolling and Billy Barrett avoid decisions whenever they can, at least when the decisions are of any real



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It all started in a grove owned by Dr. Webb, our family doctor. One of the men who was picking fruit in the doctor's orchard came up to the Webb house holding six of the strangest grapefruit anyone had ever seen! A single branch of an ordinary grapefruit tree had produced these six unusual fruit.

These were big grapefruit, unusually big. And they had a faint red blush on their skin. When Dr. Webb sliced open the grapefruit, the fruit was a **brilliant ruby red** in color.

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For some reason, we'll never know why, nature had chosen to produce an entirely new kind of grapefruit here in our Magic Rio Grande Valley. It was incredible — men had labored for years to produce the ideal grapefruit, and had failed. But suddenly on a single branch of one tree in one grove, Mother Nature had done it all herself!

YOU CAN IMAGINE THE EXCITEMENT From the fruit on that one branch, grove after grove now produces our own Texas Ruby Red Grapefruit. When I say, "not one man in a thousand has ever tasted this grapefruit." — you can easily understand why.

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And when we pick the fruit we're just as fussy. Every one of us takes a "picking ring" when we harvest. If the



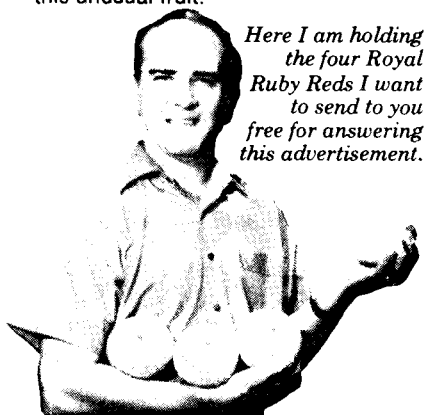
This is a picture of the actual harvest of this season's first Ruby Reds.

fruit is small enough to pass through this ring — we don't pick it! It simply isn't big enough to qualify as a Royal Ruby Red!

Even after picking there are other careful inspections each fruit must pass before I'll accept it. I size the fruit. And I grade it for beauty. Sometimes the fruit will be wind scarred. I won't accept it. Or sometimes it will have a bulge on the stem end that we call "sheep nose." I won't accept it. You can see I really mean it when I say I accept only **perfect** Royal Ruby Reds.

When I realized that the Royal Ruby Reds were the ultimate fruit, I decided to form a club and sell only to my club members. In this manner I can control my production to insure that nobody will be disappointed.

But before I ask you to join my club, I want you to sample my Royal Ruby Reds for yourself, at no cost to you whatsoever. Let me send you a box prepaid of 16 to 20 Royal Ruby Reds. Place four of them in your refrigerator until they are thoroughly cool. Then cut them in half and have your family sample this unusual fruit.



Here I am holding the four Royal Ruby Reds I want to send to you free for answering this advertisement.

You decide whether or not Royal Ruby Reds are everything I say. You determine whether or not eating a Royal Ruby Red is the fantastic taste experience I promise.

You decide. I'm confident that you and your family will want more of this superb fruit — and on a regular basis, too. If the

four Royal Ruby Reds make you say "yes," then keep the remaining fruit. Otherwise return the unused fruit (at my expense) and you won't owe me a single penny.

But you are never going to know just how wonderful genuine Royal Ruby Reds are unless you place your order right quick.

This way you are sure to receive your package containing 16 or 20 Royal Ruby Reds for you and your family to sample a few days before Christmas. But since the supply is strictly limited, it's important to place your order now.

SEND NO MONEY NOW

I'll put the bill for \$10.95 for this first shipment on the top of the box. That's a saving of \$5.00 off the regular price of \$15.95. All delivery charges are prepaid by me. Remit only after my Ruby Reds have proved themselves, otherwise you don't owe a thing.

Now suppose you do like Royal Ruby Reds — suppose you **love** them — can you be sure of getting more?

You surely can. By saying "yes" to my first shipment you have the privilege of automatically joining my Winter Fruit Club. Please be assured **you pay nothing in advance**. But each month during the winter I'll ship you a \$15.95 pack of 16 to 20 orchard fresh, hand selected, hand picked Royal Ruby Reds.

Every Royal Ruby Red you receive will pass my tough tests. Each will weigh a pound or more. Safe delivery is guaranteed. This fruit is picked, packed and shipped each month, December through April.

You pay only after you have received each shipment. And you may skip or cancel any shipment, simply by telling me your wishes.

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Call my toll-free number below, or send your name and address to me at the address below.

Remember it obligates you to nothing, except making a taste test of the best grapefruit that has ever been grown. And this taste test is on me!

Of course, as you can well imagine, when I say supplies are limited — I'm not kidding! There's just so many club members I can accept before I must close my membership this year.

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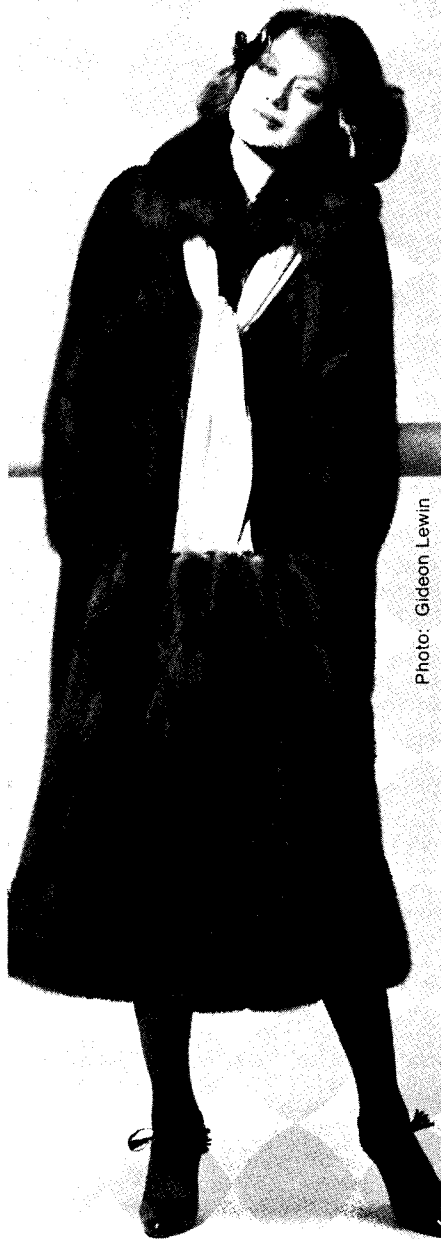


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significance. Barrett will leave Macy's for a trip with the Vaughts; he will lose interest in Dr. Gamow and become taken with Dr. Sutter Vaught's notebook; or for a moment he will abandon previous infatuations and appear ready to consider marrying Kitty. But until the very end of the novel he comes across as an exceedingly slippery ball; no one is really going to get a grip on him. Only in the last paragraphs does this austere, self-protective posture yield. He *decides*: I want to get to know this doctor, about ten years my elder, and I will make that as plain as is possible; so, for once, I will reach actively outside myself. All his clever, circuitous, ever so prickly tactics are abandoned, and for a change we have action, not ploys and more ploys of the mind: "Strength flowed like oil into his muscles and he ran with great joyous ten-foot antelope bounds."

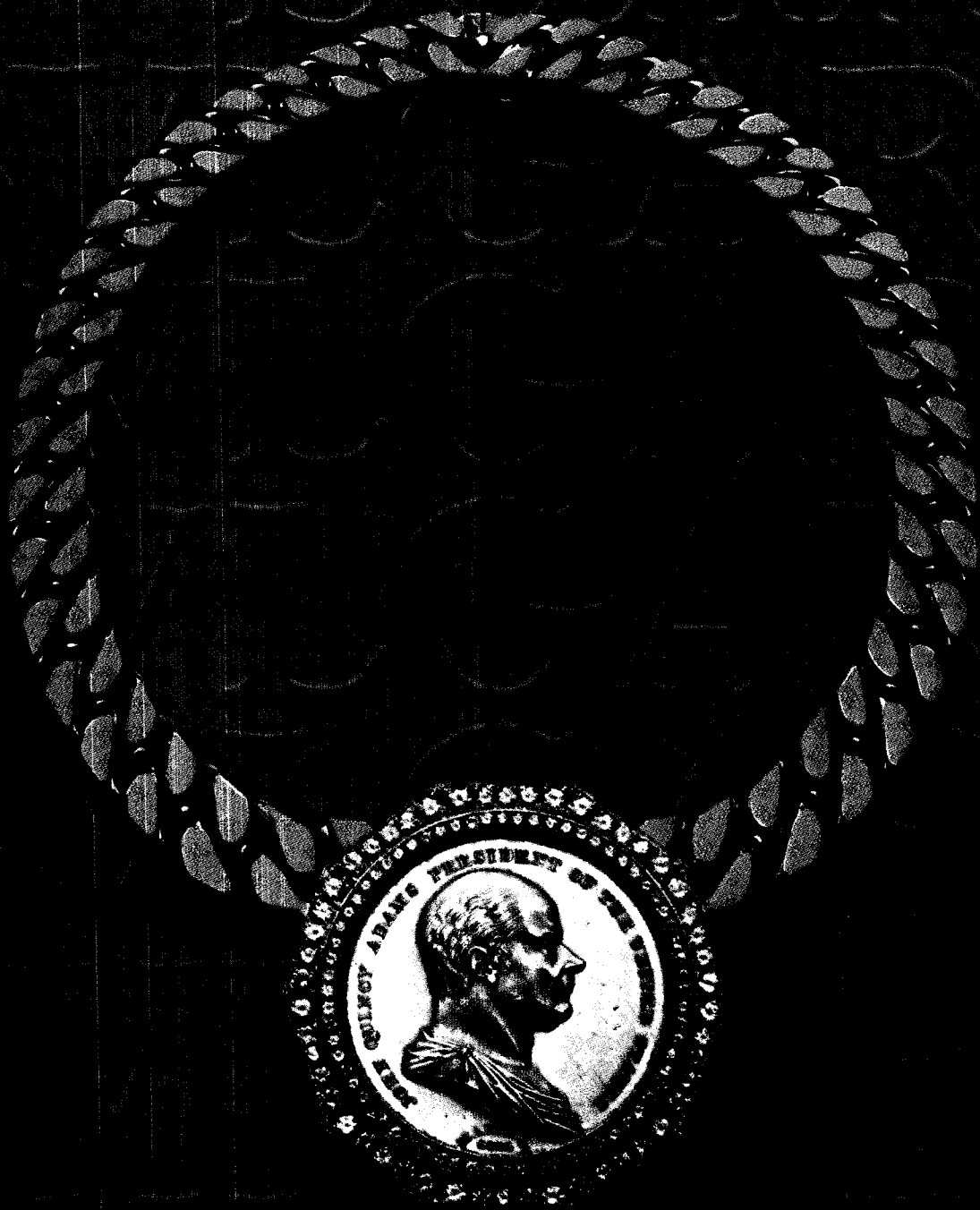
With "The Last Gentleman," Percy consolidated himself as a writer who works on the borderline of philosophy, theology, and literature. "The Moviegoer" was proved to be not just an aberration, a one-time stroke of luck by a man who had been storing up ideas over a long period and needed to write a novel to complete the task of exposition he had set for himself. "The Last Gentleman" revealed a writer of fiction who clearly enjoyed the old-fashioned virtues of the trade: storytelling; the amusement and edification of readers through his ability to use his imagination, to conjure up all sorts of people, events, predicaments. But it was also the work of a man who had perhaps decided that, even if some things, as Rilke insisted, are unspeakable (*unsäglich*), a few important ideas can be given the flesh of life: Sutter's flashes of wisdom (and nihilistic despair) are made part of Sutter as a developed character who has to contend with a family and friends, and, at the end, with death as a concrete possibility rather than as an abstraction.

BETWEEN 1966 and 1971, Percy continued to refrain from philosophical speculation, at least in the form of essays or articles. "I guess I've become a novelist," he could say, with just the right amount of casual uncertainty: tomorrow night might bring a new set of circumstances, a change of tack. The result, in the spring of 1971, was "Love in the Ruins," which was a departure of sorts for him, and which was greeted, variously, with a good deal

of enthusiasm, with guarded endorsement, or with outright disapproval. The novel has been repeatedly categorized as futuristic satire with the usual dose of dire prophecy, in the tradition of Orwell's "1984," Huxley's "Brave New World," and Yevgeni Zamyatin's "We." The main character—and the narrator—is Dr. Thomas More, a heavy-drinking forty-five-year-old psychiatrist who has had his share of personal tragedy: the death of his only daughter, Samantha, and thereafter the loss of his wife to those spiritual cultists



who have become increasingly prominent in recent years. The Doctor has himself committed to a mental hospital, and kept under lock and key for a good long time: depression, self-destructive behavior, a failure to "adjust"—the whole litany of words and phrases that Percy finds so ironic, in view of the institutionalized madness we have come to take for granted. "I had been reading my usual late-night fare, *Stedmann's History of World War I*," Dr. More remarks. "For weeks now I've been on the Battle of Verdun, which killed half a million men, lasted a year, and left the battle lines unchanged. Here began the hemorrhage and death by suicide of the old Western world: white Christian Caucasian Europeans, sentimental music-loving Germans and rational clear-minded Frenchmen, slaughtering each other without passion. 'The men in the trenches did not hate each other,' wrote Stedmann. 'As for the generals, they respected or contemned each other precisely as colleagues in the same profession.'" The man who does that reading does so at three in the morning. As for others, they are still, as the song goes, dancing "the whole night through." Percy indicates how much whistling in the dark goes on, despite all the "enlightenment" we have managed to come up with—trips to the moon, computers for every turn of anyone's mind. And he has a hard time persuading himself, to say nothing of his readers, that he is looking so very far into the future. He directs forceful satire at what he once referred to as "the Western democratic-technological humanistic view of man." In this novel, more than in the two previous ones, he bears down hard on that view, dissecting, clarifying, pointing out soft spots, contradictions, ironies, and illusions, some of the last of which are called "reality" or "scientific knowledge." We are not at all made to feel



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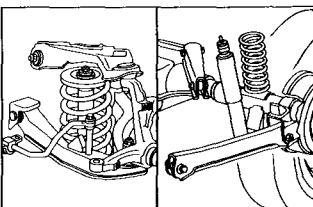
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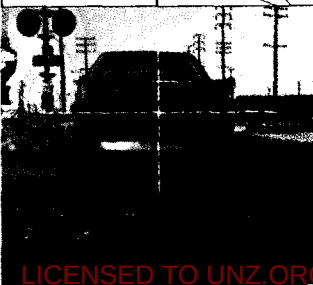
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remote spectators of Dr. More's so-called futuristic world but, rather, kinsmen of his in the here and now.

Even though this novel unquestionably offers Percy's most mordant and relentless critique of contemporary Western "culture," or "civilization," the familiar Percy humor and sharp but compassionate eye for human foibles are still present. There is, as usual, a plot that holds the reader, and sufficient action—all of which is to say that Percy continues to be a good novelist, whatever his other interests. With Dr. Tom More telling the story, the first-person-narrative form again works out quite well. Percy's skill as a narrator has developed since he wrote his earlier novels. The sentences tend to be shorter, crisper, more pungent. In a few words he delivers not only good scenic description but pointed social and political sideswipes. As before, the first sentence does more than set the stage. A person is located, in all his and the world's dislocation, and then set on his way to find whatever destiny seems finally to be his: "Now in these dread latter days of the old violent beloved U.S.A. and of the Christ-forgetting Christ-haunted death-dealing Western world I came to myself in a grove of young pines and the question came to me: has it happened at last?"

Has what happened? Dr. More is waiting for the world to end. The novel is no more "futuristic" than the Bible, passages from which, slightly modified, keep on appearing: "These are bad times. Principalities and powers are everywhere victorious. Wickedness flourishes in high places." Meanwhile, people watch and wait—not expectantly, as Christians, but with exuberant self-confidence. Dr. More's friends and associates proclaim—like Lincoln Steffens, only not on the spur of the moment—that they have been into the "future," and it works. As for Dr. More, he indulges his comic self-centeredness, which is a mask he struggles to keep on—aided constantly by alcohol. Percy makes it quite clear at the beginning that the Doctor has his eye scanning the entire horizon—as much of America as he can fathom:

The sky is a clear rinsed cobalt after the rain. Wet pine growth reflects the sunlight like steel knitting needles. The grove steams and smells of turpentine. Far away the thunderhead, traveling fast, humps over on the horizon like a troll. Directly above, a hawk balances on a column of air rising from the concrete geometry of the cloverleaf. Not a breath stirs.

The young pine I am sitting against has a tumor and is bowed to fit my back. I am sweating and broken out in hives

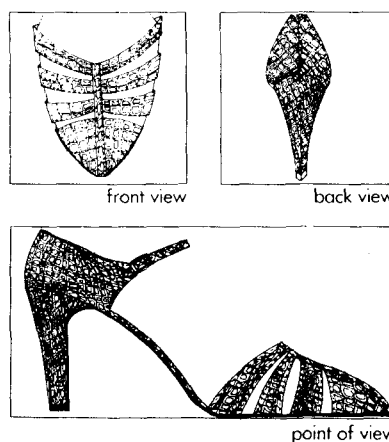
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from drinking gin fizzes but otherwise quite comfortable. This spot, on the lower reaches of the southwest cusp, was chosen carefully. From it I command three directions of the interstates and by leaning over the lip of the culvert can look through to the fourth, eastern approach.

Dr. Tom More is in many respects the same person we have met in "The Moviegoer" and "The Last Gentleman." Like Binx Bolling and Billy Barrett, he notes that his body registers his apprehensions: the scalp tingles; there are "prickling sensations." "Noxious particles" are about—omens of disaster that plagued poor Barrett, and now give Dr. More the sense that time is indeed running out. And, of course, Binx is going to be a doctor, and Barrett is repeatedly confronted by Dr. Sutter Vaught, and here we have another physician—one who wants desperately to mend his broken self but seems to have given up hope of ever succeeding, because the world around him appears irredeemably bent on destruction. Jesus Christ, physician of the spirit, healer of men, had plenty of followers but few believers; likewise, Dr. More spends a good deal of time finding out what it is that ails men (his Qualitative-Quantitative Ontological Lapsometer is the wonderfully antic instrument for doing so) but, as a result, wins not real comrades but shrewd enthusiasts, ready in a second to develop, exploit, propagandize, utilize—all in the name of "progress."

Dr. More's ancestor, the Sir Thomas More of history, envisioned Utopia. The novel's Thomas More is on hand to glimpse what has come of all that fervid expectation—the New Jerusalem that one messianic dreamer after another has promised. Mixing seriousness and comic satire in a way that no doubt has puzzled many—is the author's intention to mock or to be devastatingly accurate?—Percy gives this vignette of his Thomas More: "I, for example, am a Roman Catholic, albeit a bad one. I believe in the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church, in God the Father, in the election of the Jews, in Jesus Christ His Son our Lord, who founded the Church on Peter his first vicar, which will last until the end of the world. Some years ago, however, I stopped eating Christ in Communion, stopped going to mass, and have since fallen into a disorderly life. I believe in God and the whole business but I love women best, music and science next, whiskey next, God fourth, and my fellowman hardly at all. Generally I do as I please. A man, wrote John, who says he believes in

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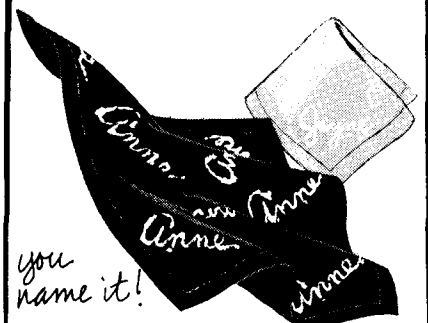


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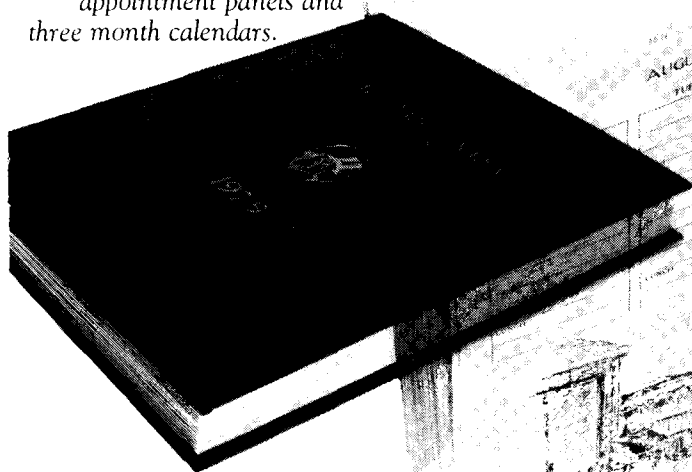
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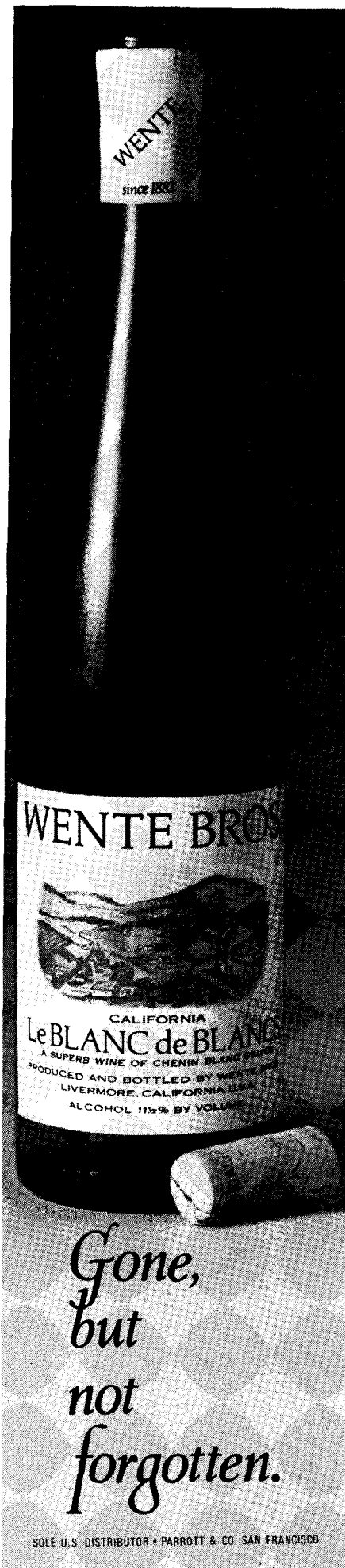
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God and does not keep his commandments is a liar. If John is right, then I am a liar. Nevertheless, I still believe." As for More's beloved Catholic Church, here is what it has come to: "Our Catholic church here split into three pieces: (1) the American Catholic Church whose new Rome is Cicero, Illinois; (2) the Dutch schismatics who believe in relevance but not God; (3) the Roman Catholic remnant, a tiny scattered flock with no place to go."

Then, there are others—the disaffected ones: "Bantu guerrillas, dropouts from Tulane and Vanderbilt, M.I.T. and Loyola; draft dodgers, deserters from the Swedish army, psychopaths and pederasts from Memphis and New Orleans whose practices were not even to be tolerated in New Orleans; antipapal Catholics, malcontented Methodists, ESPers, UFOers, Aquarians, ex-Ayn Randers, Choctaw Zionists who have returned from their ancestral hunting grounds, and even a few old graybeard Kerouac beats, wiry old sourdoughs of the spirit who carry pilgrim staffs, recite sutras, and leap from hummock to hummock as agile as mountain goats." If such are the polyglot inhabitants of the swamp not far from More's home and from the motel where he is temporarily lodged, a different situation holds in the town; there one finds "all manner of conservative folk, graduates of Bob Jones University, retired Air Force colonels, passed-over Navy commanders, ex-Washington, D.C., policemen, patriotic chiropractors, two officials of the National Rifle Association, and six conservative proctologists."

Dr. More is no moviegoer. Here is how he sizes up films and what it is like to go see them:

The most popular Left films are dirty movies from Sweden. All-time Knothead favorites, on the other hand, include *The Sound of Music*, *Flubber*, and *Ice Capades* of 1981, clean movies all.

I've stopped going to movies. It is hard to say which is more unendurable, the sentimental blasphemy of Knothead movies like *The Sound of Music* or sitting in a theater with strangers watching other strangers engage in sexual intercourse and sodomy on the giant 3-D Pan-a-Vision screen.

As for America's literary and political life, neither is very hard to portray:

American literature is not having its finest hour. The Southern gothic novel yielded to the Jewish masturbatory novel, which in turn gave way to the WASP homosexual novel, which has nearly run its course. The Catholic literary rena-



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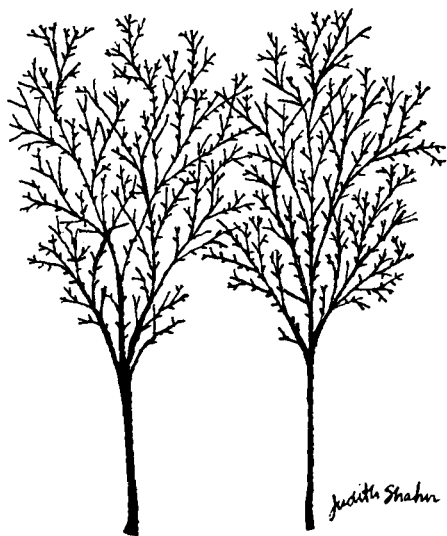
cence, long awaited, failed to materialize. But old favorites endure, like venerable Harold Robbins and Jacqueline Susann, who continue to write the dirty clean books so beloved by the American housewife. Gore Vidal is the grand old man of American letters.

Both political parties have had their triumphs.

The Lefts succeeded in removing "In God We Trust" from pennies.

The Knotheads enacted a law requiring compulsory prayers in the black public schools and made funds available for birth control in Africa, Asia, and Alabama.

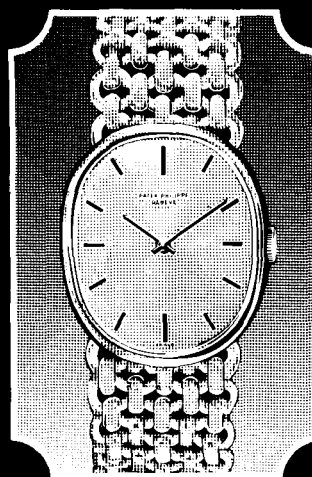
Against a background of such mild extrapolations, Dr. More makes his various comments. "It is not uncommon nowadays," he says, "to see patients suffering from angelism-bestialism." The diagnostic phrase is one more way to approach the polarity of the abstract and the concrete. Dr. Sutter Vaught's preoccupation with transcendence-immanence has become Dr. More's observation that people come up with all kinds of grandiose generalizations—"Love Thy Neighbor," "Be Kind," "Where the Id Was, There Shall the Ego Be," "Make the World Safe for Democracy"—but at the same time show themselves mean or lascivious, crude or insensitive in their specific, everyday dealings with other human beings. They love mankind in general; they are "bestial" with particular individuals, including themselves. And this is the great puzzle that Percy believes ought to haunt more of us—the central, glaring, yet often unacknowledged fact that every single utopian promise, whether its origin was in the natural or social sciences or in politics or philosophical theory, has ultimately foundered on the "condition" that Dr. More describes, and ends up diagnosing in patient after patient with his Lapsometer. "Angelism" keeps being proposed, but "bestialism" persists. Why?



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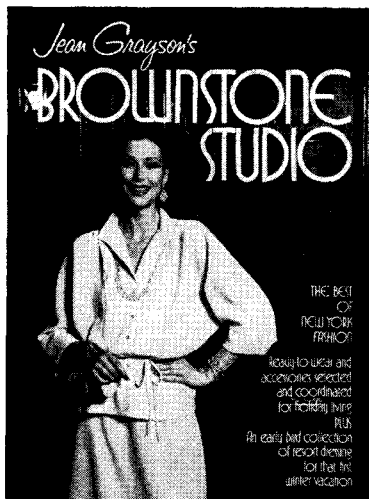


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PERCY has Dr. More speak of the modern soul as a ghost that haunts us, and then moves on to a new section, which he describes as "At the Director's office to hear the good news about my article and invention." In our world, many of the West's intelligentsia behave as if God were to be found in one or another Director's office: it is from him that "the good news" is received, and it tells about inventions, hypotheses, or programs that become for us equivalents of the Daily Missal. The "news" that Dr. More hears—but not from the Director—is hardly surprising: his discovery, like everyone else's for several centuries past, will be "applied"—used for the betterment of mankind, the development of human potential, the improvement of society. The high-sounding phrases are numerous, and it is not easy to disagree with them as "goals." Percy's Dr. More is himself in their grip: he is a reformer, intent on changing the world so that more people "fulfill" themselves and the world keeps moving in a "positive" direction. The Skinner box, he realizes, is an absurd failure; but his instrument, the Lap-someter, might work. He has begun to realize that if one goes along with the Director, and all the other Directors around, one's own news might be good: recognition, prizes, the designation of leading humanitarian or brilliant scientist or learned, pragmatic theorist.

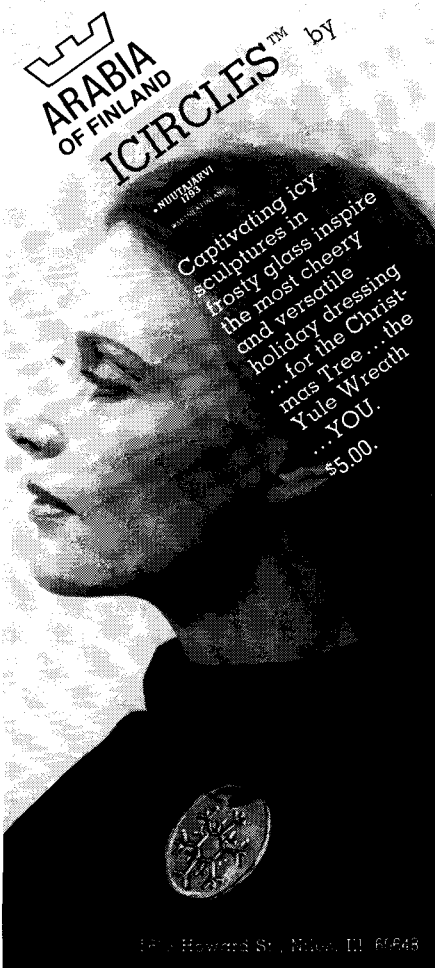
Dr. More is tempted. But he is also driven to liquor—driven crazy, in fact—by his sense that the whole enterprise is a dangerous fraud, that he has fatally deceived himself: that, in other words, he is the familiar sinner, full of himself and clothed in the self-protective and self-enhancing pieties that are always available. His struggle with himself is the subject matter of "Love in the Ruins." His ancestor of the same name was wise, thoughtful, farsighted, a martyr, whereas he himself readily admits to being foolish, self-indulgent, full of despair, and eager to take advantage of whatever opportunities present themselves. Still, the two men share more than a name. The modern Dr. More can dream of utopias inconceivable to his predecessor. And he does. Further, his utopias are dreams that he can "implement"—that important,



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much used verb which civilized and progressive people have adopted. But the crisis he goes through, the testing of his soul, reveals him to be only somewhat tempted. He may want to conquer the whole world with his mind, but the sight of a particular human being—in this instance, an old man whom the experts and authorities, for the most “progressive” of reasons (he hasn’t responded to various manipulative “programs”), want to do away with—inspires what in the Book of Common Prayer is called “loving-kindness.”

Dr. More reaches out to a kindred soul, does so honestly, persuasively; that is, a number of people are moved by the “authenticity” he demonstrates. In the hospital pit, defending the old man, who is about to be carted away

and disposed of, the Doctor is himself and no one else. No matter what he says, of course, many people laugh at him, consider him impolitic, rash, overwrought, or crazy. He himself realizes that there is a shrewder, more “sensible,” more “practical” way of behaving. Why rock the boat and challenge the high and mighty head-on? Patience is a virtue, and so is fortitude. But Dr. More is an uncanny mixture of, on the one hand, the ambitious, messianic twentieth-century scientist, who wants to make a point, prove his ideas true, and, not incidentally, achieve renown, and, on the other, the self-critical, lonely, honorable man Percy keeps coming up with in his novels: deluded, like the rest of us; caught in all the traps a given society has waiting for its various members; but also sincere and upright, and so almost without guile. Late in the novel, when we know Dr. More quite well and the risk of turning him into a vehicle for philosophical abstraction is much reduced, he says, “What I want is no longer the Nobel, screw prizes, but just to figure out what I’ve hit on. Some day a man will walk into my office as ghost or beast or ghost-beast and walk out as a man, which is to say sovereign wanderer, lordly exile, worker and waiter and watcher.”

The Doctor has struggled hard with an assortment of behaviorists, and is just beginning to realize that he, like those he wishes to heal, has to face himself in the radical way that Heidegger had in mind when he used the word “*eigentlich*.” In German, the word means “genuine,” or “authentic,” but it translates literally as “own most,” and this translation, awkward though it is, offers some protection against

those who would take “authentic” and throw it around casually, applying it to everything from an antique or a restoration to an experience or a personality. For Heidegger, death presents the great opportunity to the willing seeker, the confused man who wants to know before he draws his last breath what at rock bottom he can consider his “own most,” because it has been rescued from the everydayness of his life—the pressures, the boredom, the appalling ingratiation, the surrender of more and more personal territory in the interests of “success” or “adjustment” or practicality, or simply out of exhaustion, if not despair: What is the use?



When Dr. More intervenes to prevent a man’s death at the hands of those who

have taken upon themselves the right to decide such matters, he is in the kind of situation that Heidegger spelled out as critical: a life-and-death situation, in several senses of the term. At such moments, we have a chance to find out a lot about ourselves. In every Percy novel, there is a death. In this one, Dr. More’s daughter has died, precipitating one kind of crisis, and the question of what to do with the elderly patient—kill him “for the social good” or allow him his life and dignity—becomes for Dr. More another critical issue: whether to go along with others or to find and assert unmistakably what he himself stands for.

The novel’s ending has the familiar Percy ring. It is brief and undramatic. Dr. More has undergone no sudden and convincing conversion. He seems to be a quiet churchgoer who has a sense of humor about the liturgy and his fellow-parishioners and also the priests who hear his confession. He has staked a position for himself hardly worthy of a prophet or a brilliant and discerning critic—an apartment amid others in an American town:

Barbecuing in my sackcloth.

The turkey is smoking well. The children have gone to bed, but they’ll be up at dawn to open their presents.

The night is clear and cold. There is no moon. The light of the transmitter lies hard by Jupiter, ruby and diamond in the plush velvet sky. Ellen is busy in the kitchen fixing stuffing and sweet potatoes. Somewhere in the swamp a screech owl cries.

I’m dancing around to keep warm, hands in pockets. It is Christmas Day and the Lord is here, a holy night and surely that is all one needs.

On the other hand I want a drink. Fetching the Early Times from a clump of palmetto, I take six drinks in six minutes. Now I’m dancing and singing old

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Ellen is Dr. More's second wife, and the choice is interesting. For one thing, it is a choice. In this novel, as in its two predecessors, the central figure, an anti-hero of sorts, makes an unassuming decision: I will live a life with So-and-So, or, in Barrett's case, I will commit myself to further talks with this person Sutter Vaught, and, by God, they will be talks *between* him and me, not brief collisions, tangential moments, or an exchange of amenities and shrugs. Ellen is a Georgia Presbyterian with a mind of her own: she has standards, beliefs, and a vigorous conscience, and under no circumstances will she yield to the various temptations, requests, and pleas that the Doctor puts in her way. She works. She is not easily intimidated. And her protectiveness toward Dr. More does not come across as tactical or ultimately possessive. For all the love he shows toward the daughter and the wife he has lost and toward Ellen, his guard is up high right through the novel. Without making a fuss about it, Percy keeps having Ellen *there*, ready to help, tough in the face of More's weaknesses, admirable in her own limitations: the streak of puritanism she possesses is actually a welcome relief from the panicky, showy hedonism and its reverse, a bitter and narrow prudery, which together dominate Percy's not so very far extended projection into the future of American life. Ellen will look after her husband not because she thinks it is "right" to do so, or because she is in any way forced to do so, but out of something "own most" in her, which the author does manage to evoke.

It comes as something of a relief when, finally, in the last few pages of the novel, Dr. More starts eating well, after all that Tang and vodka he has been taking in, all those duck eggs he has slurped down. When he moves hungrily toward a plate of steaming grits and bacon, one is surprised and relieved; at last, the man is sitting quietly at a table and digging in. It turns out that he is digging in more broadly. Every Percy novel ends on Marcel's theme of concreteness, Heidegger's "own most": the Lapsometer and other such schemes—grand designs and brilliant projects or propositions—are put aside in favor of a step toward a person and a specific kind of life (a beginning of it) with that person. No magical cure is wrought. A new kind of human being does not appear. We get

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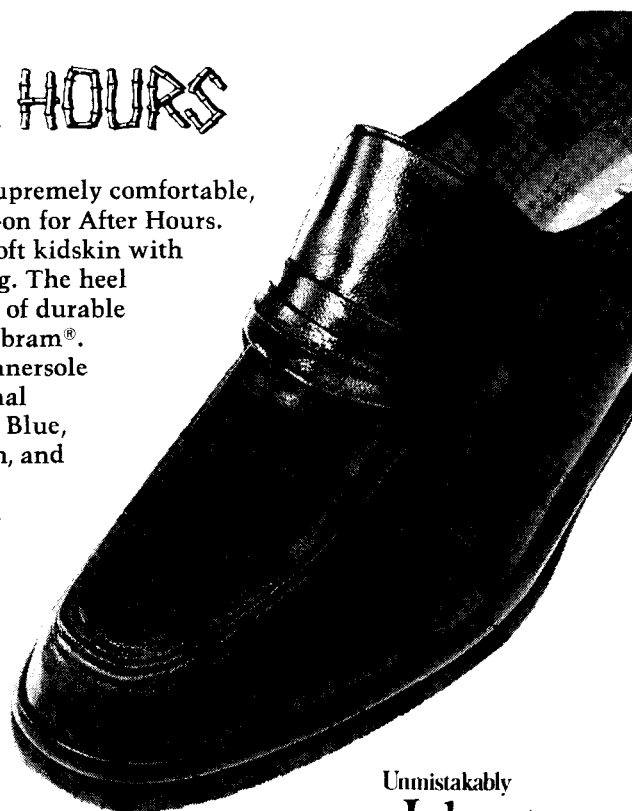
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no promise of a life hitherto undreamed of, which everyone will soon live. Nor does the plot suddenly generate a nicely coy, indirect message for the reader: Try *this* and see how your life will go. Wayfarers continue on their way. Seekers keep looking. Dr. More is older than Binx Bolling and Billy Barrett, and so his travel, the form of his journey, may also be different. But all three appear in many respects the same to their friends and neighbors. The "changes" in them are subtle, undramatic, tentative.

It may be that Dr. More has moved beyond Bolling and Barrett, at least from Kierkegaard's way of looking at things. Percy's moviegoer at last stands firm and digs in. Barrett at last stays with a person and digs in: I'll no longer bounce about from moment to moment, making no real impression on anyone and letting no one do so with respect to me. But Dr. More strikes one as a middle-aged man who has long before tried just about all of Kierkegaard's aesthetic tricks, who has long before taken his ethical stand, only to find both himself and everyone else (well, everyone except Ellen) hopelessly cynical, greedy, selfish, or thoughtless, whatever their social position or political persuasion. Perhaps the Doctor's movement toward Ellen—so unpredictable, really, in terms of the novel—is meant to indicate that "leap of faith" which Kierkegaard describes; the ethical man seems almost to reverse himself, to go against his own hard-won ethical principles. A man who wanted to know so much and save the whole world ends up looking after his lawn, his home, his wife. An abnegation of responsibility? The collapse of a "creative" man just when he was on the brink of "self-realization"? Or a paradoxical "leap of faith" on the part of a tortured believer who has submitted himself once and for all to whatever design (including the attendant risks) that Divine Providence has in mind for him? The obligation to renounce pride, in all its varied and sometimes deceptive manifestations, is a lifelong one, More seems to have decided. He will never succeed in meeting it. No man does. But he has put himself in a position to begin trying—something he resisted doing for a long time.

WITH "Lancelot," his fourth novel, Percy joined the ranks of novelists and poets who, over the centuries, have drawn upon the legend of King Arthur and his knights—a group of stories, obscure in origin,

that contain pre-Christian as well as early Christian fact and fantasy. The Knights of the Round Table and their exploits, intrigues, victories, and defeats have been variously described, depending upon the particular writer, his time, his native land, and his point of view. No one knows for sure whether Arthur, Lancelot, Percival, Galahad, Guinevere, and the others actually existed. It is believed that in the sixth century a certain renowned battle leader rallied a declining, jeopardized Celtic people and secured for them, at Mount Badon, a decisive victory against the Saxon hordes. Soon those hordes would prevail, at least for several centuries—until the ninth century, when King Alfred again rallied the Britons successfully. For generations, Arthur and his comrades served as reminders of what had been and might again be—a people in control of its own destiny rather than weak and floundering.

Percy's Lancelot is alive in the last quarter of the twentieth century. He is American, Southern, of "good" family: Lancelot Andrewes Lamar. The novel's plot is disarmingly simple and suggestive. Lancelot is confined to a room in a place that is both a prison and a hospital. He is sick of mind, but has also committed a crime. "A remarkable prison! Or a remarkable hospital as the case may be." The view offers him a corner of a cemetery, a bit of the sky, and a small stretch of a levee and of Annunciation Street, no less. There is, finally, part of a sign visible: "Free & Ma B." Lancelot has been there an indeterminate length of time, a year or so. He refers to his "cell." He talks of the building as "a Center for Aberrant Behavior" or a "nuthouse." He has had trouble remembering exactly why he is there. The novel has him going back in time, recalling events in his life, and reflecting upon what he and others, near and far, have come to. He does so with his old friend Percival, who speaks only toward the end, and then one word at a time: "Yes" twelve times and "No" once—all in response to a series of questions. "Lancelot" is a sustained reverie of yet another of Percy's seekers—though the Holy Grail in this particular story is as hard to grasp or describe as the legendary one of the Age of Chivalry.

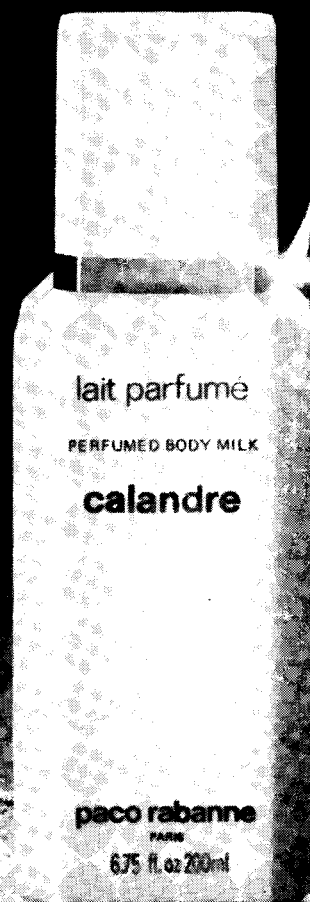
The Lancelot of Percy's novel is reluctant to see himself as he is, to look candidly into his heart. He has suffered a lot, fallen by the way many times, but persisted in his quest long enough to be at the point where Percy has placed him—within sight of the An-



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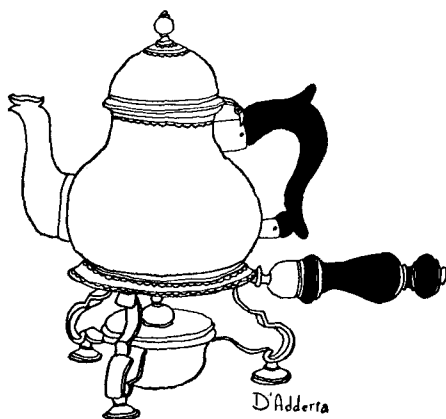
nunciation. If he can only see and comprehend fully what he has been about, his future will not be an endless repetition of outright misdeeds or moral evasions. He will instead be "Free & Ma B" (maybe) in sight of the Holy Grail, or God's Gracious Presence, or a Vision that is more than yet another secular fantasy of omnipotence—a fantasy that has weak and doomed man, a fleck in eternal space, a moment in eternal time, brandishing his muscles and shaking his fists as if he were God Himself. "If a man cannot forget, he will never amount to much," Kierkegaard observed in "Either/Or." Percy put the statement on the title page of "The Last Gentleman," but not because he felt that Kierkegaard advocated a self-serving amnesia that sets the stage for whatever kick or fancy comes along. The point is to tame the past so that it can be set aside rather than endlessly reenacted. It is ironic that psychoanalysis has become for many of us an endless pursuit of memories—as if the past won out no matter what: formerly by dint of the power of repressed emotional experiences and now through the constant emphasis our culture puts on looking at them every which way.

Lancelot, who comes up with existentialist ruminations that will not surprise Percy's fans, is a strongly sexual person, a sly and humorous observer, and, it turns out, a murderer. His spells of forgetfulness and theological meditation yield with disarming ease to the imperatives of storytelling. This is Percy's most dramatic and sharply focussed novel. Those who have basked in his extended cultural criticism and social satire will have to be content with moments of them here and there. When they do arrive, however, they are unmistakably Percy's particular observations: "In New Orleans I have noticed that people are happiest when they are going to funerals, making money, taking care of the dead, or putting on masks at Mardi Gras so nobody knows who they are."

The man in whose mouth he puts these remarks upon the personal desperation of others is a forty-six-year-old lawyer who, like the central character in each of Percy's novels, hasn't been able to figure out how to live a life. At times, he has been idealistic, highly ethical, doing civil-rights and civil-liberties work. At times, he has been wantonly, brazenly pleasure-bound. A man with a sharp eye for female beauty became something else—a man indifferent to his work, not especially concerned with his children, but intent on plenty of

sex, good food, a comfortable life at the lowest possible cost of mental and physical exertion. There is always tragedy—a fatal disease, or is it dis-ease?—in a Percy novel. In “The Moviegoer,” Binx’s half brother, a mere youth, is badly crippled, with little time left. In “The Last Gentleman,” Billy Barrett becomes closely attached to a family whose young son eventually dies of leukemia. Dr. More, in “Love in the Ruins,” has lost his daughter to cancer. Lancelot’s first wife, Lucy, dies of leukemia, leaving him with a son and a daughter. He is hardly the father to lose himself in their needs and struggles. This Lancelot, like his predecessors, finds it hard to reconcile the obligations of an honorable person with a self-centeredness that demands its own satisfactions.

“Pride” is the old-fashioned, Biblical word for that self-centeredness, and Percy’s Lancelot is in fact a cleverly, insistently self-absorbed man of overwhelming pride. He is not the Lancelot who betrays a friend by taking up with the friend’s wife but, rather, is himself a cuckold. The central drama of the novel is his discovery of that fact, and his determination to exact murderous vengeance—as these things are remembered and told to the “priest-psychiatrist” Percival. The first section of the novel gives us the somewhat eccentric, befuddled, cannily observant Lance (as he is called by his second wife, Margot, and his friends)—a familiar Percy figure. He is sensitive, has been hurt by life, at times becomes morbidly introspective, but has constructed a seemingly unassailable protection for himself consisting of light humor. He can banter with anyone. He can manage a droll insouciance that signals an unmistakable message: Stay away from me—the “real me,” which I myself am not especially eager to face, or, put differently, am quite eager to avoid. He is comfortable with his family’s mansion, a tourist trap of sorts—a pleasant, effortless way to



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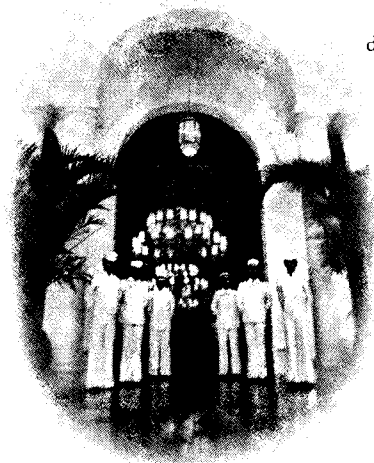
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Lance takes pains to describe his youth in such a way that we realize that even then he stood out only so much from others. Surely he is an altogether new version of the Arthurian figure: "I was . . . the type who reaches the peak of his life in college and declines thereafter: prominent on campus, debater, second-string all-S.E.C. half-back, Rhodes scholar, even 'smart,' that is, a sort of second-echelon Phi Beta Kappa. Being 'smart' on the football team meant that you read *Time* magazine and had heard of the Marshall Plan." There is arrogance and condescension there, but the target is the speaker, whose distance from himself is clear. Percy's upper-class, existentially haunted characters are as aloof from themselves as from anyone else, as sardonic about their own situations as about anyone else's. No one who fits the description Lancelot gives of his youthful self need fear either Lancelot or the author behind him. Those who read obscure quarterlies and who know every detail of the SALT negotiations have also had a comeuppance or two in the Percy novels, which are not without a running seam of amused skepticism concerning intellectuals and their various pretensions.

Gradually, Lancelot's skepticism concerning himself unfolds as he talks to his old friend. The friend is obviously a more reflective person—always has been, since they were both children, growing up together. Lancelot reveals



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his self-disparaging side as he defers to Percival, though not without a probe or two: What are *you* up to? We are given no response. Percy is able to turn a one-sided conversation into the plot of his novel. At the start, Lancelot is cool and collected when he recalls the first knowledge he had of his second wife's adulterous behavior. Why be so upset anyway, he wonders. "As a physician," he asks his friend, "wouldn't you say that nothing more is involved than the touch of one membrane against another?" And, more succinctly, "Cells touching cells." So much for biological knowledge, the microscope, and one version of modern psychological insight. Lancelot has what we call "perspective." He knows full well that sexual infidelity in twentieth-century America is not rare; that sexual promiscuity is actually celebrated by various authors or "experts"—as one more source of "joy" or "happiness." Why should he be so surprised or offended by a relatively commonplace occurrence? He may have spent his time in a tower of sorts—a "pigeonnier" that his wife had made into a study—but he has also immersed himself over the years in "bad dirty books" as well as "great dirty books," and he seems so sophisticated and wry and au courant that one wonders whether anything has ever really bothered him.

At one point, Lancelot says to his friend, "You would think, wouldn't you, that the new cuckold would respond with the appropriate emotion—shock, shame, humiliation, sorrow, anger, hate, vengefulness, etc. Would you believe me when I tell you that I felt none of these emotions? Can you guess what I did feel? *Hm. What's this? What have we here?* Hm. What I felt was a prickling at the base of the spine, a turning of the worm of interest." Percy's characters often register complaints with a "prickling" or a twitch of a muscle here and there. They often seem remote, detached, "abstracted"—from themselves as much as from the next person. They are the familiar twentieth-century existentialist anti-heroes—extending from Kafka through Camus and Sartre to Beckett. They are emotionally jaded, with no apparent enthusiasm for anything.

Lancelot is a religious knight who has to contend—as did Kierkegaard's "knight of faith"—with the contemporary, agnostic, bourgeois world, and he has done so, rather often, by looking down from the high vantage point of his pigeonier-office. And now, too, he is in a limbo—a cell, where his friend is helping him sort things out. Lancelot

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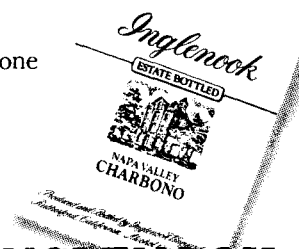
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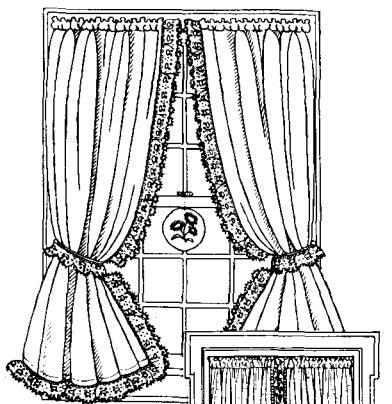
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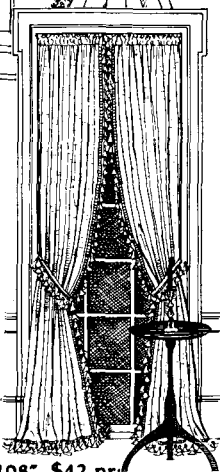
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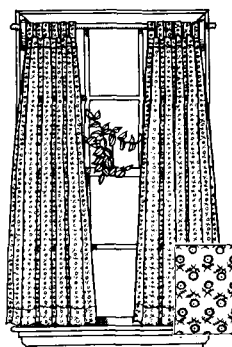


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presses details of his past life upon the friend, and thereby provides us with stories within the larger story. We learn that Lancelot's second wife came from Odessa, Texas, and was the daughter of a wealthy oil man. We learn that Lancelot and Margot have a daughter, Siobhan, who seems to be largely in the care of her maternal grandfather. We learn that Margot was glad indeed to marry "up," that she helped remodel Lancelot's old family home and furnish it elegantly, that she was an actress of sorts, and was in the midst of making a movie directed by two men, Merlin and Jacoby, each of whom turned out to have been a lover of hers when Lancelot found out about her sexual life. He did so almost by accident: he noted his daughter's blood type and figured out that he could not be her father. Much of the novel's action has to do with his effort to find out the exact nature of his wife's involvement with Merlin, not to mention his older daughter's involvement with a film actress.

The novel moves along with verve, humor, and, for Percy, a surprising amount of sex. Not that he is a Henry Miller. He tends to slip into scientific language—words he learned in anatomy class at medical school—when he is describing passion. But he does even that with a touch of humor. On the whole, there is a balance of prudishness and sexual suggestion that makes this the least self-conscious of his novels with respect to what Lancelot calls, at one point, "fornication." He sends the black family retainer's son, Elgin, to spy on his wife and daughter, is told what he already knows, and thereupon finds himself feeling not so much vengeful as alive. Suddenly his life seems to have a purpose. In an important moment of the novel, Lancelot tells his friend of this reaction: "How strange it is that a discovery like this, of evil, of a kinsman's dishonesty, a wife's infidelity, can shake you up, knock you out of your rut, be the occasion of a new way of looking at things!" A little later on, he connects his wife's sexual escapade to a momentous revelatory experience: "I discovered my own life."

This is the assertion of a man for whom a negative has a positive meaning. Lance had been drifting and without much sense of purpose. In fact, he had been in a daze—the "rut" that all too many people take for granted as "life." He could go through one day after another and not really remember, as he fell asleep, what had happened during his waking hours. He had lost all touch with himself. He lived in a

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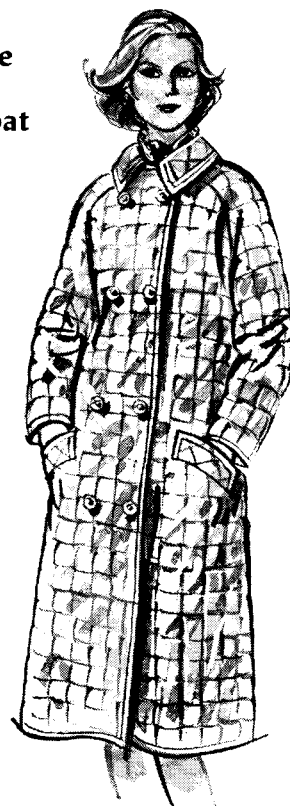
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One should really reflect again on that dimension—an 18-yard-high cube—this is the gold of 6000 years. No wonder it is precious; no wonder man seeks more of it.

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One might wonder how much more gold exists. Well, according to experts, there's not a lot. A recent estimate puts some 41,000 metric tons as the probably attainable reserve. This sounds like a large quantity but we must remember that gold is extremely heavy—a

cubic foot weighs about half a ton. Recovering this would add maybe another fifty percent to the block on this page. But not even that amount, at current usage, would prevent gold from being in critical supply before the end of this century.

World production has been in a general decline since the 1960's, and two countries now dominate it, South Africa with 49% and Russia with 30% in 1977. Canada is third with about 3¾% and the U.S., once the world's largest producer, is now fourth with just over 2¼%. The Russian output has been on the increase in recent years, so possession of the metal could take on a more strategic importance. In any event, it appears one day we will have to live with our short and precious supply.

According to scientists, gold exists on Mars, Mercury and Venus and also in the waters of our own oceans. The former is somewhat absurd to contemplate and the latter was judged financially impractical.

Another once seriously proposed idea to obtain gold contained an almost doomsday aspect. The idea was to drill, as one would for oil, some 2000 miles into the earth's molten core. This was abandoned mostly for reasons of cost and technical unfeasibility, but probably also because it ran a tremendous risk—that of creating the world's first man-made volcano.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information on gold, write to The Gold Information Center, Department NR2, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

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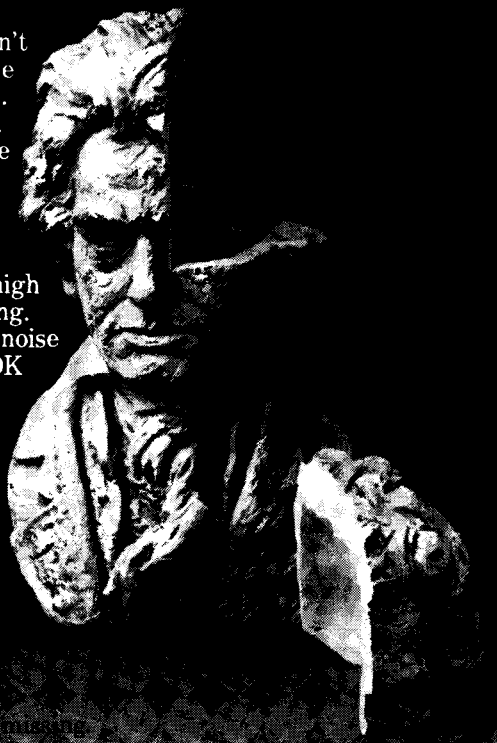
kind of trance—victim of the habits and routines that fill up time. He had lost his earlier idealism: no more legal briefs for the N.A.A.C.P. He was “practical,” in the way someone who has become a slave of rituals is: they and they alone demand attention; anyone who asks for freedom from them is a fool, and a threat, too. The existentialist philosophers have emphasized the tyranny of such a state: an abdication of what is most precious human—consciousness. No wonder that behaviorism, a psychology that emphasizes stimuli and responses, reflexes and “conditioning,” has become so influential in contemporary America; it is a psychology that suits our lives, which are spent conforming to the dictates of the assembly line, the time clock, the deadline. But even the quite comfortable Lance, a relatively “free agent” by virtue of his social and economic position, could not for years allow himself to stop and look around and take stock of his situation or that of those about him.

Suddenly something happened. Suddenly a man became aware of himself, felt inclined to stop, look, listen—to hear the beat of his own heart, pay heed to the thoughts that had formerly crossed his mind in quickly forgotten dreams, or fantasies he considered peculiar, if not crazy. In Lance's words, “Five, six, seven years of unacknowledged idleness (it takes work to be idle and not acknowledge it), drinking and watching TV, working at play, playing at work—what does it do to a man?” Once someone starts asking questions like that, he is in jeopardy. He is free, in the sense that he has dared to open his eyes to himself, his situation in this world. He can start moving, try to reach a certain destination. He can begin the “search” that Percy has Lance mention, like the leading characters in previous Percy novels.

Lance's specific quest, which sustains the story, is concerned with his wife's adulterous behavior: with whom, where, and when? His larger inquiry is stated in a question he asks his friend Percival: “Have you ever considered the possibility that one might undertake a search not for God but for evil?” And Lance challenges the psychiatric side of his priest-psychiatrist-friend by pointing out that these days such a search may be nearly futile. Is there anything we actually recognize to be “evil”? After Darwin, Marx, Freud, Pavlov, our behavior has been explained, put in “perspective,” traced back, or given a “context” or two. Margot Lamar sleeps with movie directors. We are not surprised. We

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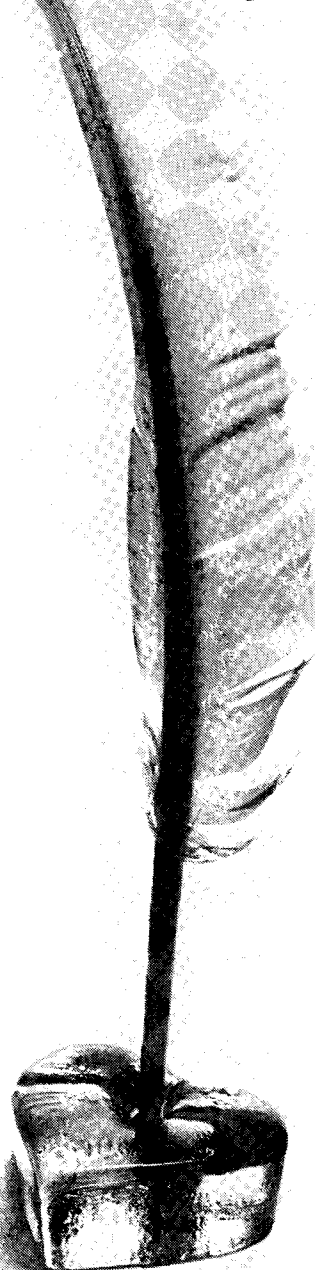
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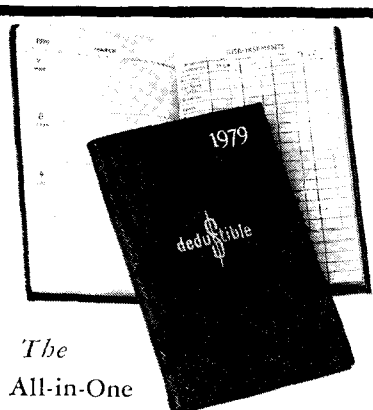
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don't get morally alarmed. We don't pray on her behalf. We may possibly become concerned enough to ask *why*. How is she "relating" to her husband? What "problems" does she have? How did her parents get on—especially when she was a young girl? Is she, by sleeping with X or Y, telling her husband and herself something she is not aware of? She is surely "acting out;" if she talked with a doctor, she might discover exactly what has prompted her to do so.

There is also the matter of her social class, the conventions that a well-to-do person of a certain "background" has learned to live with. When over half of America's families stay away from church, when "swapping partners" and "trying out relationships" are considered by millions not only permissible but desirable, then the word "adultery" becomes, at the very least, old-fashioned—a moralistic hand-me-down from another age. And so with other acts and forms of behavior. Cannot everyone be seen as a "victim" or as the "product" of "various forces": genetic (evolutionary); social and political, or, more broadly, historical; and, of course, psychological? If a man or a woman becomes antagonistic, deceives someone, even violates the law, we have learned not to pray and not to condemn so much as to "understand," to ask why. The person is "acting out" a psychological conflict or is desperate by virtue of his or her position in society, or perhaps "sick" in some way we only vaguely comprehend—though in time, with more "research," things will become clearer: the biology, the neurophysiology of the brain, and the effect of those "factors" on the way people act toward others. With such a way of seeing things, where is the room for "evil"—or, for that matter, "good"? And where is the room for the notion of will?

"You people may have been on the wrong track all these years with all that talk about God and signs of his existence, the order and beauty of the universe—that's all washed up and you know it," Lance tells his priest friend. Then he observes, "The more we know about the beauty and order of the universe, the less God has to do with it. I mean, who cares about such things as the Great Watchmaker? But what if you could show me a *sin*? A purely evil deed, an intolerable deed for which there is no explanation?" And, a bit further on: "In times when nobody is interested in God, what would happen if you could prove the existence of sin, pure and simple. . .



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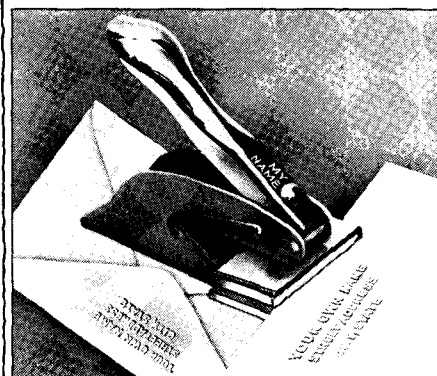
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If there is such a thing as sin, evil, a living malignant force, there must be a God!"

Lance comes to life, undertakes an efficient—an animated, if cold-blooded—analysis of an adulterous situation, and, as a result, comes face to face with his narcissism, his aloneness. "I feel so cold, Percival," Lance says toward the very end of the novel. And, a moment later: "So I have nothing to ask you after all because there is no answer. There is no question. There is no unholy grail just as there was no Holy Grail." Lance realizes that he did not discover anything "at the heart of evil." In fact, he discovered that "there was no 'secret' after all, no discovery." Except, perhaps, there is slim hope—hope against hope. Not the hope of yet another investigation by the biologist-psychologist that Lance became as he tried to fathom the novel's parade of lusts, rivalries, jealousies—the murderous game of musical chairs we so often play without realizing what we are up to, what we are about. The hope, rather, that Thomas Carlyle had in mind when he contemplated the "Commedia" of Dante and wrote, in connection with the "Purgatorio": "Hope has now dawned, never dying hope, if in company still with heavy sorrow. The obscure sojourn of demons and reprobates is under foot, a soft breathing of penitence mounts higher and higher, to the throne of mercy itself."

So it is that Lance reminds himself to tell Percival of his "good news"—a breakthrough in communication between him and the woman occupant of a cell next door. So it is that the time of day and the weather change. The ruinous, killing hurricane, the stink of methane gas, the black night give way to "morning sun bright and high and refracted through the clear crystal prism of northern air with that special moderation, the promise of warmth, of fine November days in New Orleans." As in Dante and Tennyson, both of whom also drew on the figure of Lancelot, the landscape, the climate mirror the pilgrim's way. If New Orleans can be a place of corruption and deceit, a place where hurricanes unleash their vengeance, it can also be something else. "An odd thing about New Orleans," Lancelot tells us, "The cemeteries here are more cheerful than the hotels and the French Quarter. Tell me why that should be, why two thousand dead Creoles should be more alive than two thousand Buick dealers?"

"Lancelot" concludes with the word "Yes"—Percival's answer to Lance's



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question "Is there anything you wish to tell me before I leave?" We are back at "The Last Gentleman," with Barrett running after Sutter Vaught's Edsel, and the doctor at the wheel stopping and waiting for the troubled wanderer, who so much wants to ask, seek, find. The affirmation is there, if necessarily somewhat tentative. None of Percy's characters are really sure of themselves, let alone "skilled" in something called "interpersonal relationships." Percival's "Yes" and Barrett's leap toward the Edsel and the driver's decision to step on the brake rather than the gas pedal are the brief, awkward, unself-conscious but telling and unforgettable moments that companions on a long journey sometimes experience amid the humdrum business of keeping on the move, working their often tedious and apparently meaningless way through space and time.

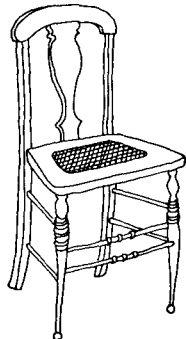
Percy's Lancelot is not the Lancelot of T. H. White's "The Once and Future King" (1958), or, certainly, of the musical hit "Camelot" (1960). Nor does Percy give us a version of Robert Bresson's unrelentingly and unnervingly gloomy film "Lancelot du Lac" (1974), a disciplined and honest descent into Hell, in which, at the end, the dying knight lies in a junk heap of medieval armor. Bresson's scene is a forest—a jungle, really. It is utterly dark. The futility and horror of a craven historical era is shown us by an uncompromising director. In Percy's "Lancelot," the two knights have yet to reach the end of the journey. There are days ahead. They will continue to live, to ask questions, to find that answers are hard to come upon, to be "in between." Percy sends Lance, upon his release, to Virginia—a border state, and one whose lovely, peaceable Shenandoah Valley is, unavoidably, near the "principalities and powers," with their temptations and corruptions. "For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business," T. S. Eliot said in a moment of renunciation combined with affirmation—a mixture that this particular Lancelot, upon his "discharge," will be struggling for.

AS for the particular person that Walker Percy is, he strikes one as diffident, quiet, unassuming. He is as unwilling to categorize himself as he is to pin down others with labels. In each of his novels, the central character, once freed to make his pilgrimage and con-

tinue his search, becomes almost impossible to write about further. From that moment on, the character is "living a life"—a phrase that Percy uses in such a way as to set up barriers to "analysis." A person living a life is not to be confused with a patient analyzing his dreams, a writer putting down words on paper, a Democrat or a Republican espousing an argument, a golfer extolling the art and joy of his hobby. "I suppose I could be called 'a failed doctor,'" Percy once said. More affirmatively and conventionally, he has pointed out the obvious: "I'm a white Southerner." He announces himself this way, too: "I'm a Christian, and though I don't think it is my business to edify, I feel sure much of what I write is informed by a Christian view of the nature of man, which is, in a word, fallen."

Percy regards himself with a certain amused detachment. He never planned that his life would come out one way or another way. He has become a novelist, but years ago, he knows, he would have been surprised indeed if someone had predicted that career for him. He has written philosophical and theological essays, and, his protestations to the contrary, he may do so again, because, like Marcel, he seems to require an alternation of activity: from the abstract (his essays), with great relief to the concrete (his novels, wherein specific individuals are fleshed out), then back to the abstract, perhaps to prepare once more for the concrete. "I'm never quite sure what direction a novel will take," he said to me when the subject matter of his fifth novel was under discussion. "I'd hate to have in my mind the notion that I'm writing a 'religious novel'—one more niche—though I guess it would be fair to say that some sort of search is going on when I'm writing. In fact, the very act of writing fiction is for me a kind of search."

"I think I once wrote to you that I sit and wait, as Kafka told himself to do," Percy went on. "I look out the window. I stare at the ceiling. Then I write. It's always interesting to see what others have decided about what you've written. I'll read what they say, and sometimes I'll scratch my head: Is *that* what I was trying to get at? But I'll tell you, a morning of work is enough. I'm happy to leave, be with my family. Faulkner once said he realized early on what a good job it is to be a writer: you live



Barbara Shelley



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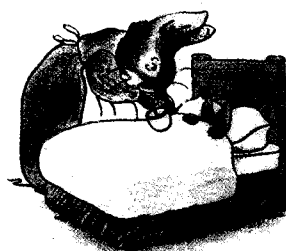
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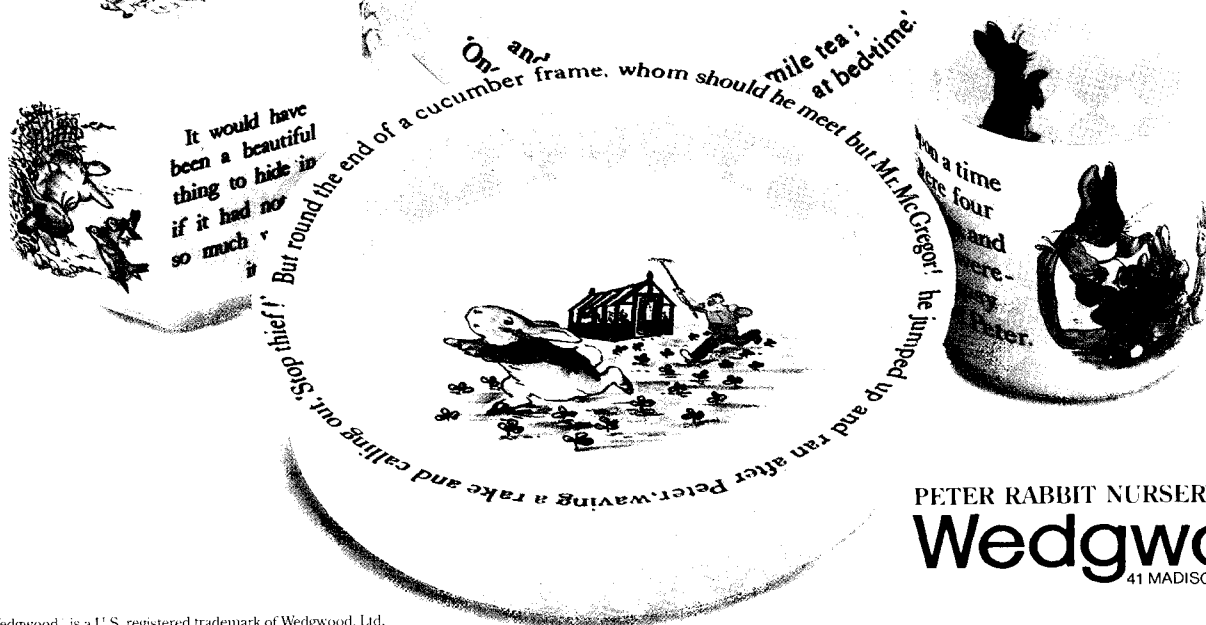
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where you please, write what you please, when you please. Sometimes I agree, but sometimes I wonder if there isn't a better way to make a living. The next morning, though, I'm ready for another go-around. I only hope that the result is worth a little to others. The writer explores ideas that come to him or he imagines stories, which he then develops. But the writer also reaches out to others, and if the result can't be speech, a conversation between two people, there is, I hope, another kind of exchange between him and someone else: the effort that has produced words on paper stirs a response in the reader—Pascal's 'motions of the heart.' ”

—ROBERT COLES

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL IN HINGHAM

[From the Hingham (Mass.) Journal]

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Parmalee and their three children who reside at 57 Elm Street, Hingham, would like to extend a super thank you to the men of the Hingham Fire Department in the area which arrived at Elm Street at the scene of our accident on a cold and difficult early morning run. The Hingham Police Department were also a tremendous help.

Although we did not receive any help from our neighbors, we know they are concerned and want to help.

However, all is well at the present time; a bad fall was sustained by Mrs. Dinah J. Parmalee on this particular April 10, 1978, the early morning hours of her birthday. Since no neighbors were available Mr. Parmalee sat with the children and was unable to ride in the ambulance with his wife. He was able to come to South Shore Emergency Room in later hours to return his wife home. Unfortunately, Mrs. Parmalee, apparently from weakness sustained during the accident, had another fall in the parking lot of the hospital. When questioning the nurse who brought her outdoors without a wheelchair and allowed her to lie in the parking lot for several minutes before helping her up, Mrs. Parmalee simply was willing to overlook it upon telephoning the hospital the next day and being told this is normal procedure.

Several X-rays were taken, however, fortunately no permanent injuries were sustained. The Parmalees are currently renting Mrs. Woods house on Elm Street and in no way blame the staircase. While Mr. Parmalee is currently working away from home during the week, Mrs. Parmalee does a little too much rushing around on weekends. She says from now on she will take it a lot slower.

Our extreme thanks once again to the town services, Police and Fire Departments, their kindness, patience, good manners and quick service certainly was a blessing.

MR. AND MRS. J. W. PARMALEE



I've been told I have a way with flora. That's lucky because I plan to be a botanist and travel everywhere to look for rare specimens. So, it's only natural that I'm especially fond of this polyester knit Love™ mille fleurs ecru dress with sunburst pleats and a romantic lace ruff. And these flowers come out of the washer dryer looking as fresh as ever.

I guess Love has a green thumb, too.

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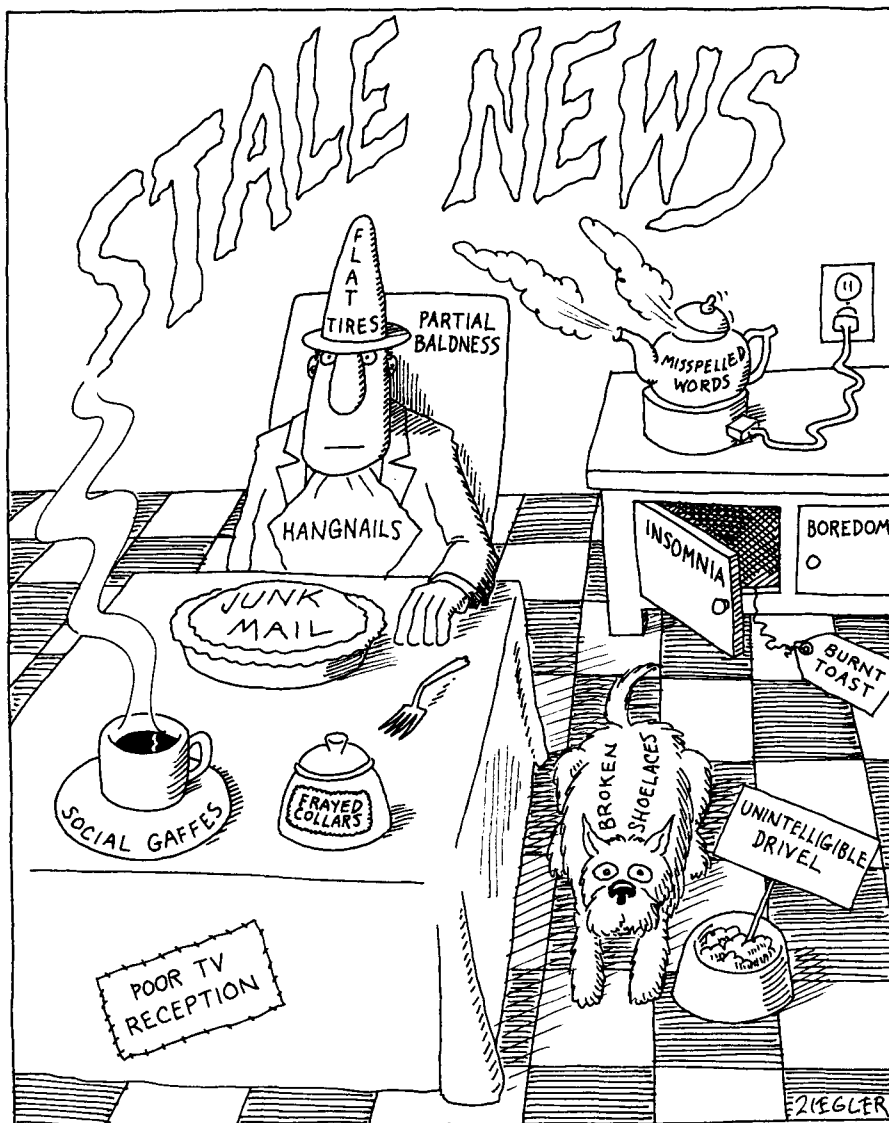
HOW welcome to me is the convention that a reviewer ought not to reveal the niceties of the plot of a thriller! For the fact is that I have no bent for solving mysteries, whether in a book or on a stage, and any story line more complicated than that of "Black Beauty" is likely to outwit me. To my shame, I am incapable of remembering for more than a few minutes at a time the means by which, in a melodrama such as "The Crucifer of Blood" (at the Helen Hayes), fearful deeds of derring-do lead on to still more fearful consequences; murderers and murderesses tend to mingle contentedly in my mind, and at the final cur-

tain I applaud with fervor heroes and villains alike. I hope it will suffice for me to report that "The Crucifer of Blood" is an amusing, if not very scary, imitation of the literary style of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; that it begins in India in 1857, at the height of the great Indian Mutiny, and then leaps thirty years and several thousand miles to London, where in his study at 221-B Baker Street we encounter the celebrated ratiocinator and cocaine addict Sherlock Holmes; and that it provides along the way stolen treasure, a murder in a thunderstorm, an Oriental opium den, and a fog-enshrouded scene on the Thames. The author, Paul Gio-

vanni, is an able student of Holmesiana and a writer of exceptionally stylish dialogue, and Conan Doyle in Heaven may well be proud of having provoked this substantial act of piety.

Sherlock Holmes in 1887, though a comparatively young man, is seen to be already in full possession of his astonishing deductive faculty; Dr. Watson, too, is as he will always be—earnest, loyal, conscientious, and obtuse. Holmes is played with admirable dash and coolness by Paxton Whitehead, who has a profile every bit as nobly beaked as the profiles of his great predecessors William Gillette and Basil Rathbone. Timothy Landfield is Dr. Watson, and he takes care to make him a figure capable, for all his bungling, of one day setting down the facts of the very case in which we observe Holmes and him at work. The beautiful young woman who seeks Holmes' professional assistance is played by Glenn Close, and the role of the snippy, perennially overconfident Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard is briskly embodied by Edward Zang. Dwight Schultz, Nicolas Surovy, and Christopher Curry are among the skulduggers. Second in importance only to the author is John Wulp, who designed the marvellous scenery; the episode on the river is a masterpiece of aesthetic wit and mechanical adroitness. The costumes are from the hand of Ann Roth, the lighting is by Roger Morgan, and the direction is by the author. "The Crucifer of Blood" is Mr. Giovanni's first play: an enviable début.

—BRENDAN GILL



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THE SPORTING SCENE

A NEW ERA BEGINS: FLUSHING MEADOW PARK

LAST year, months before the national championships took place at the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, Queens—the men's singles and women's singles had been played there without interruption since 1924, the doubles since 1970—the United States Tennis Association made it known that in 1978 the championships would be shifted to a new site: Flushing Meadow Park, also in Queens, where, pursuant to an agreement with the New York City Department of Parks and Recreation, the U.S.T.A. would build, operate, and maintain a sixteen-acre National Tennis Center that would be used exclusively by that organization sixty days a year but whose facilities (twenty-seven outdoor courts and nine air-conditioned indoor courts) would be open to the tennis-playing public on a rental basis the rest of the time. As is generally appreciated, particularly by people who live in or near New York City, nowadays it takes about three times as long as first projected, not to mention many times the amount of money originally estimated, to build or remodel a sizable architectural project in this city (*vide* Yankee Stadium). Consequently, when the U.S.T.A. announced that it would, in effect, be burning its bridges behind it, there was considerable concern as to whether the new stadium—a renovation of the Singer Bowl, which was built for the 1964-65 World's Fair and renamed the Louis Armstrong Stadium in 1973—would be completed in time for this year's championships. For starters, the plans for the new stadium required the approval of no fewer than nine municipal agencies.

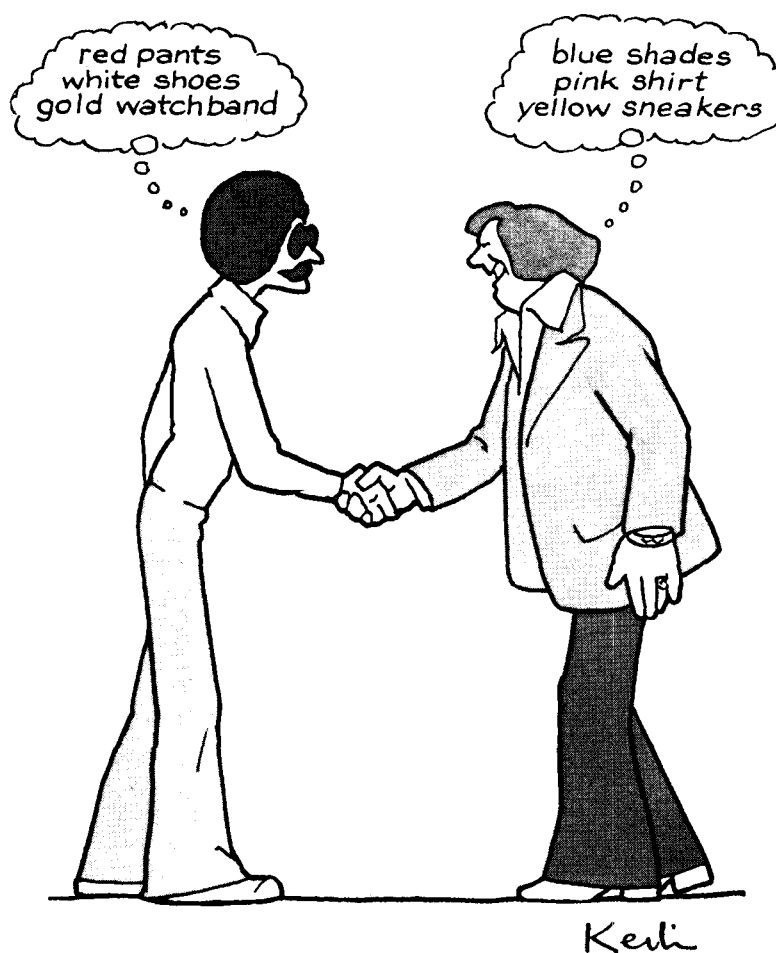
In dealing with this Sargasso Sea of red tape and the countless other problems, the U.S.T.A. has had one major asset going for it: its incumbent president, William Ewing (Slew) Hester, Jr., of Jackson, Mississippi,

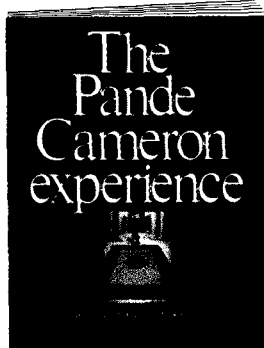
the scion of a family of Copiah County politicians and the first U.S.T.A. president from the Deep South, knows a great deal about the business of business. Because of his experience as the young president of a trucking company, he was assigned by the Army during the Second World War to work with the famed Red Ball Express, the transportation outfit that operated with such marked effectiveness in northern France. Subsequently, he has been, successively, the sales manager of a glass-container-manufacturing company, the executive vice-president of a truck and air-conditioning distributorship and then of an oil company, and from 1962 on an independent oil producer, or wildcatter. At sixty-six, Hester, a sturdily built, ruddy-complexioned, direct man who has been a fine tennis player since boyhood, has an impressive background in tennis administration. He has headed the Mississippi Tennis Association and the Southern Tennis Association, and, as a man who loves a challenge, he was single-handedly responsible for pushing through in his home town a big-time tennis club that now has twenty-six courts. He was also

the force behind the establishment of an annual seventy-five-thousand-dollar professional tournament that is held in Jackson. It was his confidence and aggressiveness that lay behind the U.S.T.A.'s decision to leave Forest Hills, which had its limitations as the home of the American Championships, and to create a National Tennis Center.

This past spring, after the harsh and protracted winter, I found myself wondering from time to time how the work on the new center was progressing. No word about it had come from the U.S.T.A. headquarters, in Manhattan. In talks with some of my friends who are associated with tennis, I discovered that they were similarly concerned. Early in May, just as we were making plans to go out to Flushing Meadow Park to see what the situation was, the U.S.T.A., in a most uncharacteristic move (it has never been known for its penchant for public relations), sent out a letter announcing that there would be a bus expedition from Manhattan to the new center the following week for tennis writers and editors and other people connected with the game, in order that we could see what had been

done so far and be brought up to date on the general state of affairs. There was little doubt in our minds that this junket was the brainchild of the U.S.T.A.'s new public-relations director, Ed Fabricius, who joined the organization last year. In any event, at ten-forty-five on the morning of May 10th, about thirty of us climbed aboard a chartered bus at the rear entrance, on West Fifty-eighth Street, of the Essex House. Fabricius was on hand, as were half a dozen other persons from the U.S.T.A., including Mike Burns, the executive secretary, and Hester, who had flown up from Mississippi. From the beginning, the atmosphere was easy and convivial, as it usually is when people who haven't





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seen each other for some time get together again. Then, to top things off, as the bus started up and headed toward the East River Drive a uniformed waiter began to make his way up the aisle serving Bloody Marys or coffee and Danish pastry. This created such pleased astonishment that as the bus swung off Grand Central Parkway, and, passing Shea Stadium, moved down the leafy streets of Flushing Meadow Park toward the heart of the new tennis center, the euphoria was almost tangible. The weather unquestionably had something to do with this. The sun was out, and there were patches of bright blue in a lightly clouded sky—a perfect day for a trip into the comparative country.

It should be stated immediately that the structure we found ourselves facing upon debarking from the bus was essentially the old Louis Armstrong Stadium. At that point, the general mood turned to one of disappointment: we had expected to see much more progress. We filed into the stadium and made our way to the east end of the stands—actually, the northeast end—and found seats on the weatherworn wooden benches in that unaltered section of the stadium. The work crews below were raising such a din that various people who attempted to address our group could not be heard, and it was decided to wait seven minutes or so until it was twelve o'clock, when the workmen had their lunch break. During that interval, I slowly took in the complex scene in front of us. The best way, I think, to describe what it looked like then and what we were told it would look like when it was finished is to begin with the matrix, Armstrong Stadium. The main problem it posed for those charged with turning it into a larger and more modern stadium that would be particularly suited for tennis is that in shape it was a long oval. As many as five courts could easily have been laid out in its center, but that wouldn't have been desirable. For one thing, there is no need for that many courts in the stadium of a tennis complex, and, for another, the spectators at one end of the oval would from time to time have found themselves too far away from the court in use to have a good view of the action. Ideally, a tennis stadium should have only one court, and the stands should rise at a steep pitch, to give the spectators the feeling they are right on top of things. The Centre Court at Wimbledon is built that way, as is the *Cour Centrale* at Stade Roland Garros, in Auteuil, outside Paris, where the French Cham-

pionships are held. (At Forest Hills, there is room in the stadium for two, or even three, courts, but the stadium nevertheless works out very well, because the stands do rise at a properly abrupt angle.) At the new tennis center, an excellent solution, as we could see, had been hit upon last autumn for dealing with the problems presented by Armstrong Stadium: it was decided to divide the long oval into two separate areas, by erecting a new stand, which would stretch across its width—thus creating a large sub-stadium, to be known as the Stadium Court, with a seating capacity of almost twenty thousand, and a smaller sub-stadium, which would be called the Grandstand Court and would accommodate approximately six thousand people. It was further decided that the existing walkway, some ten feet above ground level, that ran around the periphery of the oval, connecting the two areas, would be retained. This would enable spectators who had tickets for the Stadium Court to saunter over, when the urge struck them, and watch the match going on in the Grandstand Court. It was decided that, at least for the time being, separate tickets would not be sold for the Grandstand Court. I mention this because the contiguity of the two courts is somewhat like the setup at Wimbledon, where the attractive No. 1 Court (which has seats for fifty-five hundred and standing room for fourteen hundred) is physically connected to the Centre Court (which has seats for almost eleven thousand and standing room for thirty-five hundred), but at Wimbledon separate tickets are sold for the No. 1 Court and, as a result, there is relatively little space available to take care of the people who make their way there from the Centre Court or the thirteen field courts, hoping to find a spot to watch a favorite player or a specific match.

I should emphasize that on that distant day back in May when we had our first look at the new stadium, work on it hadn't proceeded very far. We could see from our position, which looked down on the Grandstand Court, where a wooden shack was serving as the temporary field office for the construction company, that the new foundation was about completed. Another thing—most of the structural-steel framework was up for the new dividing stand, which would be thirty-two rows high and extremely steep. By tournament time, the front of this new stand formed the east side of the Stadium Court, and a huge press box was perched at the top. (The back of this

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stand, which serves as the west side of the Grandstand Court, has no seating facilities—at least for the time being. By the way, except for refinishing and painting the wooden benches, it was decided to leave the Grandstand Court end of the stadium unchanged for the first championships.) As for the Stadium Court, the plan was more intricate. It called for a rim of new boxes—eight rows deep on the sides of the stadium and four rows on the ends—to replace the lower rows of old concrete benches. It also called for the remainder of the old stadium, the top of which was forty feet above the ground, to be used. From that point upward, new rows would be constructed of precast concrete slabs supported by structural steel. At the date of our visit, only about a quarter of the twenty-five-foot concrete slabs had been hoisted into place by the crane then occupying most of the floor of that court.

One thought of all the work that lay ahead and wondered when the renovation would be far enough advanced for the playing surfaces to be laid in both courts. The type of surface selected, we learned, was a rubberized acrylic cushion, on an asphalt base, called DecoTurf II. It has two valuable properties going for it. First, it is an all-weather composition that requires practically no maintenance. Second, its speed—basically, this type of court is slower than grass but appreciably faster than clay—can be adjusted by changing the composition of the texture layers, the two layers that lie beneath the top two layers, which determine the color. (All in all, the DecoTurf II surface of the courts at Flushing Meadow Park is composed of eight layers.) The courts would be a soft green—a welcome relief after three summers of gazing at the depressing dark-gray hue, tinged with dark green, of the Har-Tru courts that were installed at Forest Hills when the grass was removed in 1975. Much more significantly, since healthy grass apparently cannot be maintained in the industrial areas of our country, it would seem that a composition court, responsive in a sensible degree to both the serve-and-volley paragons who flourish on grass and the patient baseline artists who are toughest on clay, might be the proper surface for our championships. Surely there are enough tournaments played on clay or clay-type courts as it is: the Italian and the French Championships, of course, and also the United States Clay Court Championships—a tournament that was instituted in 1910 and to which we have

paid insufficient attention in recent years. Ellsworth Vines, George Lott, Frank Parker, Bobby Riggs, Pancho Segura, Pancho Gonzales, Vic Seixas, Tony Trabert, Arthur Ashe, and Jimmy Connors have all won the men's clay-court singles at least once, and, way, way back, William T. Tilden II won it seven times.

On the day of our spring outing, while the construction crews were having their lunch Hester gave a short, frank talk. In it, he touched on the huge amount of work that lay ahead, but his mood was essentially optimistic. Afterward, he answered a few questions. "When do I think the surfaces will be down on the two stadium courts? Probably around August 27th. That's a couple of days before the championships start. This year, as long as we have someplace for the spectators to sit and courts for the contestants to play on, we'll be very satisfied. Next year, we can start to make this the outstanding tennis center we think it's going to be."

He was asked about the planes from nearby LaGuardia Airport, which fly low over Flushing Meadow Park.

"The takeoff pattern's into the west today, so it's fairly quiet," he said. "When the takeoff pattern is into the southeast, we'll get lots of noise. The southeast-to-northwest runway—that's the best alternative takeoff strip for us."

He ended by saying, "We're going to be ready for August 30th, the opening day of the tournament. We'll solve whatever the problems are, and we will play."

Hester then introduced the architect, David Kenneth Specter; a representative of the Monsey Products Company, the manufacturers of DecoTurf II; and Bill Talbert, who would be returning to his old job of tournament director after a two-year absence. Each of them answered a batch of questions, and afterward we strolled down the walkway to the embryonic Stadium Court to get a better look at it. The architect came over and informed us that there would be an elevator up to the press box, and, now that we could see for ourselves that the east wall of the Stadium Court had an alpine incline to it, this was good news, in a way. At the same time, we wondered why they had to stick the press box up that high, reducing the players on the court below to the size of toy soldiers and making it almost impossible to get the feel of a match. Well, at any rate, we concluded, it was better than the press box at Forest Hills, with its underwater gloom. And, to be honest, I suppose

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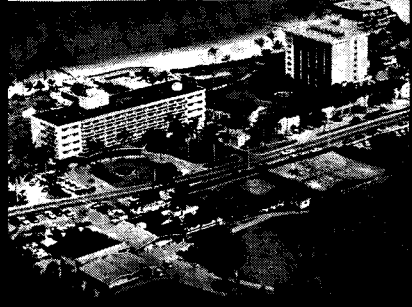
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that in this era of Very Big Sport, in which television calls so many of the shots, the old orthodox press corps can be pretty hard to please—sometimes rightly so, of course.

The bus trip back to Manhattan went quickly, perhaps because there was so much to think about—for example, the lanes of sycamores and pin oaks we had seen, which, along with lush fields of grass, could, if intelligently used, make every summer day at Flushing Meadow Park a Renoir Sunday in the country. But what one thought about most was all that had to be done in a mere three and a half months if the show was to go on. Just before I got off the bus, I turned around and said to Hester, who was sitting a couple of rows behind me, "It's going to be awfully close, isn't it?"

He smiled broadly and easily. "Very close," he said. "But I've got three phones on my desk back in Jackson, and whenever a problem comes up I'll hear about it just as soon as the construction manager does. I think we'll make it. We'd better."

As we know now, the new stadium was finished in time. There was no chance to take care of all the trimmings, but there were courts for the players to play on and seats for the spectators to sit on. In fact, all things considered, the 1978 championships went very well indeed.

SURPRISINGLY, the new stadium at Flushing Meadow Park is the first to be built as the home of a major tennis championship since Stade Roland Garros was opened, in 1928. The oldest tennis championship, to be sure, is Wimbledon, which was originally staged on the lawns of the All England Croquet Club, covering three and a half acres on Worple Road, in the Borough of Wimbledon, some eight miles southwest of the heart of London. This croquet club had been organized in 1868, when that insidious Victorian pastime was at the peak of its popularity. Croquet remained the only game available to the membership at Worple Road until 1875, when the men directing the club, worried about its declining financial health, made the bold move of allocating the major share of the club's acreage to two new games: lawn tennis, which had been invented in 1873 by Major Walter Clopton Wingfield, and badminton, which had been developed by the British Army in India and was called Poona until 1873, when it was renamed after the country seat of the Duke of Beaufort. In 1877, the All

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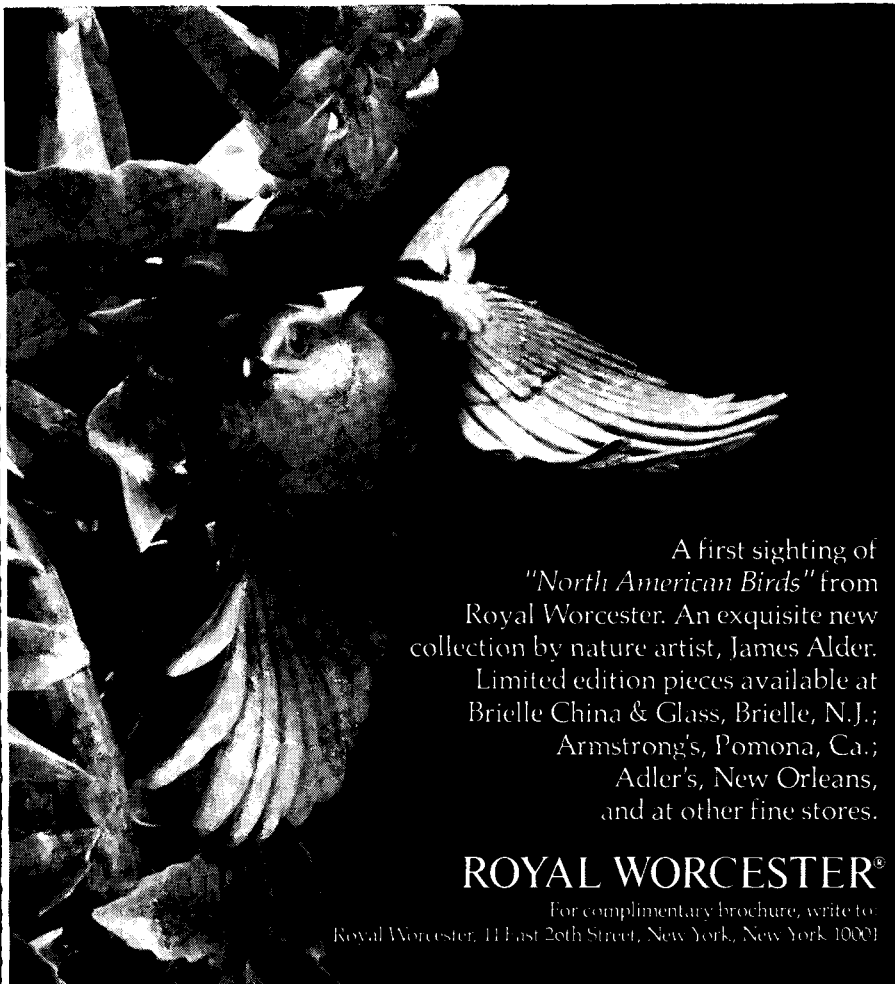
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England Croquet Club staged the first Lawn Tennis Championship, open to all amateurs. The championship was a definite success, and so were the subsequent Wimbledons—it early became the custom to refer to the tournament by its geographical site—and within a relatively short time the grounds at the club were given over exclusively to tennis courts. Larger and larger crowds, enchanted by the skill and the personalities of the Renshaw twins and the Doherty brothers and later by such colorful foreign invaders as Norman Brookes (of Australia), May Sutton and Maurice McLoughlin (of the United States), and Anthony Wilding (of New Zealand), turned out to watch the matches at Wimbledon. No stadium was built, but, to accommodate the ever-growing number of spectators, the capacity of the stands on the four sides of the Centre Court was periodically increased. (The renowned Centre Court received that name simply because it was situated at the center of the other courts.) At length, when Wimbledon was resumed following the First World War, the officers of the All England Club, realizing that the crush at the championships had been going on far too long, decided that after the 1921 tournament the club would be moved from Worple Road to a much more commodious tract of land, on Church Road, also in Wimbledon. There they laid out an ample number of field courts and erected the present Centre Court in an imposing twelve-sided wooden stadium, which was painted dark green. The stands were covered by a roof, but the court area, naturally, wasn't.

Nearly all the Wimbledon regulars hated to leave the old grounds on Worple Road. Their feelings were eloquently expressed by A. Wallis Myers, the tennis correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*. The opening sentences of his book "Twenty Years of Lawn Tennis," written in 1921, after the last championship had been held at Worple Road, go as follows:

I must begin these reminiscences on a note of sadness. Wimbledon is passing! Not the institution which the world knows as the lawn tennis championships, but the ground hallowed by the history of the game—a history shoemarked on its courts. It is rather a tragic thought, this uprooting of a shrine saluted for two-score years and more by every disciple of lawn tennis in this country and by many a pilgrim from distant lands.

Myers, however, was quick to point out that the move had been imperative for almost a decade and that "the



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pent-up waters burst their bonds in 1919 and 1920." He continued:

Nearly four times as many seats, I was told, could have been sold for the last championship meeting. I know not how many spectators, prepared to stand, stayed away because they knew that not even a ferret could squeeze through the Centre Court crowd. On the morning of the Tilden-Patterson match last July, having an engagement to play a private game with Commander Hillyard [the secretary of the All England Club], yearning for a little exercise to relieve his secretarial cares, I had to pick my way over the bodies of those who, for several hours before and still to come, were waiting for the gates to open.

I would like to digress for a moment, for this last excerpt suggests a brief, light comment. Myers belonged to an era in which a good many of the people who covered sports were gentlemen writers. As a Commander of the Order of the British Empire, a sharp-featured man who often chose to pose for the camera with his pipe cradled between thumb and forefinger, and a very useful doubles partner (if not a player of championship calibre, which he frequently managed to imply that he was), Myers wished to be thought of as a real insider, and he found it hard not to drop names like Commander Hillyard's. As a result, in reading him one continually runs into passages like this:

I shall never forget Gore's successful defense of his title in 1909. His challenger was Ritchie who, in a domestic year, by dint of fine victories over Roper Barrett and Dixon, seemed destined to have his name enrolled among the elect. I had been Ritchie's guest on his house-boat at Laleham-on-Thames the night before this match. Motoring to Wimbledon on the great day, something went wrong with the car. It was nothing very serious, but the owner had to use his right arm vigorously to restart the engine. I remember expressing some distress at the incident at the time. Did this little contretemps have any effect on the challenger when, with the match and title seemingly in his grasp, he found himself being slowly overhauled by the holder? Rarely did tide turn so completely.

I hasten to add that many contemporaries of Myers also wrote in this manner but that few, if any, of them wrote as well as he did when he had sufficient time and a sense of purpose. An example of Myers at his best is his account of the historic final of the 1919 Wimbledon Ladies' Singles, between the aging British heroine Dorothea Lambert Chambers and the young French marvel Suzanne Lenglen, which Lenglen won, 10-8, 4-6, 9-7. It is as full of vitality today as it was sixty years ago. I should think that

Myers was the most influential tennis writer in the world during the decade before the First World War and the decade after it, and certainly few people knew and loved both the Wimbledon of Worple Road and the Wimbledon of Church Road, the site of the game's first true stadium, as deeply as he did.

EARLY in the nineteen-twenties, improved tennis facilities began to go up in the capital cities of the various Australian states, in response to growing interest in the game in that country as new stars of international standing—most notably, Gerald Patterson and James O. Anderson—rose to take over where the veteran Brookes was leaving off. White City, in Sydney, was typical of this improvement. The New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association, seeking a headquarters with room for future expansion, bought a twelve-acre plot on Rushcutters Bay, which was two miles from the center of town and had formerly been the site of an amusement park called White City. The N.S.W.L.T.A. saw no reason to change that name as it went about constructing its plant, which in time consisted of thirty-seven grass courts and half a dozen hard courts. White City replaced the old Double Bay Grounds as the site of the state championships and—when it was New South Wales' turn in the national rotation—of the Australian Championships and Davis Cup competitions. Until 1954, the permanent grandstands erected around the two center courts seated about eight thousand. Then the north stand was extended to bring the seating capacity up to ten thousand, and, that December—when tennis fever was at its height in Australia, because the United States team was challenging for the Davis Cup at White City—temporary extra rows, reaching high into the sky in a sensational way, were added at the top of the stands. On the first day of the match, at least 25,578 spectators—that was the official count, but there were probably even more people wedged in—peered down at the players. This is still the largest crowd ever to watch a tennis match held outdoors.

Kooyong, which is the leading club in Melbourne—the second-largest city in Australia and the capital of its second most important state, Victoria—has a similar history. Founded in the early nineteen-twenties, Kooyong, which became the headquarters of the Victorian Lawn Tennis Association, succeeded a site with another wonderfully evocative name, Warehousemen's Grounds—

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now called Albert Grounds—as the locus of the state championships and also of the big national and international events when it was Victoria's turn to hold them. (As it happened, the first Davis Cup challenge round held in Australia had been played at Warehousemen's Grounds, in 1908.) Kooyong, which covers more than seventeen acres of a leafy suburb about four miles from the center of Melbourne, started with temporary stands around its two center courts. Then, in 1927, it undertook the construction of the lower part of an oval concrete stadium. This accommodated about four thousand, and additions made in 1934 and 1953 brought its seating capacity to about twelve thousand. Whenever Kooyong has been chosen as the host for a Davis Cup challenge round, more rows have been added at the top of the stands, as at White City. A crowd of twenty-two thousand turned out, for example, on each of the three days of the 1953 challenge round, when Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall were the heroes of a thrilling challenge round.

Besides Kooyong, which has put on five challenge rounds, and White City, which has put on four, as well as one final round (after the Davis Cup format was changed, in 1972), there are three other prominent Australian centers of tennis which should be mentioned. They are situated in Adelaide, Brisbane, and Perth, the capital cities of the states of South Australia, Queensland, and Western Australia, respectively. The one in Adelaide, which is operated by the South Australian Lawn Tennis Association, and which borders on the War Memorial Drive, is commonly referred to either as Memorial Drive or simply as the Drive. It currently has thirty-four grass courts, of which thirty had been established by 1922. It was not until 1939, however, that the first stands in what became the club's "stadium area"—it is built around two courts—went up. These courts are now enclosed by a quadrangle of stands—three of them permanent—which normally holds sixty-five hundred spectators but, if necessary, can be extended to take care of as many as twenty thousand, as it did during the 1956 challenge round. Four challenge rounds in all, the first in 1952, have been held at the Drive. Another three have been staged at the Milton Tennis Courts—Milton is a suburb of Brisbane—which is where the top events are played in Queensland. The history of the Milton club goes back to 1895, when two grass courts were built on a reclaimed dump.

Queensland was a primitive place in those days, and for years there were no grandstands for the spectators; the conveniences supplied by the club began and ended with hitching rails for horses and buggies. Today, Milton has eleven grass courts, eleven granite courts, and thirteen all-weather courts of acrylic on a concrete base. Four rather modest wooden grandstands enclose two grass courts in the stadium area, but, again, when the situation warrants it the stands can be added on to, dramatically. For example, seating for some nineteen thousand people was provided in 1958, the first time Brisbane was accorded the honor of holding the Davis Cup challenge round. As for Perth, that handsome city by the Indian Ocean, the outdoor competitions are held at the Royal King's Park Tennis Club. The setup there is rather unusual. The Western Australian Lawn Tennis Association owns only the three center grass courts, which are bordered by concrete grandstands with a seating capacity of ten thousand. The Royal King's Park Tennis Club owns the other twenty-two grass courts and leases them to the W.A.L.T.A. when they are required for a big competition like the national championships. Perth has never been selected for a Davis Cup challenge round, but preliminary Cup rounds have been played there—such as that dreadful (for us) interzone final in 1960, in which the highly favored American team, after leading two matches to none, was eliminated by Italy.

To sum up, despite the intense tennis ferment that began in the nineteen-twenties and reached its peak in the nineteen-fifties and sixties, Australia has invested in only one permanent modern tennis stadium—the one at Kooyong. As a rule, the island continent has chosen to do things its own way, erecting grandstands around the center courts of its leading clubs and then, on the big occasions, adding row upon row upon row with steel and wood until an uncommonly large crowd of unawed Aussies, perched almost in the clouds, can be taken care of. (I might note that in the opinion of Harry Hopman, the perennial nonplaying captain of the Davis Cup teams during the great Australian era after the Second World War, Memorial Drive and Royal King's Park have the best grass.)

THE year after the new Wimbledon opened its Centre Court, to an impressed and delighted public, saw the completion of another major tennis stadium that was designed from the



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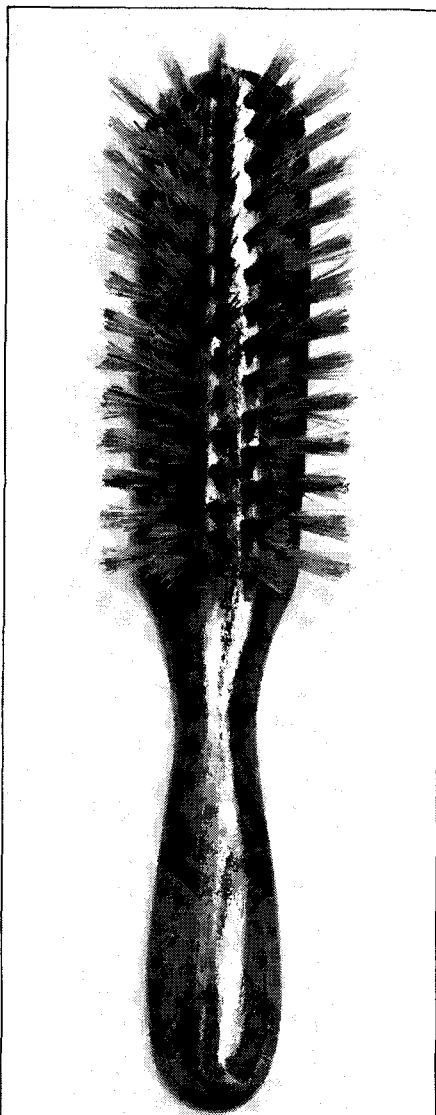
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outset along the lines of a classic stadium. This structure, which had a seating capacity of fourteen thousand, went up at the West Side Tennis Club, which by that date—1923—was situated in Forest Hills. Today, when logjams in the construction business are chronic, it seems impossible that a horseshoe-shaped concrete stadium a hundred and ninety-five feet long and a hundred and forty-five feet wide and rising thirty-nine rows above a ten-foot wall that separated the viewing area from the playing area could ever have been built in four months, but it was. Work on it started on April 9th and was so near completion on August 10th that the first Wightman Cup team match—the top American women players versus the top British women players—was put on there with a gallery of five thousand on hand. If the stadium at Forest Hills has always been a first-class place to watch the great players, much of the credit must go to the architect, Kenneth M. Murchison, and the engineer, Charles Landers. Both were members of the West Side Club and, as such, appreciated the qualities a tennis stadium should have.

The decision to build this stadium was the winning ploy in a series of tactical maneuvers that the West Side Club, led by the ambitious and astute Julian Myrick, made over a dozen years or more, with the object of making the club the venue of the most important tennis events held in our country. An abbreviated review of the club's climb to power might be useful. The West Side was formed in 1892, and took that name because the grounds it rented were situated on Central Park West between Eighty-eighth and Eighty-ninth Streets. There was room for five courts. In 1902, it moved to a larger plot, on 117th Street, near Morningside Drive. Six years later, it was on the move again—this time, to 238th Street and Broadway, where it rented two blocks of undeveloped land and built a clubhouse, twelve grass courts, and fifteen clay courts. In 1912, informed that the lessor—the Van Cortlandt Estate—wished to sell the property, the club, after a conscientious investigation of possible new sites, bought a parcel of roughly ten acres in Forest Hills from the Sage Foundation Homes Company. At seventy-seven thousand dollars, this was a steal, especially when one took into account the sylvan retreat that Forest Hills was in those days. Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape architect, had laid out a boulevard and a main street, between which ran narrow, curving side streets.

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He had also planned pleasant small private parks accessible through gates in the back gardens of the residents' neo-Tudor stucco and half-timbered houses. What made this Eden even more desirable was that it was only fourteen minutes from Manhattan by electrified train.

If the addition of the West Side Tennis Club substantially enhanced the allure and value of the community of Forest Hills, it worked the other way around, too. Back in 1911, when the club was still situated on 238th Street, the energetic Myrick and his friends had engineered its selection by the U.S.L.T.A. (in those days, of course, and until 1975, the U.S.T.A. was still the U.S.L.T.A., the United States Lawn Tennis Association) as the site of the Davis Cup interzone final between the United States and Great Britain. Crowds of more than three thousand had come out on each of the three days of the match, which the United States won, 4-1. In 1913, the club again put on the interzone final. The American team beat Australasia (Australia and New Zealand), 4-1, this time and then sailed to England, where it edged out Great Britain, 3-2, at Wimbledon—the first American triumph in the challenge round since 1902, two years after the Davis Cup competition was inaugurated. In 1914, our team defended the Cup at the West Side Club's new home in Forest Hills. In a thrilling clash, highlighted by the famous match between McLoughlin and Brookes, Australasia won back the Cup, by the score of 3-2. On each of the three days, over twelve thousand well-mannered but superbly responsive fans filled three wooden bleachers, a special section in front of the clubhouse, and every available foot of standing room. No gallery even half that size had ever turned out to watch the tennis at the Newport Casino, where our national championships had been held since they were instituted, in 1881.

The Casino, designed by McKim, Mead & White, had been commissioned in 1880 by James Gordon Bennett, Jr., the idiosyncratic publisher of the New York *Herald*, who wanted to get even with the Reading Room, one of the poshest Newport clubs, for throwing out a friend of his—one Captain Candy, of a visiting British polo team—because Candy had ridden his pony into the club's front hall. A graceful potpourri of shingled buildings, the Casino was rather European in its architectural style and in its social style as well. Below the clock tower, near the main entrance, were a tea garden

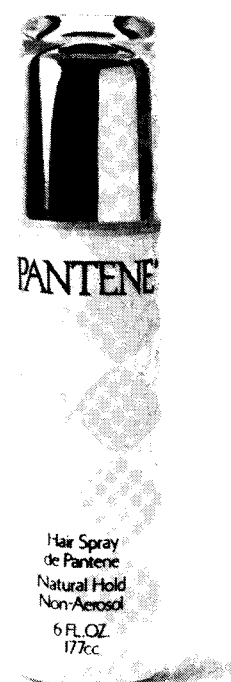
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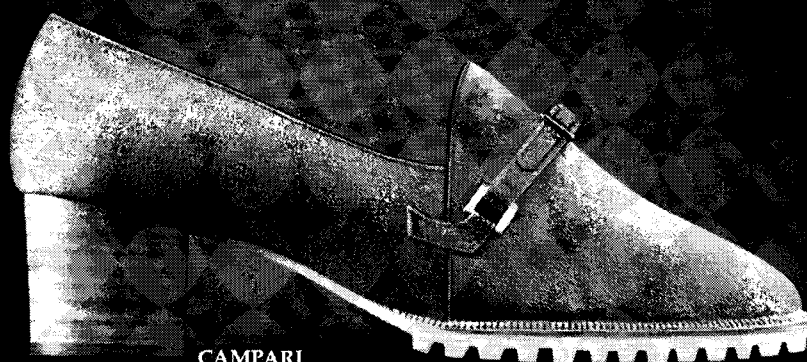
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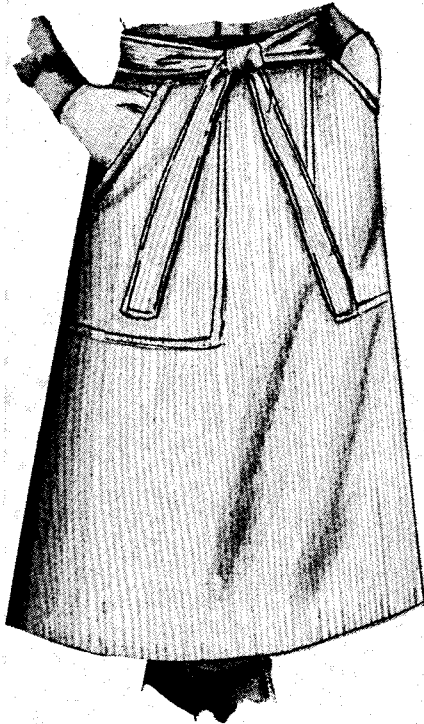


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and a bandstand for concerts, and near these was the graceful Piazza, the focus of the Casino's social life. At the far end of the grounds was the ballroom, in which dances were held twice each week during the summer season. There were also a number of well-tended grass courts, including the championship court, which had two grandstands—one covered and one open. From the point of view of tennis, the trouble with Newport was that the people who attended the championships did so less to see the matches than to be seen. The players, understandably, did not care much for the patrons' all too obvious lack of interest. Besides, a turnout of four or five thousand spectators for the finals was the most that one could hope for at Newport, and this hardly compared with the roaring twelve thousand who had come out daily to Forest Hills for the challenge round of 1914. Accordingly, in February, 1915, at the annual meeting of our national tennis association, it was voted to transfer the men's championships from Newport—which had been their home for thirty-four years—to Forest Hills. (The women's singles championship, which had first been played at the Philadelphia Cricket Club, in 1887, continued to be played there through 1920, after which it was shifted to Forest Hills.) The men's singles and doubles were duly held at Forest Hills through 1920—except in 1917, when our championships were cancelled because of the war. At the meeting of the U.S.L.T.A. in the winter of 1921, however, much to the chagrin of the West Side Club, that venerable Philadelphia institution the Germantown Cricket Club was able to mobilize a majority of the votes and was awarded the men's championships for 1921, 1922, and 1923. During those years, the West Side Club had to make do with the women's championships and the Davis Cup challenge rounds as its top features. Large, exuberant crowds turned out for the challenge rounds in 1921 and 1922, and this fact was not lost on Julian Myrick (who was in an excellent position to notice it, since he was the U.S.L.T.A. president from 1920 through 1922). He was sure that an era of unprecedented popularity and prosperity lay ahead for tennis, and this feeling led him in 1922 to make on behalf of the West Side Club a shrewd and bold proposition to the U.S.L.T.A.: the club would build a stadium comparable to Wimbledon's if, in return, the U.S.L.T.A. would guarantee that the men's singles, the men's doubles,



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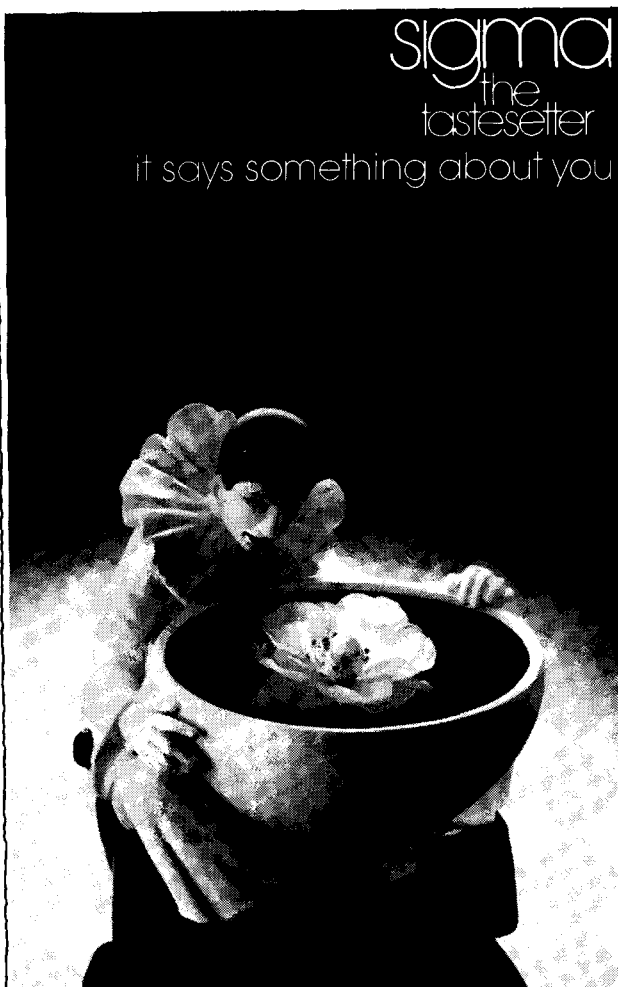
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or the American team's most important Davis Cup match would be played at Forest Hills annually during the next ten years, starting in 1923. This was the trump card, all right. The men's singles returned to Forest Hills in 1924 and remained there, along with the women's singles, through 1977.

Forest Hills hoped to become another Wimbledon, but it never did. It never came close, in fact. Had there been a true meeting of minds between the West Side Tennis Club and the U.S.L.T.A., such as existed between the All England Club and the Lawn Tennis Association (they interlock so cohesively that it is hard to detect where the authority of one leaves off and that of the other begins), our championships might have reached a much higher level of function and flavor than they ever did reach (and they might still be lodged at Forest Hills). As it was, an abiding acrimony grew up between the two organizations, for each was convinced that the other was not carrying its proper share of the load and was carrying off more than its rightful share of the profits. Consequently, both bodies let matters that needed scrupulous attention drift into limbo. For one thing, the public was never properly taken care of. There was no parking space available for anyone except the players, the officials, the club members, and dignitaries; the refreshments available to the public were well below the expected standard (not that anyone hoped for the domestic equivalent of Wimbledon's strawberries and Devonshire cream); the lavatories and the other public facilities became archaic. The only people who were in a position to enjoy the championships—apart from the tennis itself—were the members of the West Side Club and the relatively small, elite corps of tournament regulars (such as the ladies and gentlemen of the media) who also had the run of the clubhouse area and could eat, drink, socialize, and relax there. However, as I have noted, the members of the West Side Club in recent times became quite unhappy with their share of the pie. They were justifiably outraged when, a few years ago, the club's official representative somehow agreed to a new contract with the U.S.L.T.A., under which the association would receive all the proceeds from the sale of the lucrative television rights to the championships, while the club would receive not one cent. As for the U.S.L.T.A., with tennis booming on all sides, it was eager to have a home of its own. In 1977, when it was able to work out the deal with the City of New



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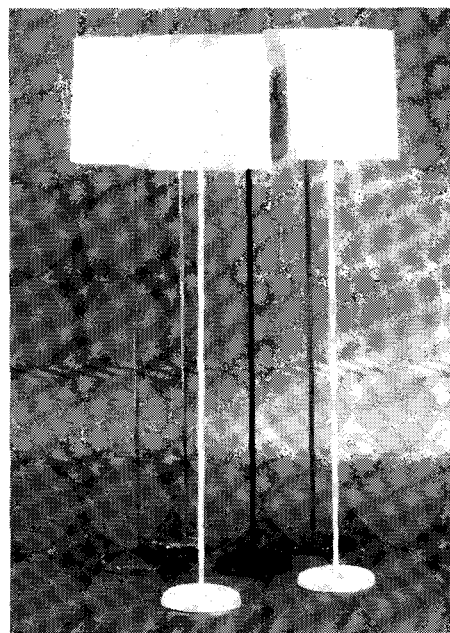
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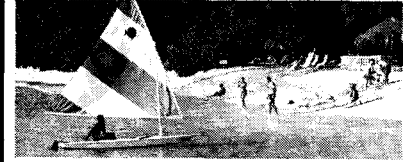
York which assured it of having such a home at Flushing Meadow Park, it lost little time in arranging to leave Forest Hills.

WITH the exception of Kooyong, the one tennis stadium constructed by a major tennis power in the fifty-five-year interval between the building of the stadium at Forest Hills and the creation of the new stadium at Flushing Meadow Park was Stade Roland Garros, which came into being in 1928. Up to that time, the French had used the courts at the Stade Français, in Saint-Cloud, and those of the Racing Club, at Croix Catelan, in the Bois de Boulogne. These were good facilities, but in the summer of 1927 France's position in the world of tennis underwent a spectacular change. That year, the Four Musketeers—René Lacoste, Jean Borotra, Henri Cochet, and Jacques Brugnon—successfully completed their quest for the Davis Cup, which had started in 1922 and had gradually gathered the emotional commitment of a crusade, by defeating the American team, at Germantown, three matches to two. The French Tennis Federation felt that this glorious achievement merited an appropriate gesture of recognition, such as a new stadium. Besides, after working so hard to become the world's dominant tennis nation, the French fully intended to keep the Cup as long as the Americans had—seven years—and there was a need for a stadium to accommodate the large galleries that would be cheering the team on. The federation was able to obtain a subsidy from a grateful government, and work on the new home of French tennis began at once. Al Laney, of the *Paris Herald*, describes, unforgettably, in his book "Covering the Court" what went into building Roland Garros and the unique atmosphere it possessed from the outset:

As might be expected, they [the French] came up with the most attractive tennis ground in the world. They chose a tree-shaded spot on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne not far from the Auteuil race course, and, where other tennis plants had been planned from a purely utilitarian point of view, this one was laid out with an eye to preserving as much of the natural beauty of the site as possible and even adding to it.

Some of the courts were hidden among spreading trees behind an old, old house which was itself partly concealed by growing things. I seem to remember that there were eight courts but, turning the eye backward and inward, I can actually see and count only seven. I have known any number of people who went regularly to the matches in those days who cannot

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recall for certain where three of the courts were situated. How different from Wimbledon or Forest Hills, where they march like soldiers in rows side by side.

The old house was carefully preserved as a clubhouse for eating, drinking, and dressing purposes; and they left plenty of room for strolling about, sitting at tables, and ordering things brought in glasses, tall and small. Everywhere there were flowers, informal and unofficial.

They surrounded one of the khaki-colored courts with poured concrete stands and, although about as many could be seated as in the other places for watching tennis, it seemed much smaller. Its architecture was simple. Just a plain stand along each side and each end of the court and all running together at the corners to form an oblong box with no top. This simple arrangement managed somehow an informal quality that made the people seated in it seem very near the players and the players nearer one another. The arena effect of Wimbledon and Forest Hills was entirely lacking.

To add one more short segment from Laney's loving recollection of Roland Garros:

The crowds at Wimbledon were much larger, about as cosmopolitan, and just as "dressy" too, if you disregard the ever-present models the leading dressmakers always send to such places to parade the new frocks like showgirls in a Ziegfeld revue. Everything seemed to combine, however, at Auteuil to produce something unique in sports, and I am wondering if the catalytic agent may have been gaiety. The French knew how to be gay in those days.

They were now on top of the tennis world, likely to remain there for years, and war was still a small, remote cloud on a distant horizon. Year followed pleasant carefree year as the summertime came round again and we all went to Auteuil for the French Championships, the interzone matches, and the challenge round. There was for me always the faint feeling that I was entering upon a setting for a musical comedy and that all the people wandering about chattering in a dozen languages were extras carefully chosen and costumed to form a background against which the main actors would perform.

The men charged with selecting the playing surface for the courts at Roland Garros took that responsibility with the utmost seriousness. Borotra, Lacoste, and Cochet—all the Musketeers except Brugnon, who was the doubles specialist—had by this time proved themselves sufficiently expert on grass to win the singles championship at Wimbledon. All three—especially Lacoste, who had won our singles championship in 1926 and 1927, and who defeated Tilden in the match that really clinched the French victory in the 1927 challenge round—had also performed well on American grass. Nevertheless, on the European continent clay is the native surface for the tennis player—he

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grows up on it—and a clay-type composition was decided on for Roland Garros. In Lacoste's opinion—he was kind enough to answer a letter I wrote him this summer asking a number of questions—the courts at Roland Garros were probably made of the same compound of materials as those at Saint-Cloud. "They are not En-Tout-Cas courts which, I believe, are more porous and made of thicker particles [of crushed stone]," Lacoste wrote. "Until the last two or three years, I consider they were made of too small particles and for this reason they were very slow when wet and they were too hard in dry, hot weather." This fits in perfectly with the story that has circulated for years as to why the French wanted terribly slow courts at Roland Garros and how they made sure they got what they wanted. From the day the French began their all-out attempt to capture the Cup, they understood that their efforts would be doomed unless they learned how to beat the mighty Tilden. This meant, above all, learning how to handle Tilden's wicked cannonball serve—or, more specifically, how to wear him down so that after a set or two his cannonball would start to lose its velocity and accuracy, and Tilden thus would become less commanding and more vulnerable. They succeeded so well that in time Cochet and Lacoste were able to defeat Tilden on grass, the surface on which his serve was at its fiercest. Tilden was aging, but, for all that, the French, after winning the Cup, continued to fear him, and with good reason. While they appreciated that he was somewhat less dangerous on clay, which is much slower than grass, at Roland Garros they took no chances and deliberately built courts that were extremely slow when wet. This is the first part of the story that has come down to us. The second part is that the French did not rely on a felicitous rainstorm to dampen the center court before a Tilden match at Roland Garros. No, they went out the night or the morning before and hosed down the court. And yet on that very slow court, in the challenge round of 1928, Tilden, using spin and guile instead of sheer power—it was a windy day and called for a departure from his usual strategy—played one of the finest matches of his career, outlasting Lacoste in five sets. However, there is no doubt that the clay at Roland Garros was a critical factor in the French teams' continued success in defending the Davis Cup. They had set out to retain the Cup for as long as the United States had just retained it, and

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they almost did. They held it for six years—until 1933, when the Musketeers had grown old, and Fred Perry, a bounding young Englishman who had become the best player in the world, led the British team to victory in the challenge round.

The rise of the French and their period of supremacy constitute one of the most captivating chapters in sport. Their breakthrough depended on all four of the Musketeers, but chiefly on Lacoste, who though he was the youngest member of the team was its leader, inasmuch as he had one of the most acute tennis minds of all time. He was the man who figured out how to go about beating Tilden. His suggestions to his teammates on how to alter their tactics in the course of difficult matches were invaluable. When he was still in his teens and was just beginning to come on as a player, Lacoste started his career-long practice of entering in notebooks, as he sat in the stands, his observations on the strengths and weaknesses of the players he would be facing in tournaments, along with his thoughts on the most efficacious way to blunt their best weapons. In my letter to Lacoste this summer, I asked if he would give me a few examples of the sort of things he had jotted down in those famous notebooks. He complied with this request, and the paragraph in which he did is so fascinating that it simply has to be quoted:

What I wrote in my notebooks were just short remarks about the best tactics or shots against different opponents. For instance, for returning Tilden's service I had noted: "Very short firm swing." To beat Johnston I had noted: "Aggressive sliced shots with full swing." Against Borotra I had noted: "Accurate cross-court passing shots." Against Cochet I had noted: "Fast drives with some top-spin."

When a man has the ability to hit the ball as well as Lacoste did, and, in addition, has such a talent for analysis, he is almost certain to become a great champion.

DURING the summer, in the weeks before the 1978 Open Championships got under way, I made two trips into the fastnesses of Queens. The first, early in July, was to Forest Hills. Lamar Hunt, the head of the promotional organization called World Championship Tennis—its annual tournament season finishes in May—had contracted with the West Side Club to put on an invitational event the week after Wimbledon. I went out on the Wednesday evening, because Ken Rosewall was playing Vitas Gerulaitis, and



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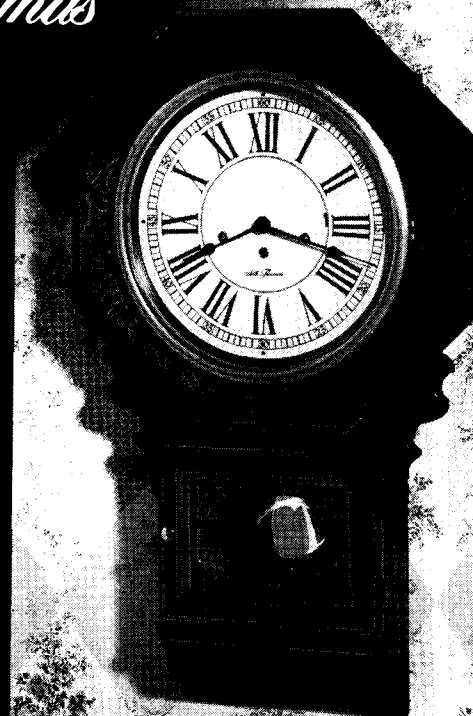
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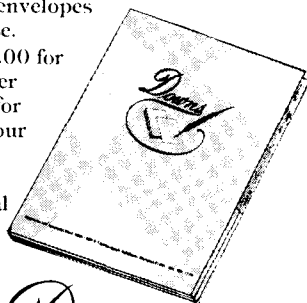
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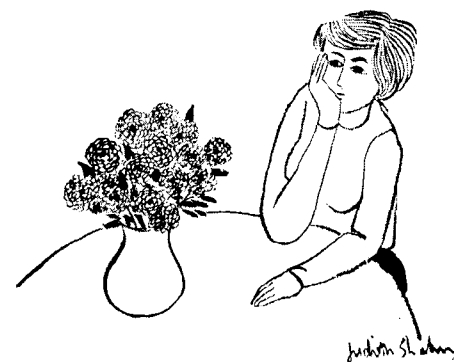
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one never knows how many more opportunities there will be to see Rosewall in action. (He will be forty-four in November.) Gerulaitis won in straight sets, but the quality of play was rewardingly high. The passage of the years has taken its toll of the wondrous consistency of Rosewall's shotmaking, but he still hits beautiful strokes and plays beautiful points, and the four thousand spectators in the stadium relished what they were viewing. (I should think that this tournament, if it was brought along properly, could develop into a superior summer fixture.) I also had a second reason for going out to Forest Hills: I wanted to see how the club looked under conditions different from the crush of the championships. It happened to be a clear, purpling evening, and, what with the smallish crowd, there was almost a rural serenity about the grounds as one strolled out from the clubhouse to the stadium. The thing that struck me the most—during the championships, other things had invariably claimed one's attention—was the texture and greenness of the large expanse of lawn on which the several grass courts in front of the clubhouse are laid out. My mind suddenly became very active, and I found myself thinking that tennis will probably never again be as attractive a game as it was when most of the big events were played on grass; more than that, grass is the surface that evokes the best expression of the game. Most tennis enthusiasts, I believe, have thought these thoughts at one time or another, and many American tennis enthusiasts, I am sure, have wondered if we were not too hasty in ripping up the grass courts used for the championships at Forest Hills and replacing them with Har-Tru. After all, when you bear in mind the United States Golf Association's long involvement in turf development, our tennis association undeniably appears to have been remiss in not studying more professionally the problem of maintaining good grass for tennis in this country.

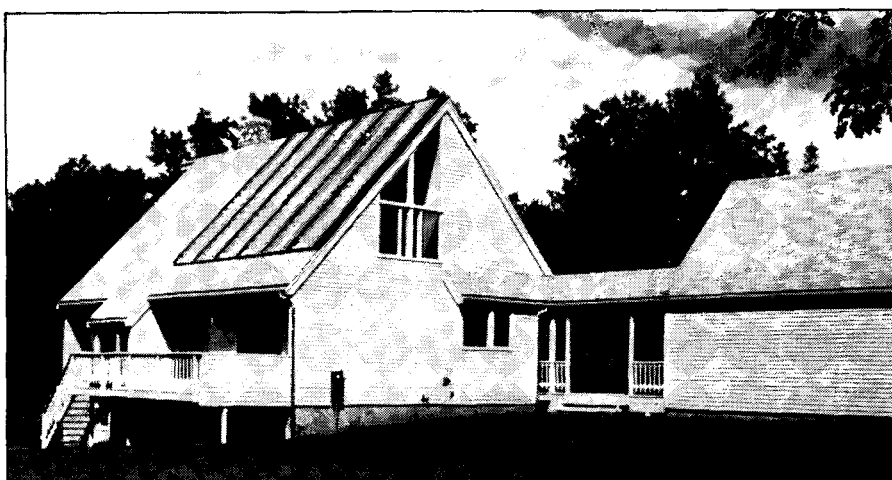
I made my second trip—another visit to Flushing Meadow Park—on the twenty-fifth of August, the Friday before the start of the tournament, which had been moved up to the night of Tuesday the twenty-ninth. I had learned about this change when, the day before revisiting the new National Tennis Center, I had telephoned Slew Hester in his office on Capitol Street in Jackson. "We just had to do it," he explained in his unique manner of speaking, in which a strong Mississippi accent is fused with a vigorous delivery.

"We got such tremendous cooperation from the construction men, the union officials, the city employees—from everybody—that I wanted to be sure they all had a chance to see some tennis played in the stadium they helped build. That's why we went and scheduled a couple of matches for Tuesday night—it made it possible for us to give two tickets to everyone who had worked with us to get the job done. We had some obligations to pay back. Funny thing, I had no idea that so many of the hardhats were interested in tennis, but when we put on a tournament for them early in August something like two hundred out of a total of three hundred and fifty workmen showed up." Hester cleared his throat, and lowered the volume of his voice a few decibels. "The new tennis center, as you may have heard, has overshot the six million dollars we'd estimated it would cost," he continued. "It will come close to ten million. We spent the money out of necessity. We had a date to meet, and the only way we could do it was by paying overtime money—plenty of overtime money. The biggest headache for us was that the unions' contracts with the builders expired at the end of June. After that, many of the unions went out on strike against the contractors. We went directly to the heads of the unions, and we were able to avoid any harmful strikes at the new stadium. Hy Zausner, who was my deputy, did a hell of a job, and we kept moving along. By late July, we had the seats in the stadium. We started installing the courts the first week in August, and they were finished and lined on Friday, August 18th. I hear that Connors came out and played on them that weekend." A pause for a chuckle. "You know, you never stop running into problems," he went on. "For example, in June we discovered that the Parks Department's power supply would be inadequate for our needs, and we had to build our own power station. Day before yesterday, the damn sewage pump blew. That's



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On the morning of my visit to Flushing Meadow Park, a gray and foggy day, the first thing I did was inspect the Stadium Court. I could hardly believe what I saw. It was much larger than I had visualized it back in May, and much handsomer: roughly rectangular in shape, and gleaming brightly on three of its four sides with sixteen rows of seats with blue backrests just behind the courtside boxes, then twelve rows of silvery aluminum benches without backs, and then sixteen rows of benches with red backrests. On the fourth side—the new stand—there was a slight variation on this scheme: no silver benches. As I slogged my way to the top of the stadium, I stopped for a moment to watch a workman who was sticking numbers on the individual seats, but all the critical work had obviously been finished some time before. From the top, I gazed down and around incredulously at what had been accomplished since our group visit in May. Then, collecting myself, I studied the Grandstand Court—it has a red-and-blue color motif—and, after inspecting the Deco-Turf II surface in the Stadium Court, I strolled around and looked at the field courts and at the white-and-yellow striped tents that would house food concessions or luncheons and dinners put on by big companies. I then poked around the headquarters building, where the space occupied by the nine indoor courts would be used as hospitality centers during the championships by other companies entertaining clients and guests over the twelve days of the tournament. Everywhere I walked, people were bustling around, and, even when an airplane was not screeching overhead, there was such a hubbub that it was hard to hear yourself think. At the trailer that served as the office of the construction company, I had the good luck to run into Hy Zausner, Hester's deputy. He suggested that we might be able to converse more easily if we sat inside his car, which was parked nearby. Zausner, a calm, soft-spoken white-haired man who is in his seventies but doesn't look even sixty, is as astonishing in his own way as Hester. He is best known to the public as the founder of the Port Washington Tennis Academy, a nonprofit enterprise in Port Washington, Long Island, which he started in the mid-nineteen-sixties, hoping, in his phrase, "to get the kids hooked on tennis instead of drugs." It has been a remarkably successful opera-



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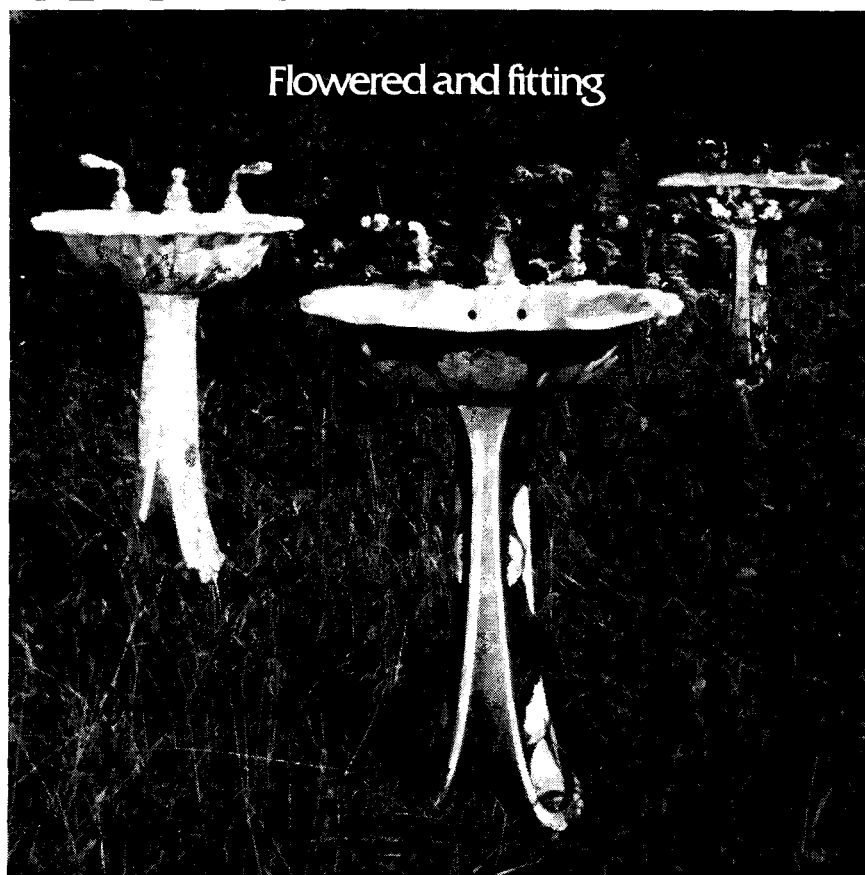
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tion. Before that, Zausner had spent the bulk of his working hours in the cheese business. The largest American importer of Danish blue cheese, he long ago adopted the brand name Flora Danica for his product, which has outsold all its competitors for decades. Zausner somehow also found the time to build shopping centers, and this activity, which brought him into contact with contractors and subcontractors and the rest of the people involved in the complicated world of real estate and getting things built, made him the ideal person to serve as Hester's right-hand man—the man who was always on the premises. From May through August, Zausner and Hester talked on the telephone anywhere from five to ten times a day. Zausner's experience in the building game was particularly valuable when the members of seven unions—the electricians, the engineers, the plumbers, the carpenters, the bricklayers, the bricklayers' helpers, and the teamsters—went on strike. He also showed a gift for improvisation. For example, when it rained on the day scheduled for the construction workers' tennis tournament, he had the event switched to the Port Washington Tennis Academy, where it was played on the thirteen indoor courts.

When we left Zausner's car at the end of our chat, I asked him about one major problem that we hadn't touched on—the terrible shriek the airplanes made as they took off from LaGuardia and flew directly over the stadium or very close to it. "I don't know the answer," he said. "We've been talking for some time with the men in charge at LaGuardia to see if they'll be able to use other runways during our afternoon and night sessions. We'll just have to wait, and hope that they'll be able to find a solution." As Zausner walked back to the trailer, five people converged on him from different directions.

At the Tuesday-night session that had been added to the United States Open Championships, Tracy Austin, the fifteen-year-old phenomenon from Rolling Hills, California, won her first-round match with the loss of only one game, and Björn Borg, the current Wimbledon champion and the player seeded No. 1 in the men's singles, quickly dispatched Bob Hewitt, the veteran doubles star from South Africa. It was a rather boring evening, for the tennis was mundane and most of the time was given over to speeches by officials and politicians which reminded one that Americans are noto-

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riously poor public speakers: they do not take the trouble to organize their remarks, and wander on and on. Once this prologue was dispensed with, the United States Open really got under way on Wednesday. There were no upsets, but a couple of matches were much closer than had been expected. For example, Gerulaitis, the fourth-seeded player, barely edged past an unknown young Frenchman, Pascal Portes, 7-5, 7-5, and Ashe, attempting a comeback after a prolonged heel injury, had to fight off three match points before winning, 4-6, 7-6, 6-1, over Ross Case, of Australia. (Until the quarter-finals, the men's matches consisted of only three sets. From that point on, they consisted of five—as they ordinarily do throughout championships played on hard courts or on grass, since shorter rallies are produced than on clay and less time per set is required.) However, the subject of most conversations on the opening day, and on the ensuing days as well, was, of course, the National Tennis Center. If the opinions of the people I talked with were representative, the large majority were not merely pleased with the Stadium Court but somewhat overwhelmed by its grandness. Most of them were also happy to find that the field courts were not massed in long parallel rows but dispersed over the grounds south of the stadium. As for the surface of the courts, the consensus was that the DecoTurf II played well, but a number of contestants and observers felt that it had been made to play a bit too fast, which militated against the clay-court virtuosos, and they also thought that the ball bounced too high on it. Gerulaitis, who replaced the Har-Tru surface of the practice court at his home, at Kings Point, Long Island, with DecoTurf II, remarked that his court was discernibly slower than the ones at Flushing Meadow Park, and he predicted that they would favor the serve-and-volley experts—especially those who got in a high percentage of their first serves. Nevertheless, all of us noted that in many matches the players engaged in long, patient rallies from the baseline. No, the surface, while probably a shade too fast, had been a good choice. The new stadium's most serious problem was not underfoot but overhead—the planes taking off from LaGuardia. Planes take off into the wind, and when the wind was out of the southeast, as it was on quite a number of days, planes flying low over the stadium created such a nerve-racking roar that the players either paused momentarily or, if a point

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was already started, had to continue it under painfully distracting conditions.

During the twelve days of the championships, there were four extraordinarily fine matches. The first of these, a fourth-round match played on the evening of Labor Day, was between Guillermo Vilas, the almost too intelligent poet-athlete from Argentina, who was the defending champion, and Butch Walts, a big, broad-shouldered man of twenty-three who, after a couple of years at the University of Southern California, joined the Phoenix Racquets, of World Team Tennis, two years ago and has built a reputation as one of the most thunderous servers in the game. In winning the first two sets, Walts demonstrated that he can do a few things besides serve. He hung in pertinaciously on extended rallies and won many of them at crucial junctures by running around his backhand and sending blistering forehand drives into the open corner of the court. Vilas took the next two sets, and seemed to have the situation under control, but Walts, to everyone's surprise, surged back and won the fifth set with some big, brave hitting. The scores: 6-4, 7-6, 4-6, 6-7, 6-2. The second outstanding match brought Jimmy Connors, seeded second, up against Adriano Panatta, of Italy, in the fourth round the next afternoon. Full of spirited thrusts by both players, this not only was the most exciting men's match of the tournament but may well have decided the final outcome of the men's singles, and, for that reason, I think it may be best to put it aside for the moment and return to it later. As for the two other memorable matches, both involved Pam Shriver, a sixteen-year-old, seeded sixteenth in the women's singles. Tennis people have been talking about Pamela Howard Shriver, of Lutherville, Maryland, for just about a year now. Their enthusiasm over her prospects is noteworthy in itself, considering that never before have there been so many stunningly talented young women players—to name just a few, Tracy Austin, of course, Anne Smith, Linda Siegel, Kathy and Barbara Jordan (who play No. 1 and No. 2 on the Stanford women's team), Maria Fernandez, Bettina Bunge, and Caroline Stoll, all of whom are Americans, and two promising Czechs, Hana Mandlikova and Hana Strachonova. Unlike most of the members of her age group, Shriver plays "the big game," and plays it with flair. She has the physical equipment to do so. A reed-slim girl, she is six feet tall, but she has such sound athletic co-

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ordination that there is no hint of gawkiness about her; rather, she moves swiftly and gracefully over the court. She has a lot going for her: a fast, controlled serve with marvellous wrist action; an exceptional feel for the forecourt, which she plays effectively not only because of her reach but because she has good anticipation and reflexes; adequate ground strokes, although she hits both her backhand and her forehand with underspin, and so lacks the pace that flat or topspin drives would give her; a sanguine attitude, from what one can see; and, finally, she is very pretty—bright, expressive eyes, curly light-brown hair, and the sort of wide smile that the movie queens of the nineteen-thirties and forties used to flash. While big things were expected of her, it was thought that it would take her another year or so to arrive. For example, she has yet to defeat Tracy Austin, although they have met nine times, and at Wimbledon this year, when she was on the verge of beating Sue Barker, an established player, and thus establishing herself, she failed to cash in on three match points. Oh, yes—she uses a Prince racquet, which has a bigger face than conventional racquets, and her coach is Don Candy, the former Australian internationalist.

At Flushing Meadow Park, Shriver, playing more confidently each round, made her way to the semifinals in the second quarter of the draw by defeating Candy Reynolds, Sharon Walsh, Jeanne Evert (Chris's younger sister), Kerry Reid, and Lesley Hunt. Virginia Wade, last year's Wimbledon champion, had been expected to march through this quarter but had been eliminated in the third round, and it was Shriver instead who faced Martina Navratilova, this year's Wimbledon champion, on the second Friday of the tournament, under a cold gray sky. Navratilova, a twenty-one-year-old Czech who defected to this country three years ago, is a good-sized, sturdy, strong athlete, and she has improved her serve-and-volley game to the point where this year she has come to be recognized as the No. 1 woman player in the world. This rise to the top was abetted by Chris Evert's decision to take a long vacation from competition, and when the two met in the final at Eastbourne, just before Wimbledon, and then in the final at Wimbledon, Navratilova, displaying a new assurance under stress, pulled out two tough three-set matches. Against Shriver, Navratilova, a left-hander, was in good fluid form from the opening game, holding her hard-hit serve with

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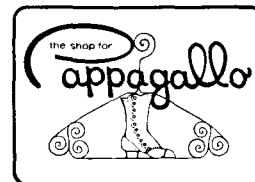
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little or no trouble. The astounding thing was that Shriver, far from being rattled by playing the biggest match of her career on the Stadium Court, rose to the occasion. Sometimes she can be too emotional under tournament pressure, but that day she was in complete control of herself, concentrating well and playing the pivotal points with courage. For instance, in the tenth game, serving at 4-5, she fought off two set points—the second with a gorgeous backhand volley angled cross-court—and went on, after wasting three game points, to hold service. In the twelfth game, she survived two more set points for Navratilova. This knotted matters at six games apiece and brought on a twelve-point tie breaker to decide the set. Though Shriver was clearly in an inspired mood, I must admit that I was still bowled over when she went on to win the tie breaker, seven points to five. The winning shot was a backhand that she took on a high bounce and slashed down at Navratilova's feet as she came hurrying in to volley the return. Navratilova could not handle it, and the ball skidded off the frame of her racquet and into the bottom of the net. First set to Shriver, 7-6.

By this stage of the proceedings, the spectators in the Stadium Court fully appreciated how formidable a tennis player young Pam Shriver could be, but I don't think that many of them believed she would be able to keep it all together and go on to win the match. She did, though. She took the second set, 7-6, after another tie breaker—seven points to three—and that was it. What made her victory still more amazing was that the second set was twice interrupted by rain—halted for forty-eight minutes the first time and for thirty minutes the second. Usually, it is the more experienced player who benefits from a stoppage of play. During the first interruption, I retreated to the press box and began discussing this matter with a tallish, reserved man in, I should say, his early forties who happened to be standing beside me. It became evident that he knew quite a bit about Shriver, and when I mentioned this to him he said, "I guess I should. I'm her father." Pam, I learned, is the second of three children—all daughters. Mr. Shriver is in the insurance business. He had come up from Baltimore that morning on the train, and during the match he had been so nervous that he had changed his seat to one in a thinly populated section near the top of the stands, where he could suffer in private. Although he

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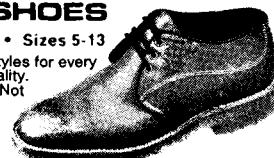
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realized that it was unfortunate that the rain had come when his daughter was playing so well, he thought that she might still win the match. "Pam can handle a lot of pressure," he said. "She knows her own mind, for sure. You ought to be around some of the times when she and Don Candy go at each other." As it turned out, Pam Shriver wavered badly only once in the second set, tossing away three match points in the tenth game. In her session with the press after the match, she was all ease and high spirits. Had the rain delays bothered her? "No," she said. "If I had crowded myself with how I should play Martina's serve, or when I should come to net, and all the other things, the waits might have bothered me, but I told myself just to go out and play my best shots. That kept me loose." She was amusing at times. When someone asked her how she stood in her matches with Tracy Austin, she grimaced and muttered "Next question." And when she was asked how she planned to play Evert in the final, she said, "Just like I played Martina today. I'll come to net as often as I can. That's my game. Can you see me trying to hit ground strokes from the baseline with Chris!"

On my way out of the interview room, I saw Mr. Shriver again, looking far more relaxed. I remarked on his daughter's nice sense of humor. "Gets it from her mother," he said.

THE Evert-Shriver final took place on a bright, sunny afternoon. The wind was coming out of the south, and so we were treated to a fine irritating display of low-flying commercial aircraft. There was considerable drama inherent in this match. Evert is now a grown woman of twenty-three, but one remembers as if it were yesterday her first appearance in the championships, in 1971, when *she* was sixteen, a slim kid with a ponytail. That year, she revived a dullish tournament, knocking off players of the calibre of Mary Ann Eisel, Françoise Durr, and Lesley Hunt before being stopped in the semis by Billie Jean King. This year, on her route to the final, in the lower half of the draw, she defeated Donna Ganz, Caroline Stoll, Regina Marsikova, Tracy Austin (7-5, 6-1), and Wendy Turnbull. In the final, Evert got off fast, whipping her forehand and two-handed-backhand drives deep and hard. Halfway through the set, however, she unconsciously let down a fraction, and, before she knew it, Shriver, who was beginning to play as effectively as she had against Nav-

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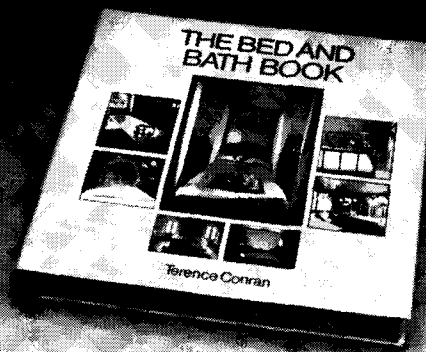
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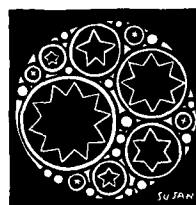
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ratilova, got back into the match in the eighth game: after fending Evert off at game point with a beautiful half volley hit with touch, she broke Evert's serve with two untouchable overhead smashes. Games 4-all. After this, Evert picked up the pace again, and, coming to net behind severe drives more frequently than she usually does and putting away her volleys decisively, she took the set, 7-5.

During this set and the next, by the way, Shriver served as well as any woman player I have ever watched. She was both powerful and accurate. When she was serving to the deuce court, she often cut loose with acutely angled slices that pulled Evert far out of position, and when she was serving to the ad court she whacked bona-fide cannonballs down the center line. Moreover, she played first-class all-around tennis and, in particular, came up with some wonderfully acrobatic volleys as she ranged along the net. The quality of her tennis in the second set made it imperative for Evert to reach for everything she had. She began to whistle very low drives down the sidelines, keeping Shriver back or passing her cleanly on many of her forays into the forecourt. When the situation suggested it, she threw in deceptive lobs or hustled in to net herself to volley or smash. When Evert calls on her full vocabulary, including some strokes she has acquired only in recent years, you know that she knows she is in a match. The ninth game was the key game in this set. Shriver, serving at 4-4, went quickly to 40-love on a serve and smash, a serve and volley, and an error by Evert. Evert answered with three daring winners: a forehand return of service right down the line, a crisp volley, and a fast forehand drive that Shriver couldn't get to. After saving another game point, Evert summoned two more of her best: a forehand return of service that whistled down the line like a rifle shot and, at break point, another punishing return of service that Shriver could not handle and volleyed into the net. Evert, 5-4 in games, was serving for the match. Shriver was not conceding anything. In the tenth game, she had three chances to break back, but Evert stubbornly held her off and, at length, took the game, set, and match. In my opinion, it was the best women's final in our championships since the one in 1963 between Maria Bueno and Margaret Smith. Shriver, instead of turning to jelly in the crunch, as many had

thought she might, had been magnificent, forcing Evert to come up with the finest sustained shotmaking she has produced in quite some time. In doing so, Evert won her fourth straight United States Women's Open title—a feat previously performed only by Molla Bjurstedt (later Mrs. Mallory) and Helen Jacobs. Shriver, it goes without saying, was a revelation. No one can be sure whether, as she moves into her late teens, she will retain her naturalness and sang-froid. A few girls do, but many become self-conscious as they grow older. I have a feeling, however, that the self-possession Pam Shriver showed us is an intrinsic part of her makeup, and that she will go on to become a truly great player.

LET us go back now to the match between Connors and Panatta. Its importance lay in the fact that it roused Connors to life. Up to then, his tennis had been well below his best standard, and he would clearly have to do something about this if he was to have a chance of defeating Borg, his arch-rival, in the final. From the outset of the tournament, everyone seemed to take for granted that these two—Borg coming through the upper draw, Connors through the lower—would ultimately battle it out for the title. Connors was thought to have a good chance of winning, because he was playing on a surface that was ideal for his game—a hard court on which the ball bounced high and so allowed him to release every last ounce of power into his shots. (He often leaves the ground with both feet as he swats the ball.) On the other hand, Borg, who is most at home on clay but has adjusted well to grass, has no fondness for hard courts, so it was agreed from the start that if we did have a Borg-Connors final it would be a far different story from their final at Wimbledon this year, in which Borg, playing possibly the best and most aggressive tennis of his career, dominated an enigmatically docile Connors, 6-2, 6-2, 6-3. In any event, Connors' first serious test came in the fourth round against Panatta, a twenty-eight-year-old Roman. They had previously played eight matches, with Connors winning six of them. Last year, they split two matches: Connors was the victor in the World Championship Tennis championship in Dallas after losing to Panatta in the W.C.T. tournament in Houston. That week in Houston was about the only good one Panatta enjoyed in 1977. The year was



a terrific comedown for him. In 1976, he had won both the Italian Open and the French Open, and from 1970 through 1975 he had been the national champion of Italy. By far the most talented of the Italian players of this decade, Panatta, who stands well over six feet, is an extremely handsome, dark-haired man with something of the look of a huskier Alain Delon. When he is in top form, he can be spectacularly good, and since he has a theatrical nature and the ability to establish contact with the thousands who throng the Foro Italico, in Rome, and the other Italian tennis centers, it is not difficult to see why he has been a national idol, admired no less lavishly than the ranking Italian movie stars. In this country, except for that one big week in Houston, Panatta has never played anything like the tennis he is capable of—nor did he at Flushing Meadow Park, in taking the opening set from Connors, 6-4. Connors won the second set, 6-4, and added the third, 6-1. He was not particularly sharp, but there was no need for him to be—not the way Panatta was lumbering around the court seeming merely to be going through the motions. One was reminded that if at times Panatta has swept his fans into delirious rapture, there have also been times when he has disappointed them so bitterly that, shouting at the top of their lungs, they have pelted him with every abusive term they could think of. Panatta incites these extremes of love and hate because on his good days his bravura talent is so thrillingly apparent, while on his off days, sulky and sluggish, he often gives the impression that he isn't trying at all. In the fourth set, with no advance intimation, Panatta began to "read" Connors much more quickly, to move to the ball more rapidly, and to play some splendidly imaginative shots. He broke Connors' serve, to lead 3-1, and went on to overwhelm him with the power of his hitting. His serve, which up to this point had been nothing special, suddenly became exceedingly heavy and much faster. Connors could not cope with it. Encouraged, Panatta, erupting like Vesuvius, showered brilliant placements all over the court. He won the fourth set, at 6-1, to even the match at two sets apiece. Connors was in deep trouble, and realized it. He tried to fight back, but Panatta would not be diverted. Continuing to keep Connors off balance with the velocity of his shots, he got to 5-3 in the deciding set. At this desperate moment, Connors made a great stand. Putting more punch into his serve,

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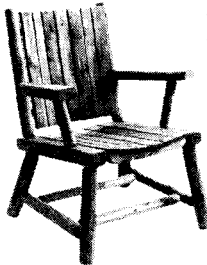
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he held it at love: 4-5. He decided then to rip into every shot, and went on to break Panatta at thirty. This made it 5-5. Connors, we were then reminded, is a strange young man. Delighted by the sterling tennis he had managed to muster just when he needed it, he threw off his cloak of restraint for the first time during the tournament, and, from then on, whenever he came up with an exceptional winning shot—and he came up with quite a few—he reverted to his old act: he strutted cockily around the court; he threw punches at the sky effusively; and, arching his back and tilting his head far back, he walked along the baseline as if he were treading a tight-rope. Most times in the past, many of us have felt that Connors' purpose in parading these antics was to show up his opponent and glorify himself. Not this day. Unmistakably, he was simply exhibiting for himself alone the joy he felt at playing such sensational stuff when nothing less would have done. Sensing now that he could win the match that had seemed lost, he served another strong game, to go ahead 6-5. Then Panatta, who has so often been accused of quitting when the going gets rough, showed us something. Down love-40, he got in two very heavy first serves and a good second serve to rub out the triple match point that Connors had held. Fighting hard, he saved one more match point, but then, at ad in and with a chance to pull out the game, he played an unsure point and lost it. Deuce for the third time. It was then that Connors came through with the shot that won this intense duel. After serving well, Panatta held control of the rally and, commanding the forecourt, stung a wicked crosscourt forehand volley that looked like a sure winner. Racing far out of court—beyond the doubles alley—Connors somehow got his racquet on the ball and hit a line-drive backhand that barely cleared the head of the net-cord judge and came back onto the court, landing two feet inside the left sideline. Match point for Connors, for the fifth time. Panatta missed with his first serve. Gambling on catching Connors off guard, he banged his second just as hard. It was long by an inch or two. Double fault. Game, set, and match, Connors. In victory, he did something I had never seen him do before. He came trudging to net, as did Panatta, and they threw their arms around each other. It gave this wonderful match just the right epilogue. Since I have in the past been as annoyed as anyone by Connors' rudeness on court, I should like to repeat that, as I

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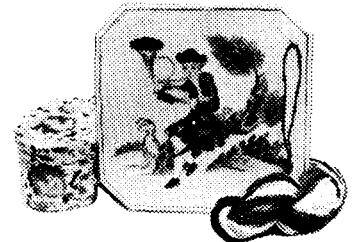
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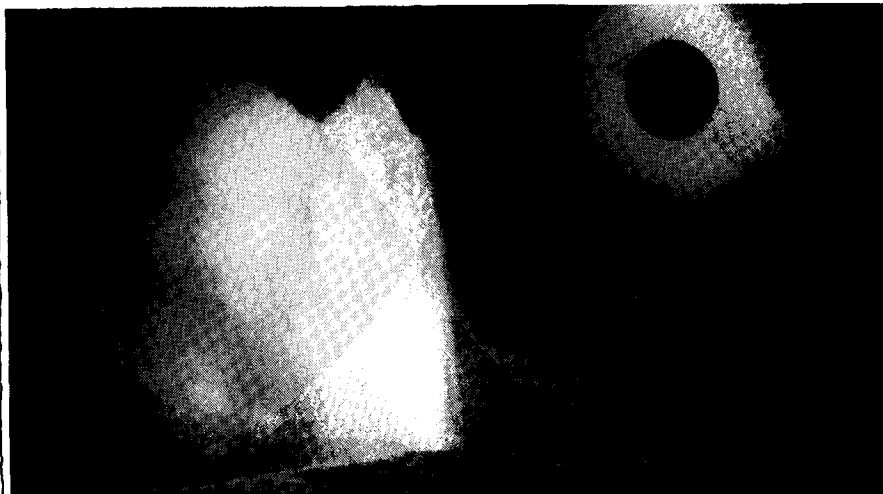


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saw it, there was nothing belittling or malicious in the mugging and strutting with which he garnished the eleventh-hour rally that saw him sweep the last four games. He is just an odd duck, Jimmy Connors, and there is no doubt whatever that he plays his best tennis when he is dramatizing himself all over the premises in his own eccentric fashion. As for Panatta, he was cheerful and placid in defeat. It was understandable. He would have preferred to win, but he had finally played a superlative match in America, and he was happy about that.

THE Panatta match behind him, Connors advanced to the final with straight-set victories over Brian Gottfried, from Florida, 6-2, 7-6, 6-1, and John McEnroe, the feisty nineteen-year-old Long Islander, 6-2, 6-2, 7-5. His one lapse came in the third set against McEnroe, when he permitted himself to drowse and fell behind 1-5 before snapping awake and reeling off six straight games. In the other half of the draw, Borg reached the final by defeating Hewitt; Heinz Gunthardt, of Switzerland; Bernie Mitton, of South Africa; Harold Solomon, from Florida; Raul Ramirez, of Mexico; and Gerulaitis, a close friend, with whom he had practiced on Gerulaitis's court in Kings Point. Despite his reservations about the hard courts at Flushing Meadow Park, Borg had dropped only two sets—one to Mitton and one to Ramirez—but the sparkle that his tennis had had at Wimbledon was unquestionably missing. As is his custom, he kept most of his thoughts to himself. On more than one occasion, he avowed that a first-class tennis player should be able to win on clay, grass, and hard courts, and, with his deep-set pale-blue eyes as expressionless as usual, he said that if he and Connors met in the final Connors would be difficult to beat, since the court suited his style of play. On the morning of the final, everyone I talked with was keyed up at the prospect of seeing these old rivals—Borg is twenty-two, Connors twenty-six—going at it again. Some mentioned that, inasmuch as Borg had won five of their last six matches, he would probably win this one in spite of his lackluster form. Others felt that Connors had begun to look like the unstoppable player of 1974, when he carried off both Wimbledon and Forest Hills. You can imagine the magnitude of the letdown when, shortly after noon, the report began to circulate that Borg had developed a blister on the thumb of his racquet hand. He had first noticed it



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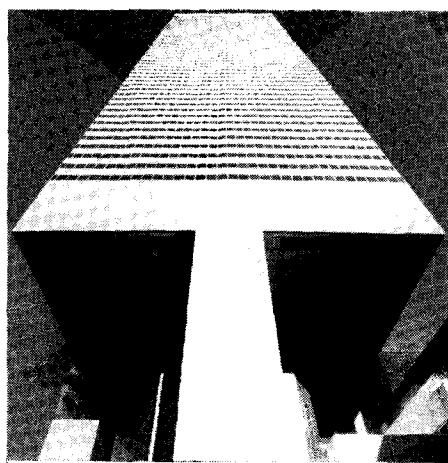
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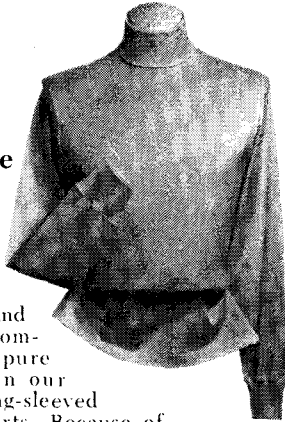
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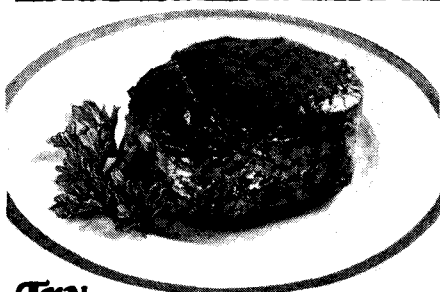


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the previous evening, after his match with Gerulaitis. In May, Borg had come up with a blister on that thumb before his semifinal match in the W.C.T. championship and had been forced to default. The word was that he would not default today, but one could not help thinking that the true story might well be that the blister was more than an ordinary blister and that Borg had elected to play only because a sportsman does not default in the final round of a major championship—it means too much to the championship.

The final went on, and it was, inevitably, an unfortunate anticlimax. There is no point in describing it in detail. Suffice it to say that Connors broke Borg's serve in the fifth game to win the opening set, 6-4, and that he won the second and third sets, at 6-2, 6-2. Connors did not drop a service game. Indeed, Borg at no time held a break point on Connors' serve.

It was impossible not to feel sympathetic toward both finalists. After the match, Borg behaved exactly as everybody knew he would. He referred to his ailment as "just a blister," and denied having taken an injection to deaden the pain. In avoiding any alibi, he was adhering to the highly admirable code one associates with the Australian stars: if you have an injury, you do not play; if you play, then you do not have an injury. The fact is that Borg had an infection beneath the callus on his thumb, and it hurt so much that he had been injected with a pain-killing drug, Marcaine, three hours before the match. He preferred to speak of how effectively Connors had played, how Connors had kept attacking the ball. Borg's injury was hard on Connors, too. Over the last four years, he had lost six of seven finals at Wimbledon and Forest Hills. He wanted terribly to turn things around, and at Flushing Meadow Park, from the Panatta match on, he was taking the ball so fast on the rise and hitting it so solidly that there was a very good chance he might have dominated a healthy Borg. There is nothing more to say except to congratulate both men—two of the most gifted athletes of this era—and to hope that they will be confronting each other in the years ahead on many bright afternoons when each is at the peak of his game and raring to go.

A FEW wrap-up thoughts on the National Tennis Center. Except for the unlucky twist of fate that rendered the Connors-Borg final so much less than the pièce de résistance it might well have been, the first cham-

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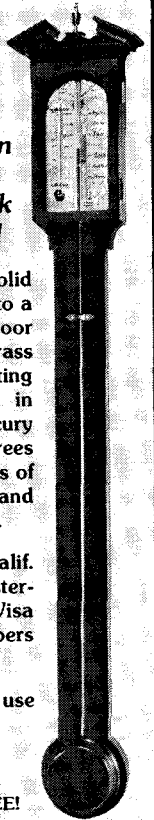
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pionships at Flushing Meadow Park were eminently successful. The stadium was ready, and, given the race against the calendar occasioned by the move from Forest Hills, that was all that anyone could have reasonably expected. Accordingly, while many tennis hands, old and young, noted quite a few shortcomings in the new venue, they let them pass; there would be plenty of time to attend to them before the 1979 championships. Their only concern now is that the U.S.T.A. follow through conscientiously, so that the tennis center will fulfill its immense potentialities. First of all, I gathered during the championships, they would like the center to have more of the flavor of tennis about it. For example, they think that a tennis museum in the headquarters building would be an appropriate feature. Conversely, they see no reason for the commercial note that is struck by such policies as allowing signs with the names of a shampoo manufacturer, an insurance company, a car-rental service, and so on to appear, within television range, at the portals of the Stadium Court. The desideratum is the atmosphere of a fine tennis club, such as Wimbledon has. They believe that more lavatory and other comfort facilities should be provided. With the center a sort of island off by itself, they think that a much greater variety of food and drink should be available,

especially since many patrons who attend the afternoon sessions stay on for the evening sessions, and they would be happy if at this international event there were restaurants serving the cuisines of different nations. A diet largely composed of frankfurters and knockwurst can pall. They expect that next year adequate seating accommodations will be set up at each of the field courts used in the tournament, and they would consider it a definite step in the right direction if more individual courts were spread over the center's green acres, in the manner of Roland Garros. They have strong reservations about a proposed plan of adding a tier of luxury "sky boxes" at the top of the stands in the Stadium Court—this could impair the court's appealing design—but they would like to see the seating capacity of the Grandstand Court increased. Last but not most important, they feel that Flushing Meadow Park can never be an American Wimbledon unless some way is found to avoid the abrasive disturbance caused by aircraft taking off from LaGuardia. (One wit suggested that the U.S.T.A. buy LaGuardia.) And, yes, they realize that an excellent start has been made, and they have an inkling that Slew Hester and his associates are completely aware of what has to be done to make the National Tennis Center all that it should be.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

TWO VICTORIAN PHOTOGRAPHS ALLEY

A deep channel between walls of brick and stone—
dark, it is so deep and narrow, yet exhilarated by a sun
that always struck each window in a certain way,
or lighted by the gas lamp on its simple bracket
that the lamplighter tended night and morning.

And within those open doors and windows, under those attic eaves,
what warmth of life, what richness in the poverty!
I feel the flagged pavements of my childhood, smooth and bare,
the decent doorsteps, the boot scraper, the coalhouse hatch
as if they were today and yesterday, a breathing present.

I am the little child upon that fisherman's sturdy knee,
or walking with my hand in father's hand, or listening
to my mother's gentle voice, the neighbors' talk—
while over her upstairs window box the local madwoman leans
her curious head, and chimneys rise on chimneys, stacked in mist.

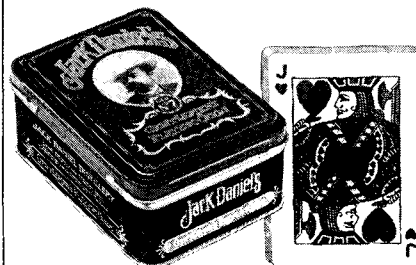
SWEEP... SWEEP

In the back lane, the net-mender with his shuttle,
and his wife, stretching the broken mesh for him,
talk to the chimney sweep with black-rimmed lashes,
who carries his hearth brush and his bag of swag
and, like a big black star, the bristling ruff
that suddenly would twinkle over chimneys in a cloud of soot!

—JAMES KIRKUP

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court—and chopping out the really dull scenes, even if that left us without a number of plot connections. There are still too many pitiful dumb jokes mixed in with the good dumb jokes, and some gags are a little askew, so that we only half get them. As a narc sergeant, Stacy Keach, with his square head and crewcut, has a comic-strip look but can't quite find the laughs in his routines, and his three narc stooges have no rhythm in their bungling; this whole part of the plot is uninspired. It's possible that Cheech and Chong don't know how to write for anybody but themselves; with the exception of Zane Buzby, whose deadpan stoned soliloquy is so satirically accurate you're sure you've run into her a few times, and two people with great bits (June Fairchild as a woman who snorts Ajax, and Otto Felix as a motorcycle cop who grows lyrical from the van's exhaust), the other performers seem to have standard-buffoon material. Adler's directing is often wobbly and sometimes sure in just the wrong ways, but at least he is an appreciator of comic performers and he doesn't butt in when Cheech and Chong get their act going. Some of the best scenes are of just the two of them in a car, having an incoherent rap, lighting a joint the size of a stick of dynamite or a joint so teeny it has to be stuck on the end of a pin.

What a piece of semi-satiric salesmanship for Mary Jane. "Up in Smoke" is the "Blue Bird" of the dope culture—the quest for the happiness weed. Everybody who sniffs the van's fumes finds heaven on earth.

IN Farrah Fawcett-Majors' first movie as a star—"Somebody Killed Her Husband," a romantic suspense comedy—her teeth flash automatically, and she speaks in a thin, girlish voice. It sounds like a made-up voice—how she thinks she should talk, with a tinkle. When she's impersonally sweet, she gets by, and we're relieved. It's a respectable performance. The director, Lamont Johnson, has shielded her, softened her plastic TV image; he presents her as your gentle, friendly dream girl. Yet there's something rigorous about this girl; you can see the years of training that it takes to turn yourself into an artifact. She gives herself away as an actress only when she has to show anger or when she cries. These emotions are so far outside the range of her impersonality that after her passable opening scene, when she discovers her husband's corpse and starts to sob and whimper, the narrative flow



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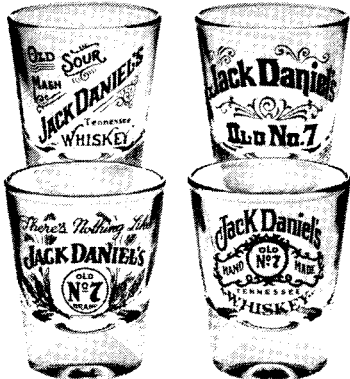
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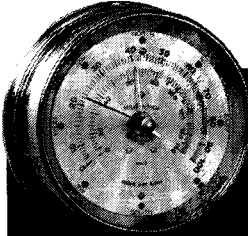
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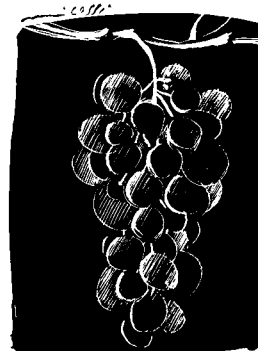
is completely blocked. It can't start up again until she stops making those tiny sounds of simulated grief and shock. Later, when she screams in anger, the movie has another awful intermission. As a model, Farrah Fawcett-Majors has a public personality with no affect, and when she fakes it here the movie is frozen in embarrassment.

Did the screenwriter, Reginald Rose, pull the script out of a filing cabinet where it had rested for decades? There's a caterpillar motif. (Caterpillars were box office in the forties, when one co-starred with Cary Grant.) This caterpillar, the hero of a children's book, is—I don't know if I'm strong enough for this—ecology-minded. Set in New York in winter, "Somebody Killed Her Husband" resembles the pictures that Ginger Rogers did in the late thirties—the ones about ordinary, pleasant people falling in love and getting into farfetched scrapes—and it attempts the same sort of casual, wise-cracking, everyday good humor. But when this dishy blonde walks through the toy department of Macy's with her toddler son in a stroller and spills a bag of pretzels, and a clerk (Jeff Bridges) rushes to her assistance and looks into her teeth and it's love at first sight, everything seems a little custardy and congealed. Her overpowering niceness faintly suggests Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, but without even neurosis underneath. Farrah Fawcett-Majors is the ideal stewardess; stewardesses are nice because they're paid to be nice. Hers is an invitation to which no response is possible—which may explain her enormous popularity, especially with teen-agers. She projects a foggy desirability: look but don't touch, don't spoil. Working next to her, Bridges probably does better by the dated romantic badinage than anybody else could have done. His way of giving a line a slight deëmphasis that makes it his and funny helps to lend the film some semblance of contemporaneity. His inflections bring out any possibility of comedy; if you say his lines over to yourself you can't understand how he did it. He makes the movie semi-watchable, but he's overdoing big-father-bear likability. His loose, slouchy gaucheness is getting a little too practiced. Bridges' hair seems thicker than ever before, and he's also wearing a full beard (probably to conceal his round cheeks); his hairy face might look fine if he didn't show us his hair-

less chest—one part of his body doesn't know what the other part is growing.

John Wood and Tammy Grimes appear briefly as nosy neighbors—and he wears what must be the narrowest shoulder tailoring that has ever appeared on the screen—but they're trying for a stylish, arch ghoulishness without having the witty lines that are needed to support that style. John Glover does better by his role as the dead man's secretary; Glover manages a pinched-face, amused craziness—he's enjoying himself frightening people, in a great movie tradition. Though corpses begin to stack up, the picture isn't frightening enough for suspense or funny enough for macabre comedy. But no doubt many people will find Farrah Fawcett-Majors' hair and teeth satisfyingly romantic. It's not an unpleasant movie, it's just awkwardly synthetic—like the Christmas tree in the heroine's apartment. The apartment itself seemed so deliberately gloomy that I kept waiting for the heroine to account for the ugly décor by pinning it on her dead husband's terrible taste. And I wished that she would stop hauling her toddler around, like a pet. She's enough of a pet.

WHEN veteran American actors are cast too strongly against type, they look ridiculous. Who could accept John Wayne or James Stewart—or Gregory Peck—as a Nazi sadist? Peck strides into "The Boys from Brazil" with stiff black hair, beady little eyes (one squintier than the other), a chalky complexion, and a thin mustache that seems to be coming out of his nose, and when he speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent you can't keep from laughing. In this large-scale version of Ira Levin's



1976 novel, he plays the monstrous geneticist Dr. Josef Mengele, who in his jungle hideaway is still carrying on the experiments he began in the death camps, staring into the future as he walks unconcernedly among the zombie mutants he has created. Charles Laughton was genuinely clammy and terrifying when he did this mad-genius-among-his-mutants number in 1932, in "Island of Lost Souls," but Peck hasn't it in him to inspire primitive terror. His effects are all on the surface, and he looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, Ezra Lieberman, a famous Nazi-hunt-

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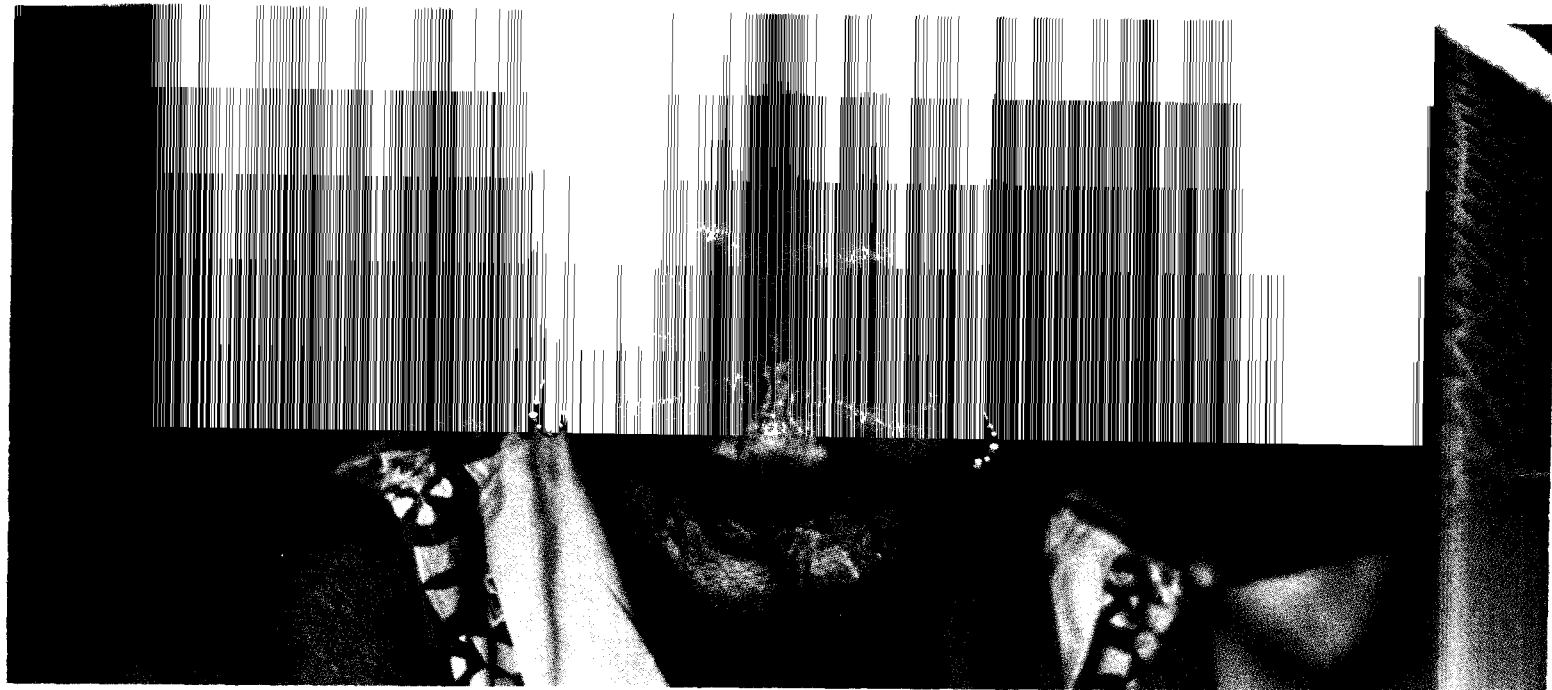
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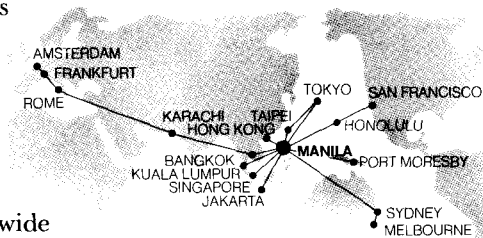
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er (and a fictional counterpart of Simon Wiesenthal). Olivier does a mischievous impersonation of aged, hammy Jewish actors, such as the late Albert Basserman and Felix Bressart, with their querulous, whiny voices and their fussiness—their way of seeming almost helpless yet resourceful, sagacious, and totally *good*. He takes off on this cloying humanistic style just enough to be very funny; if an actor to whom this falsetto came more naturally had played the role, Lieberman would probably have been as tiresome as the other characters in the movie take him to be. Only Olivier, with his daring flirtatiousness, could make this old bore enchanting. In the prison sequence, when he sits across a table from a convicted war criminal (Uta Hagen) and must control the loathing that makes the encounter physically painful to him, and, later, at the end of a discussion about cloning with a scientist (Bruno Ganz), when he realizes what the ninety-four "boys from Brazil" are, he rises above his Viennese singsongy charm. He demonstrates that the harmless-old-bore act of the aged can be a way of saving oneself for the things that count.

This picture is another of Lew Grade's international blockbuster packages (such as "Voyage of the Damned" and "The Cassandra Crossing"); the deals are worked out in terms of story elements that will sell and of performers with followings in as many markets as possible. The films are *assembled*. Lord Grade (known in film circles as Sir Low Grade) must exact a pledge from his directors that they will use no art and no imagination and will do their level best to forget whatever they know of technique. But he didn't need a pledge from Franklin J. Schaffner, who directed "The Boys from Brazil." A thriller demands pace, dread, eerie concealment, surprise; Schaffner is so honest and aboveboard that he shows you the thumbscrews instead of applying them. We should be hurtling along, identifying with cagey old Lieberman's lonely struggle to outwit the Nazis; Schaffner, as he demonstrated in his most recent pictures ("Patton," "Nicholas and Alexandra," "Papillon," "Islands in the Stream"), has become too logy and literal-minded for suspense.

And too inefficient. "The Boys from Brazil" is misshapen, like Schaffner's other recent films. He doesn't seem to have a sense of proportion about telling a story. His scenes are the wrong

length: there are long scenes that should be short, and sometimes the first hour should be a half hour, or an eighth of an hour. By the time Schaffner gets a story started, the audience is snoring. As soon as he became successful enough to command large budgets, his camera began to linger on broad avenues, palatial rooms, entranceways and exits, big men standing against the horizon. In the first sequence of "The Boys from Brazil," the camera moves sweepingly from an open-air café in Paraguay past a bullring, with a fight in progress, and through the streets to a palace and then to an airfield. There's no particular reason for all this visual pomp, since nothing in the sequence takes place on a large, public scale. But when we get further into the film, to Lieberman's tracking down of

the components of the Nazi plot, the action seems almost desultory: a matter of knocking on a few doors. After all the ceremonial foreplay, we're desperate for some tension and movement, and what, finally, do we see? Talking heads and two old actors wrestling on the floor, pretending to maul each other. When Schaffner gets to a climax, he brushes past it (as in "Islands in the Stream") or else just stumbles through it, as he does here. Directors who don't have an instinctive sense of structure generally compensate for that lack by thinking their stories through. But Schaffner seems more concerned with the set decoration and the actors' grooming. His long-winded openings and sluggish scenes give his films a dilapidated grandeur. They're expensive ruins.

Although Peck appears to relish his fling at villainy so much that he doesn't recognize that his performance will go down in the annals of camp, James Mason, who plays a colonel (the security officer for the Nazi plotters), knows—oh, how he knows. In the swacked paranoid fantasy of "Mandingo," Mason managed to have an uproarious good time, but when he's conversing with Peck, in a room stocked with mementos of Hitler and with tropical birds in their cages, while the zombies wander about outside in the jungle (specially constructed in a lagoon twenty-five miles south of Lisbon, with fifty thousand dollars' worth of imported tropical plants), an infinite weariness seems to settle over him. This is the sort of deal movie in which the actors should be wearing price





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tags; Mason shows a bland contempt
for what he's got himself into. Olivier
doesn't experience shame; he has no
need to. Now more than ever, he has
the power to find something he's never
done before, in any role. Rosemary
Harris, in her few minutes of screen
time, matches her style to his. Playing
a recently widowed German woman,
she has a gleaming-eyed rapport with
him: as Lieberman and the widow talk
together, their decorous smiles and coy
pauses parody—ever so sweetly—the
vaudeville of European politesse. Lilli
Palmer does not fare as well. As Lie-
berman's solicitous, doting sister, who
frets over his health, she gets to show
her famous ravishing smile—that's all.

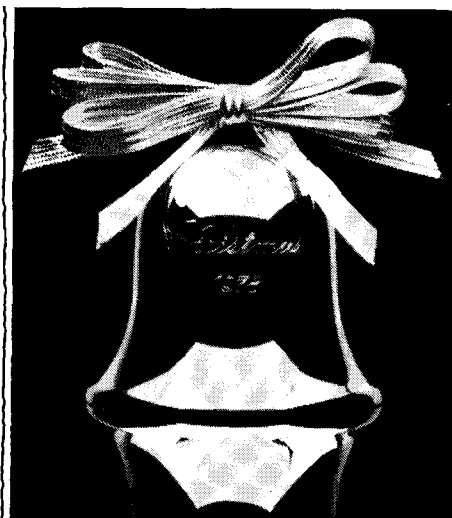
The picture is almost belligerently
sexless, and even its hyperbolic gothic
touches come to nothing. When the
colonel arrives, with his aides, to re-
move traces of Mengele's hideaway,
and sets the buildings on fire, there are
no shots of the exotic birds being re-
leased from their cages or of the
mutants running away into the jungle.
And the plot itself is left dangling. If
the film wants to be taken as a cau-
tionary fable—another one!—about
the ever-present dangers of Nazism,
then it should leave viewers with a
sense of the menace that Mengele's
"boys from Brazil" constitute. Instead,
we get Lieberman's fuddy-duddy hu-
manism and vague assurances that the
boys are not really dangerous. And
this is supposed to be a *movie*. We
never get the vision we expect of the
ninety-four boy Hitlers. Maybe the
moviemakers were afraid that it would
look as if Mengele had set out to breed
a marching band.

It's such a dumb idea to start with,
this notion that Hitler's closest associ-
ates—whom he dragged down with
him—would want him cloned. Nazism
has become comic-book mythology, a
consumer product. Movies like this
aren't making the subject more impor-
tant, they're making it a joke. They're
cloning Hitler to death.

—PAULINE KAEI

As incredible as it may sound, no team
since the 1904 Detroit Tigers has even
been any farther than 6½ games behind
on July 4 and come back to win an
American League pennant. With the Red
Sox having dropped 11 games in their last
14—committing 35 errors, including three
touchdowns in the process—the Yankees,
who were nine games back on July 4,
were able to take over the lead for the
first time this season.—City News.

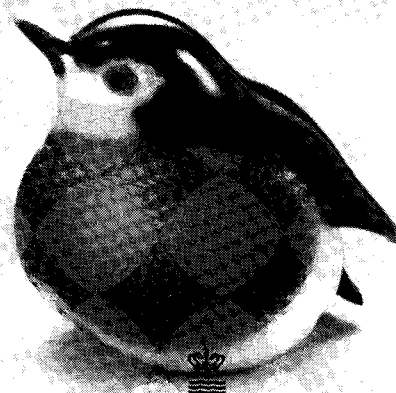
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DANCING

Just Another Rumba

THE hardest years in the life of a dance company are toward the end of its first decade. By then, if the company isn't weathering the strain of success—if it doesn't know how, in the face of inevitable physical deterioration, to maintain the standards that brought it success in the first place—it is in real trouble. There may even come a point where the standards themselves are drawn into question; we begin to wonder if they were ever really there or if we still want them around. Eliot Feld and Arthur Mitchell both started their companies nearly ten years ago, and both have been through hard times. There's no hard time, though, like the present. In a year-old interview by Clive Barnes which is reprinted in the program for the Feld Ballet's fall season at the Public Theatre, Feld talks about how difficult it is to build a company. "It is easy to get it started, but when you get to the nitty-gritty, it is hard to endure—talent is only one-tenth of what it takes to go on. And you have to suffer lean times, artistically as well as financially." There is no reason to suppose that Feld's views would be any less sober today. When he disbanded and then, five years ago, re-formed his company, many people, and perhaps Feld himself, believed that the crisis was behind him. A director of a dance company learns to endure perpetual crisis.

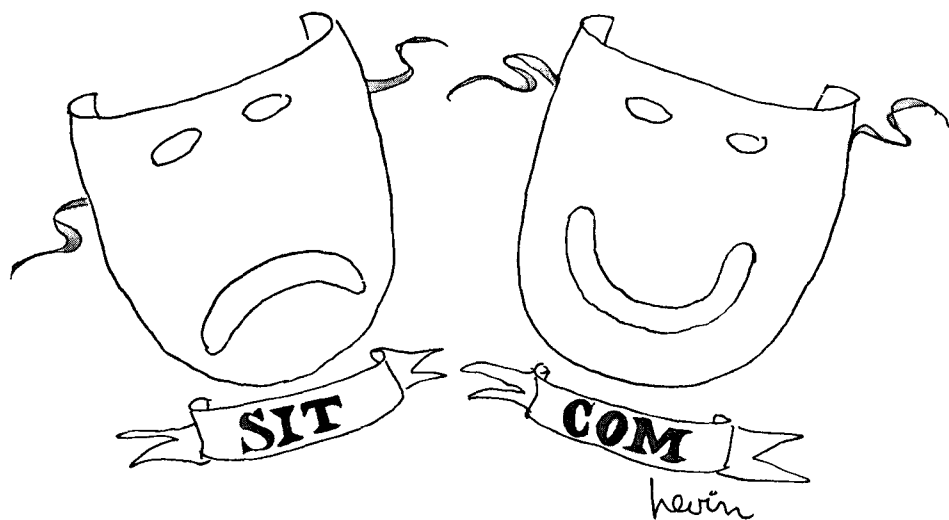
Just last year, Mitchell, too, faced extinction when he lost most of the top dancers in his company—Dance Theatre of Harlem—to Broadway and Hollywood. Without disbanding, Mitchell quietly reconstituted his company, and it was this almost all-new Dance Theatre of Harlem that closed a two-week engagement at Columbia University's Wollman Auditorium last week. Virginia Johnson and Melva Murray-White are still there; the exemplary Ronald Perry now leads the men's division. Mitchell has restocked the repertory with unfamiliar pieces by new choreographers from all over; no brand names here. In some ways, notably in male dancing, the company is stronger than it was before. But having to retool at just the time when it should have been coming into its own has cost it something. No second-phase effort, no matter how resourceful, can ever have the momentum of the first phase, which comes from the excitement of novelty. Dance Theatre of Harlem, made up of black dancers

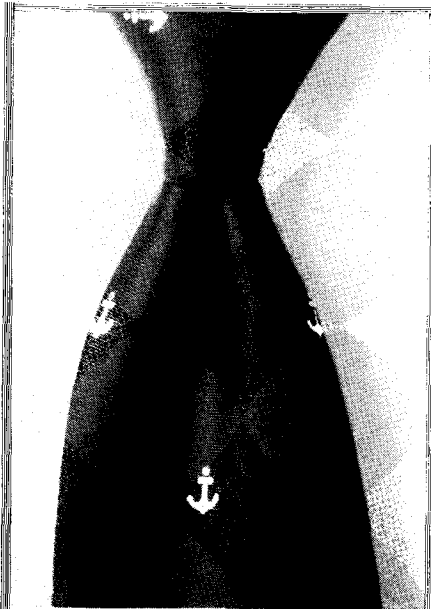
performing in classical style, is doubtless still a new idea to some people. But the evangelical surge that lay behind the impetus of its first years is over, the dancers who personified it are gone, and the company is having to generate a more subtle interest. It has the power to do that, partly because ideology was never what D.T.H. was about anyway. Black classicism as an italicizing and enriching extension of American classicism is no insular dream; it has solid prospects, which can be glimpsed in everything that D.T.H. does. But as long as it remains a goal, and not a reality, it gives rise to theories of the false premise, and some will call it an illusion.

Coincidentally, D.T.H. and the Feld company are just now fighting to keep from becoming a part of show business. From the look of their recent New York seasons, Feld is fighting less hard than D.T.H. The trifling nature of the two works that were given premières at the Public Theatre, together with their easy mass appeal, showed Feld on the verge of becoming Joseph Papp's Bob Fosse. There was nothing in either "Danzon Cubano" or "Half Time" that would not pass as an interlude in a show; the ensemble portions of "Half Time" even worked the same territory as the weakly satirical patriotic revue that closes Fosse's show "Dancin'." This material was so unoriginal by the time Fosse put it on Broadway that it is a shock to see Feld toying with it. But Feld probably didn't have Fosse's ballet in mind as much as his own star-spangled mess of a pas de deux for Baryshnikov and Christine Sarry a few seasons ago, called "Variations on 'America.'" Feld is not a lazy work-

er, but talk about insular! He seemed not to realize how stale the image of the strutting majorette and the macho athlete already was—he was too buried in his own devices to look up. In "Half Time," there are some passages that work despite their banality—a slightly myopic baton twirler isn't bad as comedy, and a pas de trois has respectable choreography—but they aren't enough to offset the numbing obviousness of the rest. At the performance I saw, which won the dutiful applause of the Papp audience (none more dutiful), Feld staged an encore consisting of the finale repeated in its entirety. This was *Pacte gratuit* on top of overkill, and it was dispiriting to think that Feld probably meant to parody Broadway-type excess.

Feld likes to work in series, and "Half Time," to hand music by Morton Gould, is another panel in his series of "American" variations. "Danzon Cubano" is an appendage to last season's "La Vida," which also used an Aaron Copland score. Willa Kim, Feld's current designer, is another link in the series, and in "Half Time" her flag-emblem costumes (they made me think of sixties cocktail glasses) help to link Feld not only to Feld but to Fosse—she's his current designer, too. Feld performances are beginning to resemble those coordinated-interior-design craft shops that let you stylize your home by buying the whole store. And Feld's own craftsmanship, compulsively economical, is getting that modular look. It can easily look pinched, too. "Danzon Cubano" barrenly repeats a few rumba motifs. Where in "La Vida" Feld was able to build dimension into a comparably small movement core, in "Danzon Cubano" he can only exhaust the "Latin" torsions and rocking pelvises; no juice comes from this played-out





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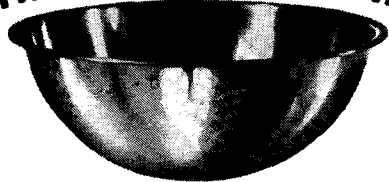
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papaya. "La Vida," too, drew some of its volume from allusions to other art works, and this tendency can also work against Feld. Since the rumba piece doesn't develop, instead of watching attentively to see what the references mean to Feld we sigh "Jack Cole" or "Katherine Dunham" and let it go at that.

The dance style of the company is the same as the style of the choreography that Feld produces—tight, even-textured, clearly shaped, smoothly interlocked. The dances are assembled like stackable units; visually and musically, they have no inner mechanism for expansion or contrast. Measured against a classical standard, they show little variety in the dancer's silhouette, and without some variety of position or base there are few places a dancer can go. Feld doesn't have the demagogical instinct that makes coarse appeals to an audience—that's why his occasional coarseness is so grating—and one of the surprising things about him is that, for all the loyalty he commands from the Papp public, he still has no audience rapport. (The gratuitous encores and "character" bows he now goes in for are possibly attempts at ingratiating. The curtain call for "Danzon Cubano" is the oddest—utterly out of keeping with the ballet.) He does have, technically speaking, a simple and rather rigid, easy-to-read choreographic style. He also has a company to match it—the girls so indistinguishably blond and bland, the boys so individually grotty. People have been told that this is art, and they ask less of it than they might of a Broadway show. The trap for Feld, who can hardly afford to reduce his equipment, is to start giving them less.

I HAVEN'T seen "Doin' It," the evening-length Broadway-style show of its own devising that Dance Theatre of Harlem has been touring, but I sense a wavering between what that must represent and the classical ballets the company presented at Wollman Auditorium. I think there's a fake antithesis here. True, the repertory holes are being filled with square plugs—not because that's the "classical" alternative but because so few choreographers can be found (few can even be named) who understand the company's special distinction. The possibilities of black classicism were crystallized a few years back when D.T.H. first appeared in Balanchine's "Agon;" the dancers revitalized the ballet and

were released by it as well. But, of course, with the exception of Arthur Mitchell himself, "Agon" was composed for white dancers (of the New York City Ballet), and, even if that were not the case, its horizon is that of another era. In the current D.T.H. repertory, the piece that comes closest to setting off the same kind of spark in the dancers is one choreographed, Balanchine-style, to Stravinskyan jazz. Like all derivative things, it makes much of surface manner, but suddenly, in the third and fourth movements, something erupts out of the music (the "Ebony Concerto"), the choreography takes off on its own, and for at least one excitingly long period it almost soars. There's a limp acrobatic adagio for Melva Murray-White (a specialty of hers),



and, later, three gallants maneuver between two trios of girls. Here the company dances with a powerful elegance, although it must still hold too much power in reserve; the rhythms of the choreography aren't as consistently important as they might be. The ballet is called "Introducing..." (presumably because of some scene-setting preliminaries that start the action), and it is the work of the Singapore-born choreographer Choo San Goh, who composed it originally on the Washington Ballet, where he is now based. It's easy to see why Mitchell acquired it. But another ballet by Choo, also borrowed from Washington, doesn't suit D.T.H. nearly as well. "Variations Sérieuses," named for Mendelssohn's piano variations, Opus 54, is a lyrical study in linear pictorial arrangements and oddities of pose. D.T.H. dancers are distressingly confined by such a piece; they like to move and use their jump, collectively the finest in American ballet. One saw that jump intermittently in "Troy Game," choreographed for the men of the company by Robert North. The style of this piece is jocular-jock; the defensiveness is even part of the choreography, which keeps nearing flash points of real dance power and then diving for cover under another hearty "masculine" joke. It's to the credit of the cast, headed by the wonderfully elongated yet compact Ronald Perry, that one remembers the high dance moments as well as the funny business. "Doina," by the British choreographer Royston Maldoom, looks as though the dancers got it through the mail, step by agonizing step. The costumes for the all-female corps are head-to-foot shrouds, which give the dancers a

webbed, unhatched look. One of them attaches herself to a full-grown male who has wandered into the incubator, and they come sadly to know their doom as the others hobble on and off, on and off. Many feminist term papers could be made of this. The other new pieces were about dancing, and I'm sorry I didn't care for them more. One was a swirling, romantic pas de deux by Arthur Mitchell, which, unlike the things he did for the company in its formative years, seemed aimed more at pleasing an audience than at challenging the dancers. Set to a popular song, "The Greatest" was a bit like commercial-spot choreography. Perhaps it was Mitchell speaking about the company through the words of the song: "I believe that children are our future/ Teach them well and let them lead the way."

Unlike the Feld company and many, many other companies, the members of D.T.H. have a thorough dance education; they are trained to dance, not just drilled in repertory. That is why they usually look better than their choreography. Mitchell and his co-director, Karel Shook, have developed a school along with a company, and the one feeds the other. The only other American ballet company seen regularly in New York of which that happens to be true (apart from the New York City Ballet) is the Pennsylvania Ballet, and it is also the only other company with a firm sense of style. Compared to these two smaller ensembles, American Ballet Theatre and the Joffrey might as well not have their schools at all. (Although Feld has just opened a lavishly equipped new school, it isn't clear yet how far he intends it to serve the company.) Because they produce superior dancers, the Pennsylvania and the Harlem companies have trouble finding new ballets that are good enough. One hears much of the choreographer shortage, and it certainly exists, but from what I've seen of established companies both in this country and abroad the crying need is for good dance instruction; given the condition that most companies are in, good choreography would be wasted. Yet the competition for choreographers is such that an Arthur Mitchell has to shop as hard as any other company director and settle, in most cases, for hand-me-downs that—again, in most cases—are imitations, not original works. The Harlem dancers have to punch through too many precedents to get at the smoky night-club rumbas of the "Ebony Concerto;" you can see how if they got any closer they might

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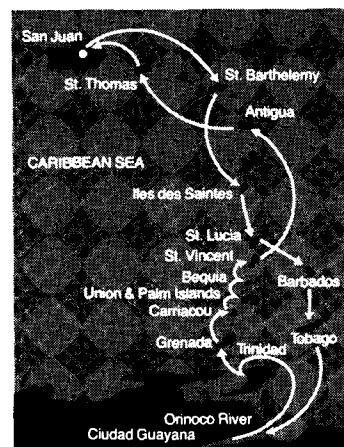
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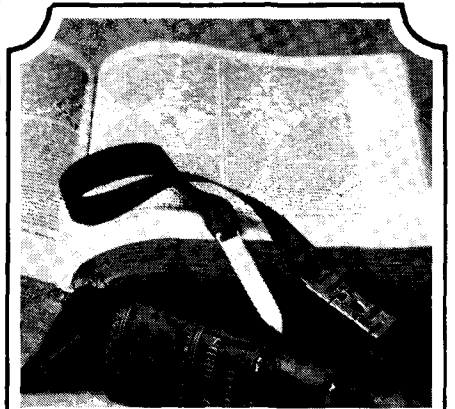
be really dangerous. Is there no bright young choreographer willing to feast with these panthers?

I WENT to the final rounds of the United States National Ballroom Championships wondering what the first "disco-hustle" competition would turn up besides John Travolta fever. Well, Travolta landed in second place, and the lesser implications of what he did in that movie came in first. That is, there was a lot of stacy choreography to be seen, and not much of it had personal style. The Travolta character realized his personal fantasies through dancing; what one saw on the floor of the Waldorf's Grand Ballroom was so many explosive little wills to win. Ballroom contests are always fascinating; this one encompassed "theatrical" championships (in which stacy choreography is called for) and the kingpin category, which consists of fox-trot, swing, bolero-rumba, and mambo dancing in "professional American style." This is emphatically not the style of the big international ballroom competitions, which are regulated according to British definitions of those dances. (Separate categories, called "English Latin" or "English Modern," exist for those who wish to compete under the Crown rules.) Watching the contestants at work, one gets very little idea of style either as intimate expression or as objective passion. One thing sticks out in every category, whether professional, amateur, or pro-am: the women are dim. Even in the eclectic "American style," which had the most polished entrants, the women swung from pose to pose and the poses were all effacé—there was no shading to make the opening out effective. For some reason, the desired body type had a long torso and short legs, but then legs *seemed* short, because of the lack of flex-and-tense action in the knee (plié). No give in the knee or ankle deprives a woman of lilt, and one learns very quickly in the ballroom that when the women don't have that, there's no dance. The event was very well attended, with enthusiastic crowds of both participants and onlookers. Sociological notes: Very few blacks present... New step in the mambo: man puts his knee between woman's thighs, then they both grind.

—ARLENE CROCE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is best remembered by modern schoolchildren for such poems as "Thanatopsis" and "To a Waterfowl."—Picture caption in the *Grass Valley (Calif.) Union*.

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THE RACE TRACK

Slew's Woodward



IT was Seattle Slew all the way in the silver-anniversary renewal of the \$166,000 Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday. And what a horse he is right now! Running as easily as he did in the \$300,000 Marlboro Cup a fortnight before, the 1977 Triple Crown winner stepped off the mile and a quarter in two minutes flat to win the fixture named for William Woodward, the late chairman of the Jockey Club and the breeder of Gallant Fox and many other noted Belair Stud horses. The time was the fastest ever recorded at Belmont for a mile-and-a-quarter race started on the turn. Only five ran, and Cordero sent Slew to the front at the break. His fractional times were: the quarter in 0:24 $\frac{1}{2}$, the half in 0:47 $\frac{3}{4}$, six furlongs in 1:10 $\frac{1}{2}$. Nelson Bunker Hunt's Exceller, who was ridden by Shoemaker and was the second favorite in the betting, finished four lengths back, and Bwamazon Farm's It's Freezing was third. Mickey Taylor, who bought Slew at the Fasig-Tipton yearling sales three years ago, said it had not been decided when the colt's next start would be. Coming up are the \$300,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont on October 14th, the \$200,000 Turf Classic on October 21st, and the \$75,000 Vosburgh Handicap on October 22nd. Slew has never run on grass. His earnings come to \$1,075,620 in three seasons of racing, on a record of thirteen victories and one second in fifteen starts. Cordero, who rode him in both the Marlboro and the Woodward, said after Saturday's race, "He's the greatest horse I've ever been on." Affirmed, this year's Triple Crown winner, did not run. Laz Barrera, his trainer, said that the colt had had a hard campaign and was being rested up for the Jockey Club Gold Cup.

EVER since its first running, at Aqueduct in 1923, the Cowdin Stakes, for two-year-olds, which has been at seven furlongs since 1935, has been one of autumn racing's leading events, and the fifty-sixth running at Belmont on Wednesday of last week was no exception. It brought two hitherto unbeaten colts to the post: Bert Firestone's General Assembly, a chestnut son of Secretariat who had won the Saratoga Special and the Hopeful Stakes; and Calumet Farm's Tim the

Tiger (this department's favorite name for a two-year-old), who had won the Juvenile, the Tremont, and the Sapling Stakes. Tim is a whopping-big, handsome bay son of Nashua out of Rose Court, by Court Martial, and he put on a powerful performance, overtaking General Assembly in the last sixteenth of a mile and beating him by a head in a furious finish. Tim's time was 1:22 $\frac{3}{4}$, which is stepping right along. Both colts are in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont on October 8th, and it should be a good show.

PLANS for a new grandstand and clubhouse at Garden State Park, to replace the ones destroyed by fire on April 14, 1977, and for the resumption of racing at the Cherry Hill track in 1980 were presented to and approved unanimously by the township authority at a meeting on September 16th. The grandstand-clubhouse will have five tiers of steel and concrete, five hundred and forty feet long and two hundred and fifty feet deep, and will be capable of handling crowds of twenty thousand in comfort. It is expected to cost twenty-seven million dollars.

THE obvious name for a colt by Bold Bidder out of Spectacular was Spectacular Bid, the way they name horses. No doubt the Hawksworth Farm, which gave \$37,000 for him at the Keeneland September yearling sale last year, hoped that he would live up to it. Well, he did. He rolled home by fifteen lengths in the thirty-second running of the \$85,225 World's Playground Stakes, for two-year-olds, at six furlongs, at Atlantic City on September 23rd. Crest of the Wave, the winner of the Futurity at Belmont two weeks earlier, was second.

FOR the second successive time, Alleged, an American-bred colt, carried the colors of Robert Sangster, England's football-pool tycoon, to victory in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe last Sunday. Trained by Vincent O'Brien, Ireland's famous horseman, and ridden by Lester Piggott, England's favorite jockey, Alleged was well fancied by the crowd. He had drawn a good position near the rails, and he saved ground all the way in the mile-and-a-half race, the richest in Europe. Incidentally, Alleged's great grandsire, the famous Ribot, won the race in 1956 and 1957. —AUDAX MINOR

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FEBRUARY AND NOVEMBER, 1979

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Projection

WITHIN six days last month, Zubin Mehta conducted four different programs with the Philharmonic: two in the regular subscription series and two as special benefit concerts. I missed the first of them ("Leonore" No. 3, Samuel Barber's new Third Essay, and Mahler's First Symphony). I heard the others—and still have no clear notion what kind of a conductor Mehta really is. The regular Thursday concert began with Webern's Six Pieces and included Varèse's "Intégrales," and the Webern also opened the Sunday-afternoon benefit (at which Horowitz played Rachmaninoff's Third Concerto)—as if to declare from the start that our new music director, like his predecessor, intends to do twentieth-century classics as standard repertory. In fact, Boulez's and Mehta's favored fields overlap more than one might suppose. With the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Mehta has made good Varèse and Schoenberg records. Elliott Carter's Piano Con-

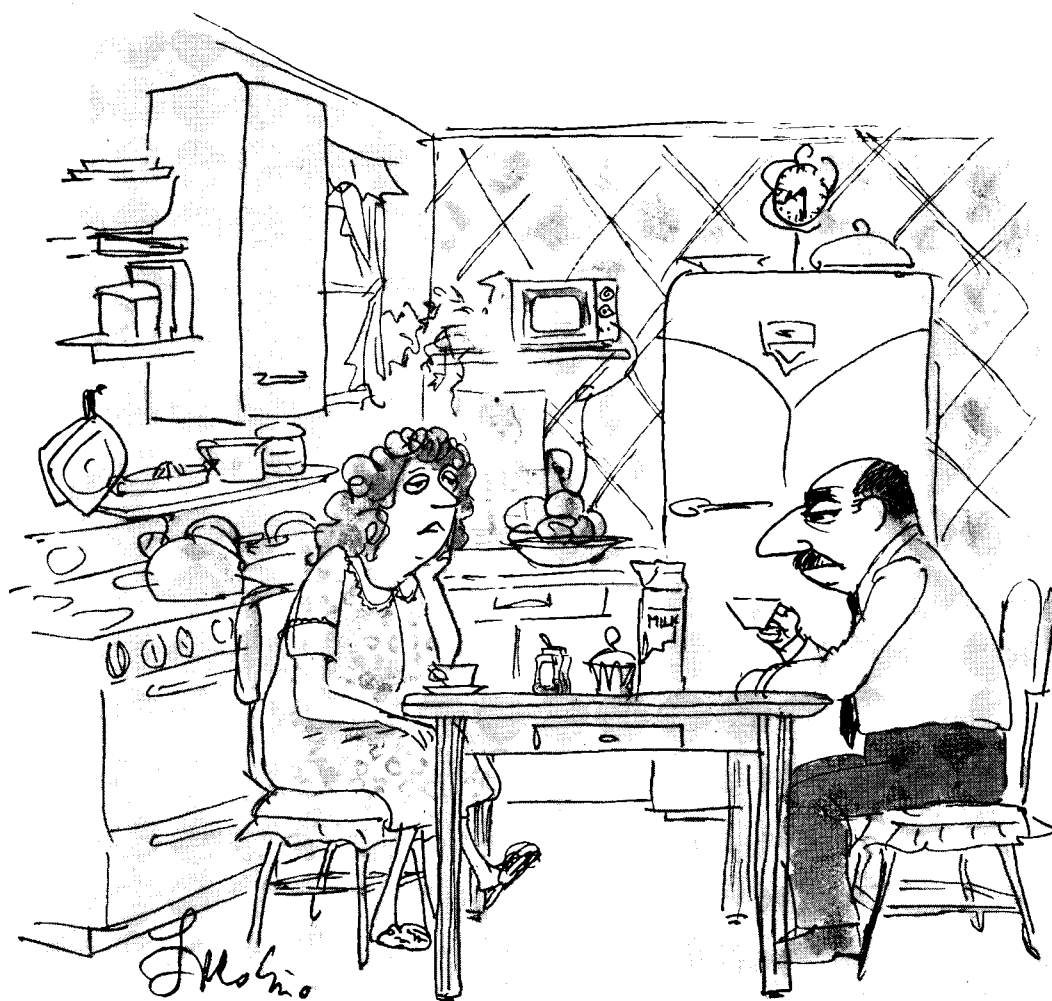
certo and a clutch of Messiaen appear on his later bills, and next week he is introducing to America Peter Maxwell Davies' hour-long new Symphony—a vast, romantic, and very beautiful composition, which was a great hit with London's Prom audience this summer and is formidably difficult to play.

Both the Webern and the Varèse were eloquently done. These were not like Boulez performances. Where Boulez would set out sounds carefully and exactly in time and space, Mehta sought to *project* them, to make the music shine out so that listeners would feel as well as perceive and understand it. In the Philharmonic's playing there was a more loving concern for expressive colors and for emotional phrasing than I have heard in a long time. Projection is what "Intégrales" requires; Varèse used the word when writing about the composition, and his "beams of sound" producing "the feeling akin to that aroused by beams of light sent forth by a powerful searchlight" were

brightly emitted. There was also great vitality in the dance rhythms. The sense of dance in Varèse is often strong—a fierce dance, as of surging waves, of treetops tossed by a gale, sometimes of people who remain close to nature, not the dance of the theatre or the ballroom. He is a universal composer; his is the only Western music I have heard played in Persepolis and thought neither unfitted to nor diminished by the immensity and antiquity of the place. Yet he is also the particular poet-in-sound of New York. It makes special sense to hear him here, and he can help listeners to apprehend the romance, the distortions, the pressures, and the challenges of his chosen city.

In each of the three programs, there was a piano concerto. On Thursday, it was Beethoven's Third, with the young Soviet-Israeli pianist Yefim Bronfman as soloist. He gave a fluent but featureless performance. The fingers moved evenly, and the phrasing was shapely, but there was a lack of accent, impetus, musical verve. (By chance, there turned up on my desk the next day a new Angel recording of the piece, made by Sviatoslav Richter, Riccardo Muti, and the Philharmonia. Richter also adopts a gentle, unassertive approach to the music, and shows that this is not incompatible with youthful high spirits and energy.) On Wednesday, at a pension-fund benefit, Rudolf Serkin had played the "Emperor" with his wonted decisiveness and intensity. Some of the runs ran away with him. But he is still a musician who holds one intent on each of the themes and on all that happens to them. His interpretation had a strength and a beauty that made one glad to be listening again to the familiar work and led one to follow it as if it were being created afresh.

I FIRST heard Horowitz in 1951, playing Rachmaninoff's Third Concerto in London's Festival Hall, and then not again in person until he gave a recital in the Metropolitan Opera House in November, 1974. Through the years, his playing of the twenty-four bars in simple octaves which open the concerto remained with me—a memory of magical piano



"I feel lucky today."

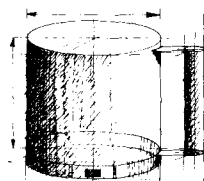
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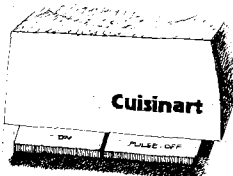
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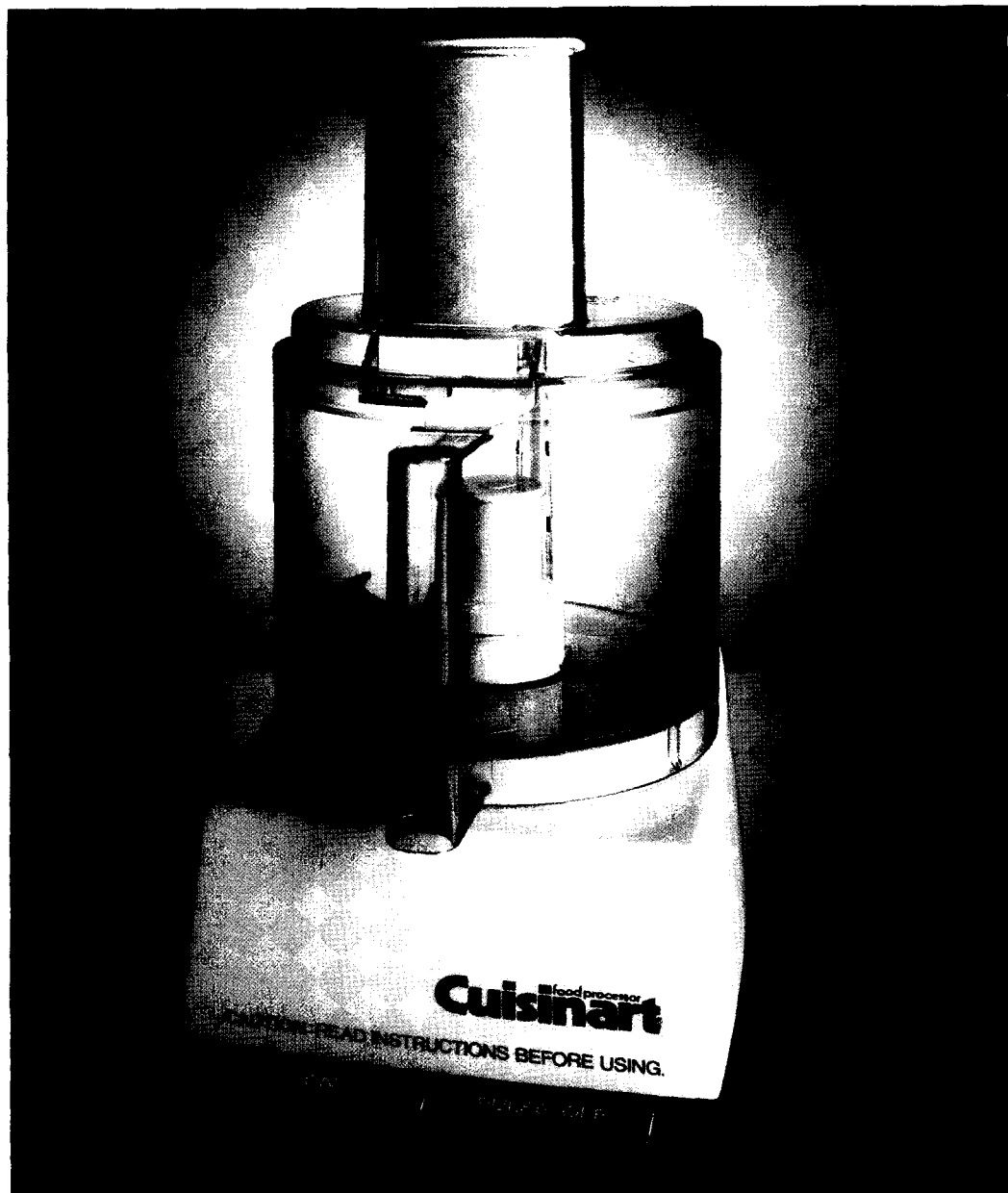
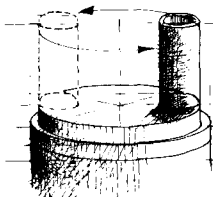
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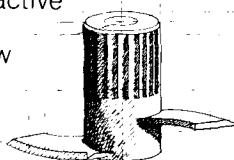


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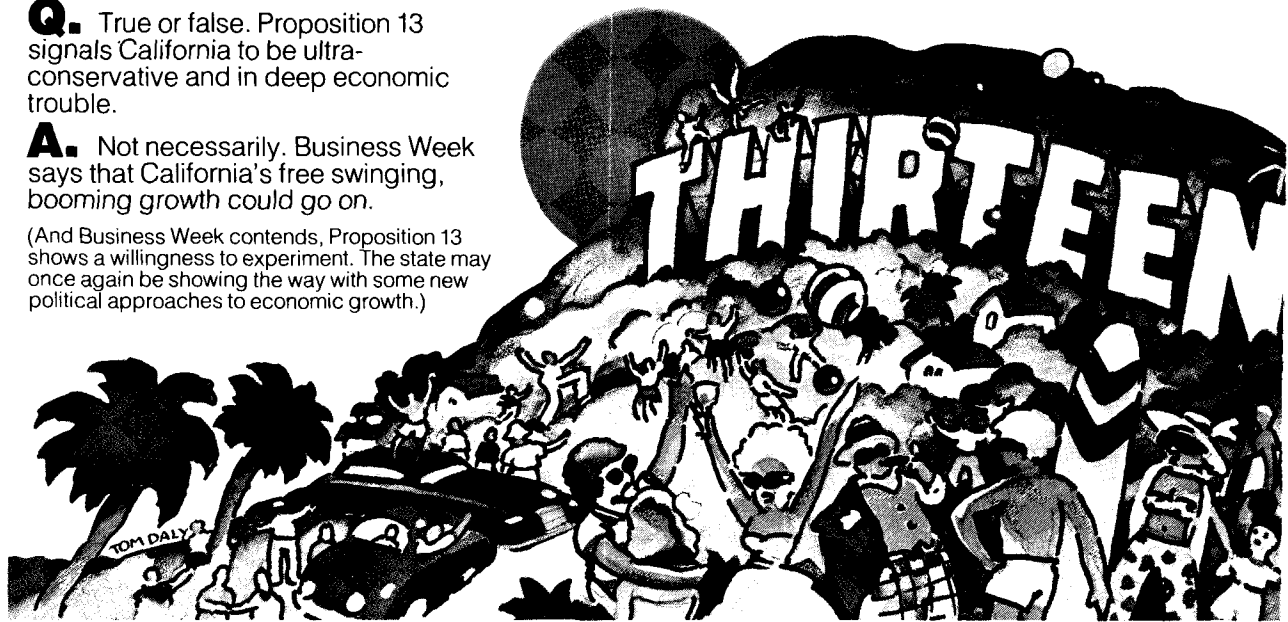
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Q. True or false. Proposition 13 signals California to be ultra-conservative and in deep economic trouble.

A. Not necessarily. Business Week says that California's free swinging, booming growth could go on.

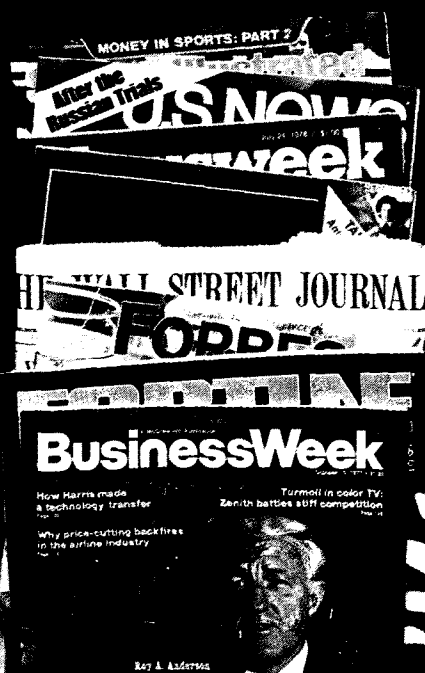
(And Business Week contends, Proposition 13 shows a willingness to experiment. The state may once again be showing the way with some new political approaches to economic growth.)



Q. Which of all the publications listed below is most cost efficient in reaching adults with household incomes of \$50,000 and up?

A. Business Week. In fact, Business Week is number one among those with \$75,000 plus incomes and number one among those with \$100,000 plus incomes.

(Publications included Business Week, Fortune, Forbes, The Wall Street Journal, Time, Newsweek, U.S. News and Sports Illustrated. Source: 1978 Monroe Mendelsohn Survey of Adults and Markets of Affluence.)



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1-40				
1-40-10	5	45143	177	186.
1-40-10	5	42087	20/77	22.
	LOCAL		ACCOUNTS	209.

Q. Easy or tough. Accountants can uncover management fraud.

A. Very tough. The traditional audit tools for uncovering fraud, says Business Week, are woefully inadequate in a complex business world with far-flung operations.

(Many non-auditors now insist that accountants should go farther than the board of directors with their whistle-blowing, taking their case to the SEC or the stock exchanges as well as placing ads in newspapers.)



Q. True or false. The only way for Madison Avenue to keep up with daily advertising news is to read one of the all-too-few newspaper ad columns.

A. False. At 7:05 a.m. and 8:05 a.m. each weekday morning, Business Week sponsors the Advertising News of the Day on WQXR in New York.

(An up-to-the-minute briefing on trends, people, shake-ups, tips, whatever's happening in the industry. Business Week has sponsored this well-listened-to program for more than six years.)

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Q. Yes or no. A \$100 a night single room charge in many major U.S. downtown hotels is in the offing.

A. Yes, it seems so. According to the Industry Section of a recent Business Week, the president of one large hotel chain predicts that by 1982, \$100 rooms will be standard.

(The reason is the great boom that has buoyed the U.S. lodging industry. Hilton's average rates, for example, have climbed from \$26 to \$42 per day in five years, while occupancy rates have moved from 66% to 72%.)

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sound to be treasured beside memories of Michelangelo's repeated notes in "Le Gibet" and his "Scarbo" flurries (in Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit"), of Gieseeking's crystalline trills and runs in the "Waldstein" finale, of Kempff's celestial twittering and chirrups in "St. Francis of Assisi Preaching to the Birds" (the first of Liszt's two "Legends"), of the sonorities that Cortot, late in his career, could still draw from Debussy's "La Cathédrale Engloutie." Every concertgoer, I imagine, amasses a similar little hoard of cherished sonic jewels that glow undimmed through the years—individual moments of intense aural delight, as distinct from whole interpretations that also prove unforgettable. They are garnered directly in the concert hall, not from records. The great pianists I grew up hearing regularly "live" were Fischer, Backhaus, Gieseeking, Kempff, and Serkin. Horowitz, that single concerto appearance apart, remained a sound on discs. Much of his repertory was not of the music that meant most to me; his Beethoven and Brahms were exotic to someone who revered Schnabel; and I found more poetry in Rachmaninoff's own recording of his Third Concerto. The 1974 reëncounter was disconcerting. Horowitz's playing was brilliant but mannered, with passages so boldly struck that at times the piano began to clatter. It was at the White House recital in February of this year that I fell completely under his spell. The opening work was Chopin's B-Flat-Minor Sonata. By the time the second subject was reached, I was unconscious of the exceptional surroundings and audience, and lost in a world of sounds that, as the recital proceeded, ranged from soft melodies stealing out like a benediction to thunderous quasi-orchestral tuttis. From what was more a dream adventure than anything to which cool analysis can be applied, I recall, first, the extraordinary sense of "visible" sonorities: thick darkness that might slowly brighten or might be pierced by rays of tender light; wisps of fleeting cloud and mist; sudden, exquisite glitter; the finale of the Chopin sonata passing like a swift wind. Second, the clarity of voice against voice, the balance of color against color, making the piano seem not one instrument but many, from an aeolian harp breathed upon, not struck, to a Berliozian massed orchestra. Third, the free, plastic molding of the melodies. Horowitz played Chopin as if unaware of listeners—not a superfluous movement, not a trace of showmanship. Then, in a merry Rachmaninoff polka



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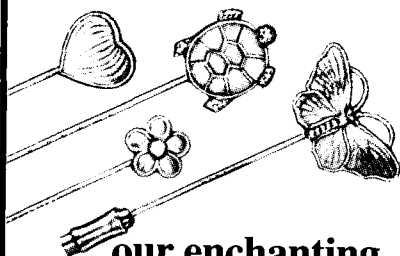
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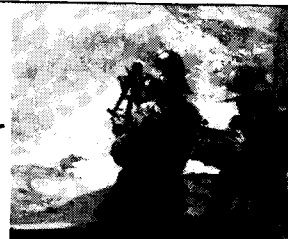
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and his own "Carmen" fantasy, he allowed his wit and exuberance to bubble forth, irresistibly.

At a Carnegie Hall recital last March, he played Liszt's B-Minor Sonata. A few months earlier, his new recording of the work had appeared, on RCA; he first recorded it in 1932. In January, he had played Rachmaninoff's Third Concerto with the Philharmonic and Ormandy; the performance (with some later retouching) has been issued on disc by RCA, and can be compared with his 1930 and 1951 versions. From RCA there has also come a long series—"The Horowitz Collection"—of recordings from the forties and fifties. I have been listening to him with mounting wonder, and the "new" Horowitz seems to me an even greater pianist than the old. In the words of a British colleague writing about the Liszt sonata, "In the new account there may be a volt or two less of manic electricity, but the current, in the main, has been refined, not calmed. There is greater depth of coloring, richness of subtle detail, and pointing; the movement is broader, at once grander and more intimate." So, too, with the Rachmaninoff concerto: this year's performances, with Ormandy and now with Mehta, revealed new delicacies of shading, in timbre and in rhythmic placing. After Horowitz, Berman sounds blunt, and Ashkenazy tame.

MEHTA's contribution to the concertos was not noticeable. He accompanied. He didn't get in the way, but he played no positive part in what should be, if not contests, at any rate joint achievements. For classical music, he seems to favor rather thick, blended orchestral timbres, not luminous detail. In Beethoven's Third, the orchestra's playing was as devoid of sharp-cut incident as was Bronfman's. In the "Emperor," on the other hand, one had the curious sense that Serkin's mind was directing things even during the orchestra's long opening ritornello—communicating to the players as if by telepathy the initial shaping of the themes on which the soloist would later be discoursing. The development section was a true dialogue: Serkin retired to an accompanying, coloring role whenever the composer asked him to. Things were different in the Rachmaninoff. There is an extended episode in the intermezzo when clarinet and bassoon—joined later by flute and oboe—are the soloists and the piano's role is to shed a light sparkle around their singing. But the Philharmonic

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players remained in the background, content to accompany what should have been the accompaniment to their phrases.

The Wednesday concert began with the "Rienzi" Overture and continued with excerpts from Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet." The Thursday concert ended with Ravel's "La Valse." In all of these, Mehta showed his ability to secure playing that is very loud and rich without being raucous. In all of them, he also puzzled me, as he often does, by his rhythms. His tempi are not eccentric; it is a matter of pulse and rubato. Just when I believe I am "with" him, have been persuaded by him to feel the progress of a composition as he does, he can hold back at a moment of climax and thus destroy the effect he has been building toward. Or else when everything seems to have been prepared for a slight broadening he will suddenly contradict the apparent implications of his own phrasing. To put it drastically, I found in these interpretations the oddest compound of the commonplace and the inexplicable. The account of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony which preceded Horowitz's concerto performance was merely commonplace: there was nothing in the utterance of the themes, the movements of the harmony, or the juxtapositions of timbres which made one want to listen. On the other hand, the orchestra is playing for Mehta with a will. And there *were* those memorable performances of the Webern and the Varèse.

—ANDREW PORTER

"There wasn't time to go out and review for consultants," said Al Storrs of the DPW. "It was determined, prior to town meeting, that the Wildlife people wouldn't allow the town to take the time to review the situation."

The Wildlife service has issued the permit for construction in the right-of-way to Metcalf and Eddy. The firm is doing tests to determine if the people should be put under the surface of the pond or allowed to remain on the top.

—Concord (Mass.) Patriot.

So much for the Wildlife people.

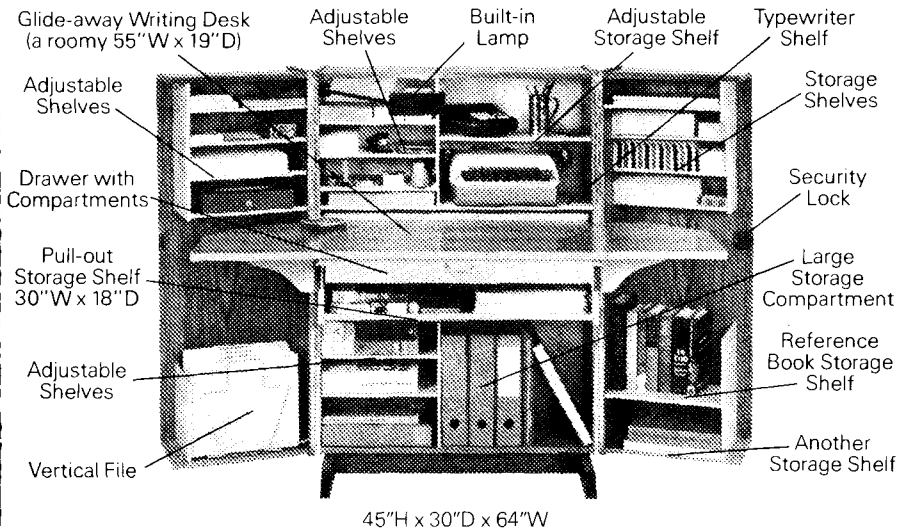
Those attending the session, however, contend that their problems are not so simple. They believe their compulsion to overeat is a problem of another dimension, and one especially difficult to solve as the "trigger"—food—is always present. Everyone has to eat.

"It's not what we eat, but what eats us," said John. "This is no diet club. This is a matter of life or death." set bullet

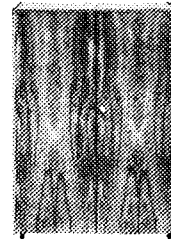
—The Times.

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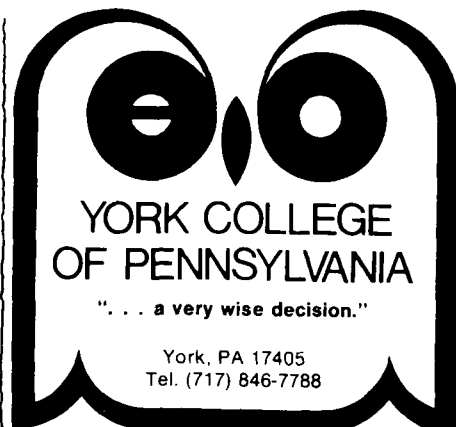
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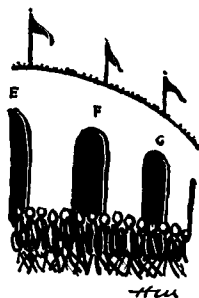
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FOOTBALL

Character Studies



ARMY, whose wide acquaintance across the land brings it interesting house guests over the fall weekends, had another last Saturday—Thompson, reigning quarterback for Washington State, from a part of the world where men are outsize and almost professionally facile even in their college days. Thompson is an import from Samoa (his grandfather was an Englishman, and that accounts for his patronymic), and a valuable one. The major details are six feet three, around two hundred and fifteen pounds, a strong arm, a quick release of the ball, and a certain accuracy—two of his passes produced a brace of State's three touchdowns. This triad should, as everyone expected, have carried off the match for State, but Hill, running the ball madly for Army, took the ball in for another triad, and State went home with a 21-21 tie. Thompson's throwing in the final few minutes came within four yards of a winning touchdown, but Army picked off his last two tosses. At that, nineteen of his thirty-six pitches were successful—that's Pacific Coast style for you. An outrider for the Giants has pronounced him ready for the Big Time. Whether Army is ready to go to Tennessee this Saturday and tie it, too, is another matter. At any rate, an Army performer remarked last weekend that, inasmuch as the squad no longer has (and this seems unprecedented) classwork on football Saturdays, sporting life at the Point may improve. Until last weekend, his first Saturday class assembled at seven in the morning. No comment necessary.

AT Yale Bowl, the character the day Connecticut came to town was Sweitzer, the starting quarterback (and a freshman) for the visitors. Sweitzer is only eighteen, and only two inches shorter than Thompson, but he is some thirty-five pounds lighter, and when he had to roll out, as often enough he did, instead of handing off to a playmate, his progress against the Yale forwards was thorny indeed; at that, he was Connecticut's best rusher for more than half the afternoon. In between his stints at quarter, he did time as a receiver of Yale punts, and late in the day, after

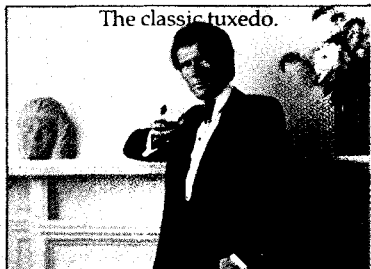
Greenhalgh had taken over at quarter, Sweitzer could be seen—now serving as split end—coursing for the enemy goal line. Three Yalies converged upon this solitary wanderer as he arrived, but he hauled in Greenhalgh's pass for a touchdown—the first score against Yale this fall, in nearly two hours of play. The maneuver was good for forty-three yards. This observer had not seen a quarterback employed in precisely this manner since the forties, when single-wing quarters were sometimes used as flankers, too. Yale, coming jauntily off its firm rebuff, at 21-0, of Brown the week before, appeared to underestimate a Connecticut that did not like being underestimated. Yale came out on top, at 21-7, though not with ease; in the second half, Connecticut was harrying O'Brien, Yale's pet quarterback, with ease. Rutgers, which arrives at the Bowl this Saturday, put away Princeton out in the Jersey Meadows last weekend at 24-0; any sacking of O'Brien on the day Rutgers meets Yale will be fatal. Brown's reaction to the match against Yale was even more pronounced: last weekend, Rhode Island overcame Brown at 17-3. That 3 is all that Brown—despite Whipple at quarter and those fine receivers and fine running backs—has accumulated this season.

IN Boston, which is where Harvard spends its playing time, another interesting character showed up—another quarterback, at that. He will not be much in the public eye for a season; he is only a freshman, and Harvard freshmen do not play varsity football. He comes from Harvard's secret gold mine in California—we should all remember that spectacular split end, McNally, of a few years back—and during his four years at Wilson High, in Los Angeles, he threw ninety-one touchdown passes. Harvard is dividing its freshman horde in two this fall so that all hands will have a chance to make a showing, and there will be a separate schedule for each of the halves. Finding out the where and when of this may not be easy, but it is worth a try. Be sure to ask which team Cuccia (that's the name of this character) is performing on, and say that Joe sent you.

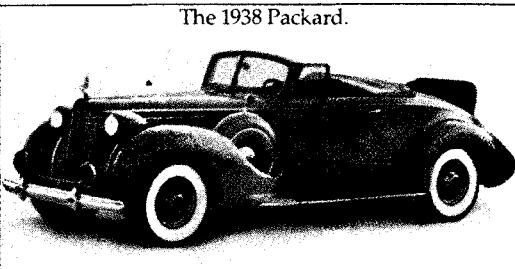
The Harvard varsity, which underwent major rehashing after its slowpoke performance against Columbia the weekend before, came up a winner, 10-0, against Massachusetts last Satur-

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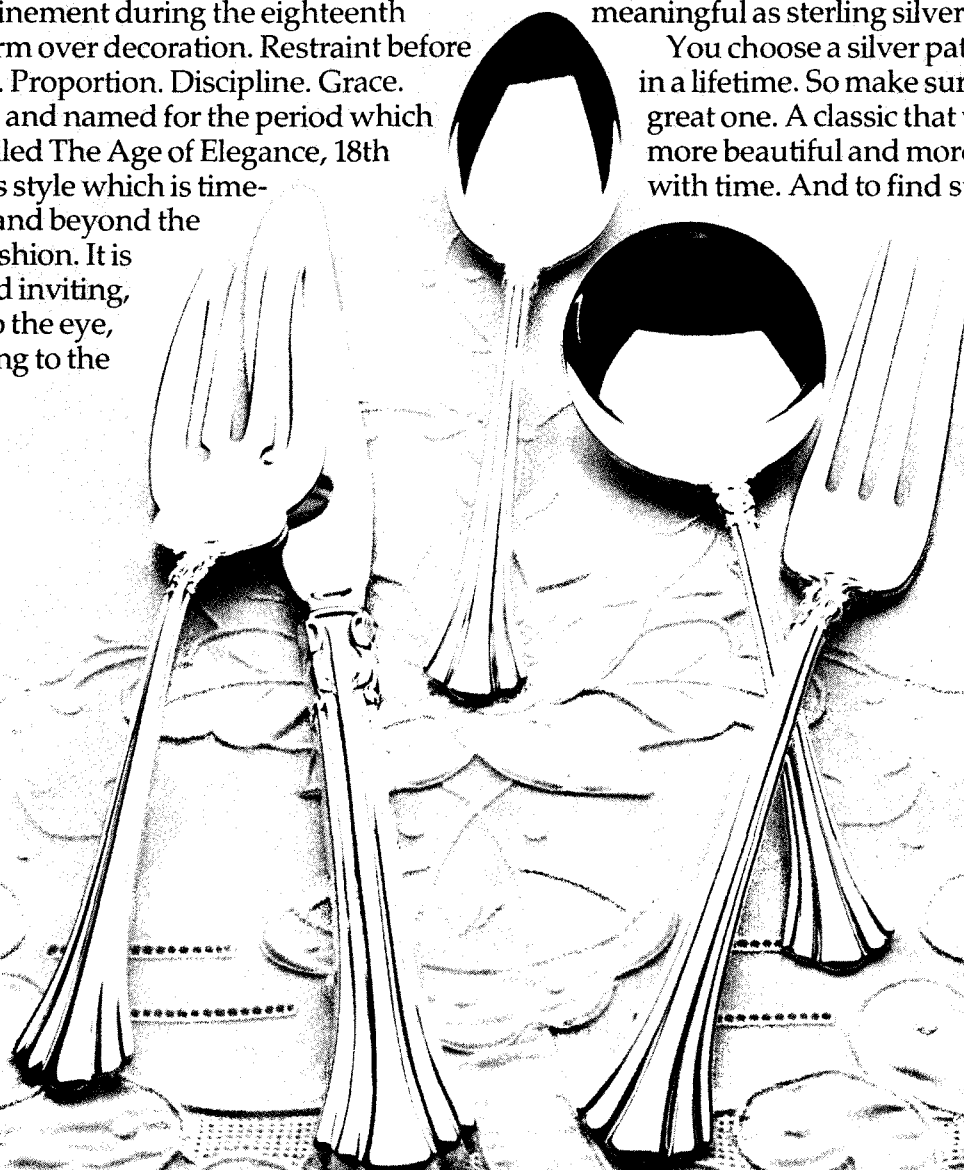


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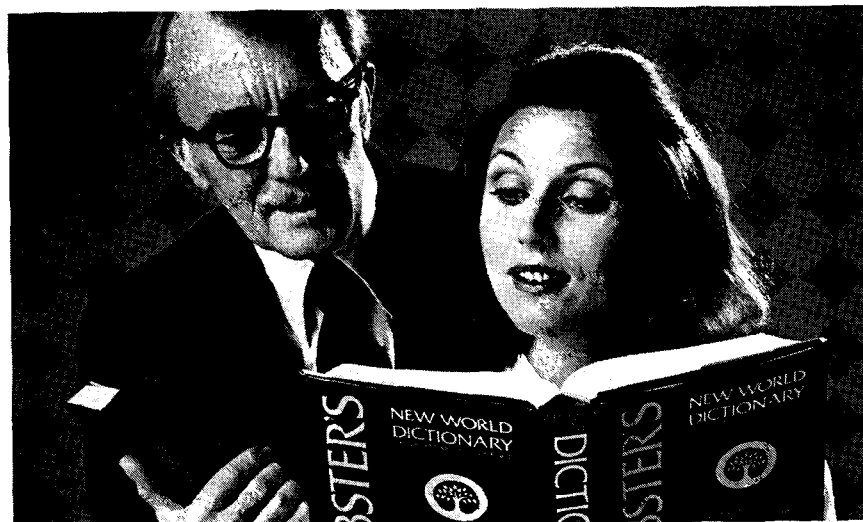
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day. Both offense and defense were reset, and this time Harvard's stunting closed holes up the middle instead of opening them to the foe. Restic, that presto-chango coach, did not send Harvard's backs spreading all over the landscape to thwart Massachusetts' extremely heavyweight linemen but tried instead a power-I formation to run straight at the enemy. That worked sufficiently well—that, and Connors' inside-and-outside cuts. Connors is swift enough to tread the heels of his blockers, but that problem will presumably be smoothed over. Finding tall and heavy split ends is a problem that, it appears, must wait until next fall, but Harvard did run up two hundred and ten yards against that Massachusetts line.

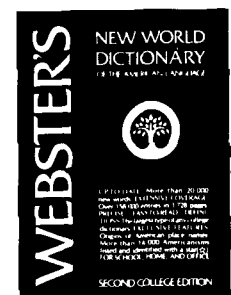
OF the opponents outside the precincts of the Ivy League, those that annually engage members of the League are undergoing their own shuffles. Colgate made the mistake of graduating too many players in June, and it has not won a match this fall; it was Cornell 21, Colgate 12 on Saturday. But the big state institutions—Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Rutgers—have been coming up in the world. Connecticut, which these days acquires as many good high-school performers from its native state as Yale does, temporarily falters, but the rest are no longer the “coffee breaks” they once were. And Holy Cross, on the downbeat these past few seasons, is on the upbeat now: Holy Cross 35, Dartmouth 0. Then again, Lehigh, which a year ago was smart enough to win three post-season playoff matches—one in New England, one down South, and one on the Coast—for a championship of its own, curled up last weekend against Pennsylvania (for Penn's supporters this encounter, even though it was once again played on a drafty Friday night, seems the game of the whole season) and went down at the count of 21–13. Last of all, Lafayette, which half a century ago played its matches with Washington & Jefferson in the Polo Grounds, during its search for a place in a not especially collegiate sun, folded up meekly against Columbia, at 21–0. In the second half, Columbia sent in Conroy as successor to Moffie at quarter, and thereafter it was even easier for Columbia. That gave the Ivy League, on the one weekend of this fall when it is entirely open to visitors, a count of five wins and three losses. Shall we ever look upon its amazing like again?

—J. W. L.



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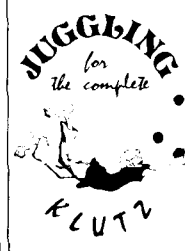


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BOOKS

The Giant Ground Sloth and Other Wonders

SINCE tourists took over from travellers, the times have not been kind to those few, rare writers who have always seen the world well for us—who filter unknown landscapes through the screen of their curiosity, who travel at a human pace, and who keep notes that allow us to take armchair journeys after them. Now even the waste places of the world are discovered regularly for us by documentary camera crews, and the records of articulate, lone travellers have given way to anonymous guidebooks, which list what to see and where to eat, drink, sleep, and be gratified in varying degrees of comfort. The unknown looks sometimes like a beaten track.

The English, perhaps because they look on strangenesses with a piercingly cool eye, have turned up a steady stream of enlightening travellers, from

Doughty and Stevenson, through Lawrence, Huxley, V. S. Pritchett, and Graham Greene, to Lawrence Durrell, Laurie Lee, and Patrick Leigh Fermor. But such writings have dwindled over the last two decades, giving way to more massive studies, which sum up countries and tell us everything about them except what they are like. Lawrence Durrell's *Corfu*, which he recreated so richly and strangely in his many-layered "Prospero's Cell," in 1945, has now fallen afoul of tourism, and even the square white house in the northeast of the island where Durrell wrote the book has a place on the tourist itinerary. Yet there are endless alluring unknowns, lacking only a traveller with time to take them in, with an uncommitted curiosity and an unjudging eye, and with an appropriate prose manner. These qualities come brilliantly together in Bruce Chatwin, whose "In Patagonia" (Summit; \$8.95) takes travelling back to its magic roots.

Speaking of his book, Mr. Chatwin has this to say:

"In Patagonia" is not a travel book in the usual sense, but a Quest or Wonder Voyage. It is about wandering and exile and its structure is as old as literature itself: the narrator travels to a remote country in search of a strange beast and as he goes along, describes his encounters with other people whose stories delay him en route.

Mr. Chatwin is as good as his word. He remains rigorously true to the tradition of the traveller's tale—the oldest form of storytelling—and never once intrudes himself self-consciously into the narrative. We know nothing about him at the book's end except that he has been ears, eyes, and memory to us—not impersonal but unpersonal. He is less a traveller than a wanderer, for he has few express intentions. His journey, through the startling landscapes of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, is thoroughly externalized, in sharp physical detail. He has the power of compressing place and character into small and vivid compass:

It stopped raining and I came to leave. Bees hummed around the poet's hives. His apricots were ripening the color of a pale sun. Clouds of thistledown drifted across the view and in a field there were some fleecy white sheep.

Three ancient Scots stood by. Their eyes were bloodshot-pink and nursery-blue and their teeth worn to little brown pinnacles.

The wind had polished his nose and coloured it pale lilac. I found him at lunch ladling the borscht into the ivory orb of his head. He had made his room cheerful, in the Baltic way, with flowered curtains, geraniums, diplomas for stunt flying and a signed photograph of Neil Armstrong. All his books were in Lithuanian, the aristocrat of Indo-European languages, and concerned his country's plans for independence.

The day before I had met the nuns of the Santa María Auxiliadora Convent on their Saturday coach outing to the penguin colony on Cabo Vírgenes. A bus-load of virgins. Eleven thousand virgins. About a million penguins. Black and white. Black and white. Black and white.

These clear-cut cameos seem almost surreal separated from the thread of the narrative, but so do the scenes and characters in the book, for they loom like outposts of human existence against the empty landscape of the Patagonian desert. Since Patagonia has been settled largely in this century, the figures that Mr. Chatwin meets (Welsh,



"Hear ye, hear ye, hear him, hear me, hear them, hear who, hear what, hear where, hear why..."

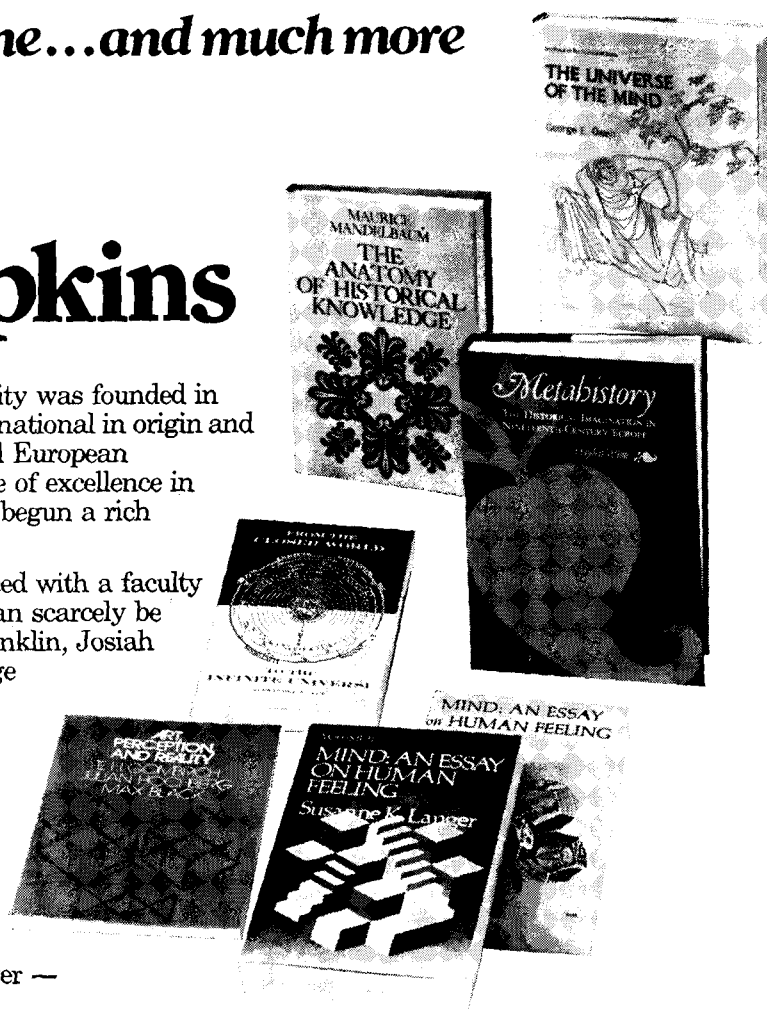
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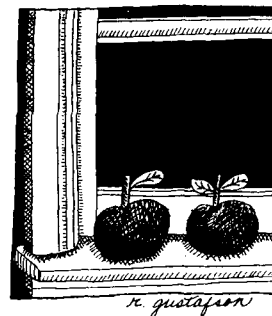
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Scots, English, Boers, French, Russians, Germans, Yugoslavs, Arabs, Persians even) have come from other lives, each with the tale of a journey, and the encounters become small inset narratives—as do tracks of history, for the past intrudes regularly as anecdote and memory into the journey. Mr. Chatwin intrudes, too, his own sudden connections: brooding on the derivation of the name Patagonia, he brushes aside the accepted version (from the Spanish "*patacones*," or "big feet"), lights on the Greek word "*πάταγος*," meaning "roaring," and turns up a chivalric romance called "*Primaleon of Greece*," published in Castile in 1512, seven years before Magellan's voyage of discovery, which mentions a roaring monster called the Grand Patagon. He goes on to suppose that Shakespeare, who read a contemporary account of Magellan's voyage—during which Magellan had attempted to imprison some of the half-tamed Patagonian natives—must have used it as the source for Caliban. Mr. Chatwin is as close to travellers' tales of the past and to the travellers whose paths he is crossing as he is to the landscape and its present inhabitants. What he shares with all of them is a sense of strangeness on the earth's surface, an awed sense of separation from anything fixed. He even sets himself up with a mock quest as a whimsical excuse for his journey. During his English childhood, his grandmother kept as a sacred relic a piece of what she insisted was brontosaurus skin, with coarse red hairs, brought back from Patagonia by her cousin, a sea captain called Charley Milward. It was unceremoniously thrown out on her death, but it serves Mr. Chatwin as a kind of Grail. The brontosaurus turns out to have been a mylodon, or giant ground sloth, and toward the end of the book, following Charley Milward's trail, Mr. Chatwin makes his way to a cave near Last Hope Sound, in Chile, where he finds some familiar coarse red hairs. His journey is toward the enfebled Patagonia of his childhood.

Patagonia suits Mr. Chatwin admirably well, given his disposition toward wonders, both past and present. It is virtually only since 1877, when sheep farming was profitably introduced, that the region has attracted settlers from various parts of Europe, and their remote stations are often repositories of a pre-Patagonian existence. Each case of

exile is a different story, entered into for distinct reasons, and each of the characters who punctuate the journey is an incarnation of a separate past. Mr. Chatwin's first encounter is in Paris, prior to the journey, with His Royal Highness Prince Philippe of Araucania and Patagonia, a descendant of the self-proclaimed kings of Patagonia, and very nearly a parody of pretenders. In the province of Chubut, Mr. Chatwin comes across the descendants of Welsh settlers who fled the restrictive life of Wales to found, in 1865, a colony where Welsh customs still prevail and where the Welsh language is, improbably, still spoken. Throughout this Patagonian journey, there are many images of national transplanting: hymn singing in a Welsh chapel in the middle of a Patagonian field with a storm raging outside; tea in Punta Arenas with a dauntless old Chilean-Scottish lady whose farm was stripped from her during the Allende years; an interlude with a Scottish sheep farmer who carves his own bagpipes; veiled accounts of the male witches of Chiloé Island. And Mr. Chatwin runs with reliable regularity into traces of legendary figures: Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, who lit out for Patagonia in 1901, and whose legend still exists there in variant forms; the many voyages of his ancestor Charley Milward; the surveying journeys of H.M.S. Beagle to Tierra del Fuego, which inspire Mr. Chatwin



to tell once again the amazing story of the Tierra del Fuegan Jemmy Button, who was taken to England by Captain Robert Fitzroy and, after acquiring the trappings of civilization, was brought back on the Beagle's second voyage (the one that carried the young Darwin) to revert to his native existence, eventually turning brutally on those who had attempted to civilize him. The story of Jemmy Button has been told by many hands—most notably by a Chilean novelist, the late Benjamin Subercaseaux—and surely cries out to be a film of epic proportions. It reminds Mr. Chatwin of Poe and his "*Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*." This propensity to make sudden, surprising connections, to follow clues, keeps us as readers on the keen edge of anticipation.

"In Patagonia" jogs us with the realization that what we have come to regard as travel is no more than geographical transference, where hardly anything changes, where map and

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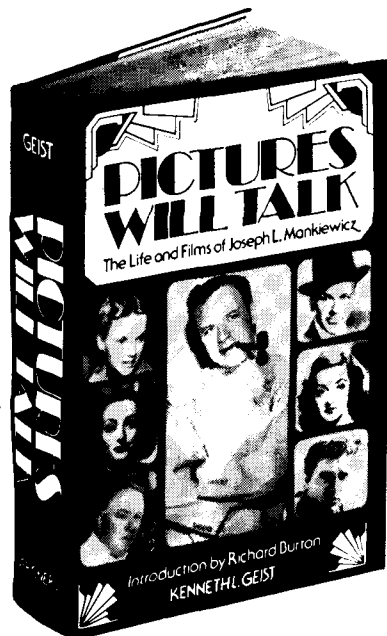
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guidebook obliterate the landscape, where journeys are taken for the purpose of summing up, of reaching a conclusion—the very opposite of a wonder voyage. The book is of infinitely more value than cheap air fares, and we must look with enormous anticipation to wherever Mr. Chatwin goes for us next, for his prose is honed to bare and moving essentials. The following gnomic exchange may serve as a concentrated example:

"How much was the room?"

"Nothing. If you hadn't slept in it, nobody else would."

"How much was dinner?"

"Nothing. How could we know you were coming? We cooked for ourselves."

"Then how much was the wine?"

"We always give wine to visitors."

"What about the maté?"

"Nobody pays for maté."

"What can I pay for then? There's only bread and coffee left."

"I can't charge you for bread, but café au lait is a gringo drink and I shall make you pay."

—ALASTAIR REID

**BRIEFLY NOTED
FICTION**

THE FAR PAVILIONS, by M. M. Kaye (St. Martin's; \$12.95). Fact and fiction are deftly dovetailed in this novel set in and around India and spanning a quarter century, from the Great Mutiny of 1857 to the Second Afghan War. It involves two people who do not fit neatly into British or Indian society but must answer to the laws of both: an orphaned son of a peripatetic British linguist, raised as an Indian but educated in England, who joins the Corps of Guides (the guards of India's Northwest Frontier); and a half-caste Indian (part Russian) princess whom he befriended when he was a palace servant boy. Much of the story's nearly one thousand pages involves his efforts to free her from a cruel marriage (to a beastly maharaja) and join him in a happy one. Then, dissimulation having long since become second nature to him, he becomes a spy for the Corps in Afghanistan and tries, to no avail, to warn his superiors at the newly established British mission there that the natives do not take kindly to their imperial presence or designs. M. M. Kaye, an Englishwoman, is a topnotch storyteller and historian; through every change that she rings on the theme of castes and outcasts, she holds the reader in thrall.

SAVE THE WHALE, by Michael Koepf (McGraw-Hill; \$8.95). The plot

of this sweet, farcical novel concerns the transportation of a dead, and inadequately embalmed, killer whale around the state of California for whatever profit is to be made off the ecology movement. The man who tells the story is a diffident partner in the enterprise—a social dropout seeking moderate comfort and mental peace away from offices and cities, and ever ready to admit to his ambivalence and persistent confusion. With the narrator's open-minded skepticism as the keynote of the book, the author uses his springy, purposeful prose to convert some fairly broad satire into a persuasive meditation on the two (or three) sides to (nearly) every question. Mr. Koepf is described on the book jacket as a professional salmon fisherman who was a former Green Beret, an antiwar activist, and a teacher—credentials that make another novel (or two) worth hoping for.

GENERAL

LEON TROTSKY, by Irving Howe (Viking; \$10). This brief life—it is one of a series called *Modern Masters*—is a model of its genre. Trotsky (1879-1940) was both a man of action and a Marxist thinker, and Mr. Howe has found exactly the right proportions of biographical fact, critical exposition of his subject's ideas, and assessment of his importance in history. It is pathetic and ironic that when Trotsky followed Lenin into revolution he had no idea that the intolerant and brutal methods the Bolsheviks adopted would one day be used by Stalin against him. Mr. Howe, who is alert to every possibility, questions whether the Bolshevik usurpation was (as Bolsheviks at the time maintained) necessary for the survival of the Russian Revolution; he points out that government by a Socialist coalition, rather than by a one-party dictatorship, was under discussion even after the October (Bolshevik) Revolution of 1917.

THE ILLUSION OF TECHNIQUE, by William Barrett (Doubleday; \$12.95). The author, a philosopher, thinks that we are about to enter a new era in philosophy, impelled in part by the inadequacies of recent thought and in part by the complexities of modern life. He points out that the effort initiated by Russell and Whitehead in their "*Principia Mathematica*" to reduce thought to logic and mathematics was abandoned by their brilliant protégé Witt-

genstein. Philosophy, he observes, is not a technique, like, say, multiplication. Though Mr. Barrett seems to deal with practically every philosopher from Socrates on down, the two modern thinkers he spends most space on are Heidegger and William James; he discusses their innovations, their illuminations, and their limitations. He has a good, clean, clear style. His own hunch is that philosophy is just about to reconsider two problems—freedom and prayer.

THE MIND AND ART OF GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI, by John Wilton-Ely (Thames & Hudson; \$39.95). A superb presentation of the lifework of the greatest Italian etcher and engraver (1720-78) of them all. The book's large format is appropriate, for Piranesi had a predilection for huge plates. All of his "Vedute di Roma" is here—the collection of views of the Roman cityscape which convey to us the majesty and pity of the empire in ruins—as is the entire "Carceri d'Invenzione," the series of etchings of imaginary prisons and torture chambers, which stands both as a soaring feat of fantasy and as a signal breakthrough in graphic art. The author is an English university lecturer on art and a world authority on Piranesi; he emphasizes the protean role that Piranesi played in the Rome of the Enlightenment, and gives full attention to his architectural projects, to his prodigies of archeological research, and to his innovations in furniture design and in the decoration of buildings.

THE NAZI CONNECTION, by F. W. Winterbotham (Harper & Row; \$8.95). A member of M16, the British Secret Service, Captain Winterbotham was a high-class spy in and out of Germany from the early thirties, before Hitler had come to power—his entrée into elite German circles was through Alfred Rosenberg, the philosopher of National Socialism—to 1938, when his activities became known to the Nazis. Because Hitler hoped to impress (and scare) the British with his growing war machine, Winterbotham was permitted to talk to military strategists, to witness war maneuvers, and to get some idea of the size and strike potential of the new Luftwaffe. Back in England, he and his M16 chief had a frustrating time trying to convince the politicians and the generals of the Nazis' intentions—particularly their

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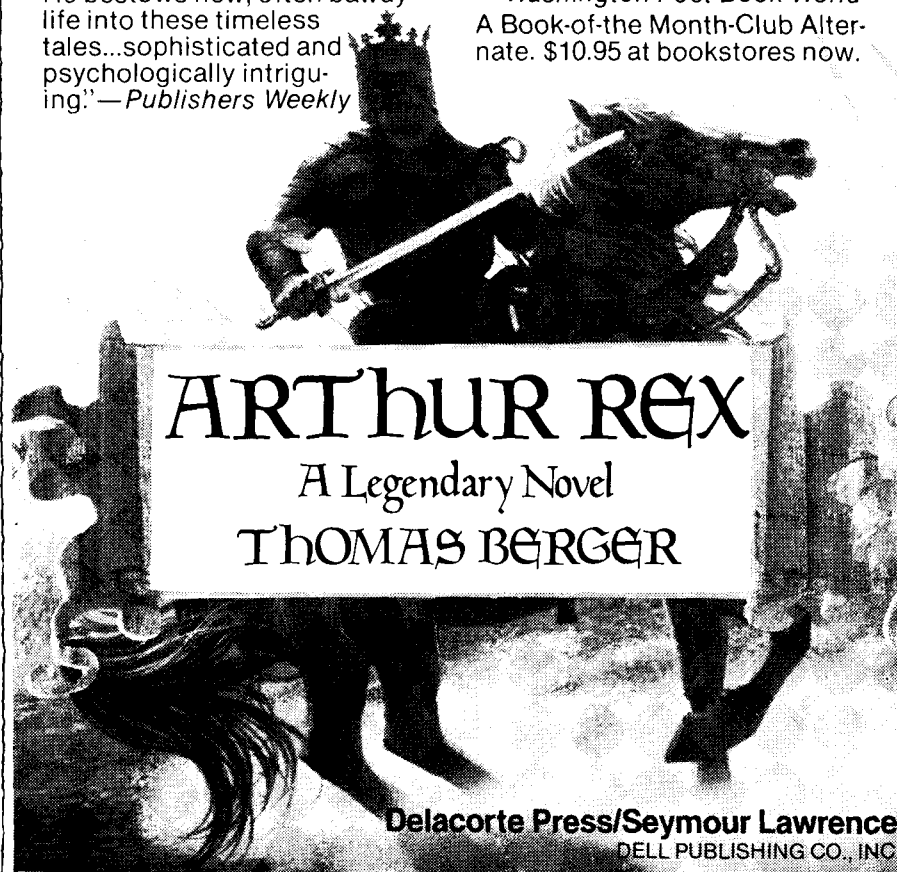
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concept of blitzkrieg and the new uses of air power. (When he tried to describe the Stuka bomber, he was told that no such plane could exist.) Winterbotham is still bitter. Like his previous book, "The Ultra Secret," which described how the Nazi military code was cracked, this one is an exciting and cautionary tale.

LUCREZIA BORGIA: A BIOGRAPHY, by Rachel Erlanger (Hawthorn; \$13.95). The acknowledged daughter of Pope Alexander VI, Lucrezia Borgia (1480-1519) was married three times to further her father's political purposes. Her first marriage was annulled when the Pope changed his policies. Her second husband was murdered—by Lucrezia's brother Cesare, some authorities, though not Mrs. Erlanger, think. Still a political asset, the young widow was conclusively wed to the roughneck heir of the Duchy of Ferrara, where she lived out her days as a pretty, pious patron of letters. The author's approach is feminist: she stresses the thoughtless cruelty of Renaissance Man to Renaissance Woman. But her portrait of the era shows such savagery that women's woes are the least of it—women, at any rate, were not assassinated. Mrs. Erlanger's details suggest a good grasp of the period, although there are too many misspellings of proper names.

NOTE: "Beyond Boom and Crash," by Robert L. Heilbroner, has been published by Norton (\$6.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

PRELUDE TO TERROR, by Helen MacInnes (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$10). The scene is Vienna, where an American art dealer has been dispatched by a millionaire collector to buy at any price at a forthcoming auction a Ruysdael landscape recently smuggled out of Hungary. But, as always with Miss MacInnes, nothing is as it so plausibly seems: "His euphoria would have been short-lived if he had been aware of the stranger who, loitering near the Majestic's entrance, had picked up his trail. . . ." This is reliable, literate (if somewhat genteel) entertainment, strong on local color and solid with carefully researched facts. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

THE CASE OF THE RUSSIAN DIPLOMAT, by E. V. Cunningham (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$6.95).

One—perhaps the most—interesting thing about this detective mystery is the detective: Detective Sergeant Masao Masuto, of the Beverly Hills Police Department, authentic Zen Buddhist, rose gardener, devoted husband and father of two, dedicated lawman capable of total ruthlessness. The book is also interesting for the serenity of its classic title, and for the nature of the problem involved—the dead body, stark naked, of a Russian diplomat found floating in the pool at the posh Beverly Glen Hotel. An enjoyable, highly professional entertainment.

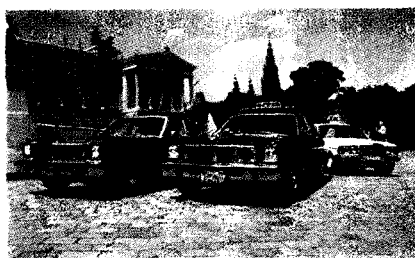
AGATHA, by Kathleen Tynan (Ballantine; \$7.95). Agatha Christie in her autobiography makes no mention of her eleven-day disappearance in 1926, and none of the theories offered by admirers and skeptics has accounted for all the various facts of the matter. When Mrs. Christie was discovered at a Yorkshire health spa—after the largest manhunt in English history, centered at the other end of England—she claimed to be suffering amnesia, but she had exhibited none of the appropriate symptoms during her stay at the spa: she had signed in using the surname of her husband's mistress; she had bought a lot of expensive clothes with a large supply of cash; one evening she had sung at the piano. If this behavior was part of a plot, complete with red herrings, to recover her husband's love or to wreck his love affair, it failed: the Christies were divorced a year and a half later. Kathleen Tynan, presenting her own solution of the mysterious case, makes Agatha Christie more complicated than her fictional detectives and criminals. Consequently, the story is not in the Christie tradition, despite a superficial resemblance; it is rather outlandish, not perfectly airtight, and realistically messy. But the amateur detective she invents, who outguesses the disguised mystery-maker, would surely have won the real Mrs. Christie's professional esteem.

9 P.M., "The Love Boat," CH. 5, 23—1976. Color. Don Adams, Tom Bosley, Florence Henderson, Harvey Korman, Cloris Leachman, Hal Linden, Karen Valentine. Adventures and misadventures of the passengers and crew aboard a cruise ship en route from California to New Mexico.—TV listing in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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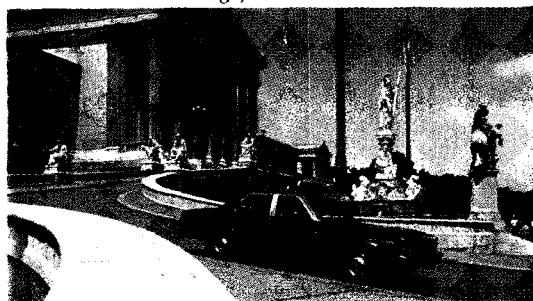
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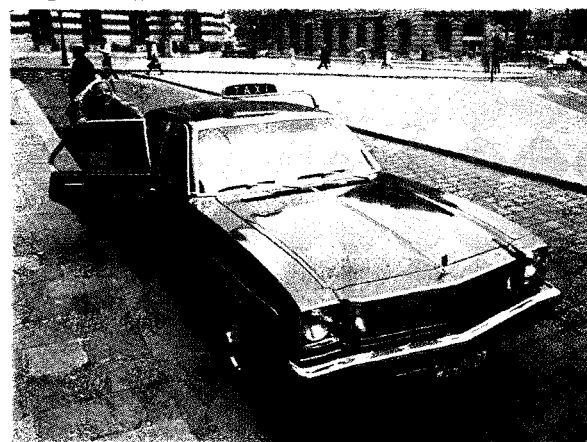
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